PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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OCTOBER 1975 $1.25

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CIA AND THE RAPE OF CHILE

OUT OF THIS WORLD:
THE REALITY OF ASTRAL PROJECTION

PRESIDENT ALLENDE'S WIDOW TALKS TO PENTHOUSE

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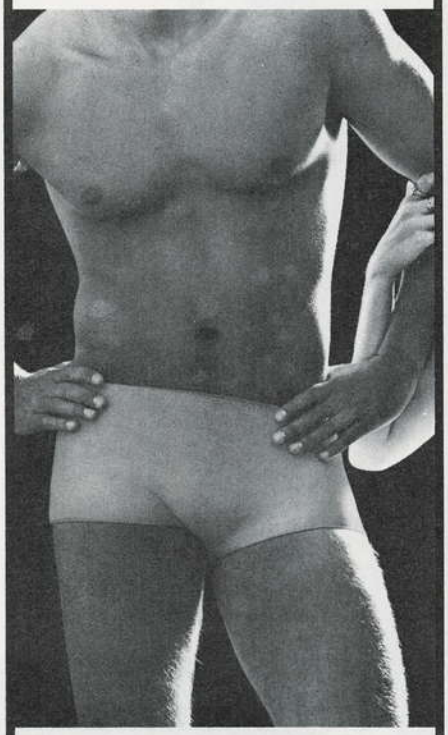

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PENTHOUSE

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Their engines may be in the same place, but their prices aren't.

The Fiat X1/9 and the Porsche 914 are both mid-engine cars.

They both have the same number of cylinders. And they both have integral roll bars.

Both have pop-up headlights, four-wheel disc brakes and independent four-wheel suspension.

And both give you the same open car feeling with removable roofs.

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All the votes are in and it's official: **Anneka de Lorenzo**, by a nubile margin, emerges as our ninth Pet of the Year! And having reached the pinnacle of Pethood, Anneka receives—with this issue—a queen's ransom of over $50,000 in cash and prizes. Foremost among them is the sleek Jensen-Interceptor, by Jensen Motors of England, one of the most beautiful and sought-after cars in the world. Fitting transportation for a young lady who must now rank as one of the most beautiful and sought-after women in the world. And to dispel any doubts on that score, a refresher course on this particular Pet's progress is provided on pages 59–69 of this issue.

Elsewhere in the world today, however, doubts, problems, and confusion persist, as top investigative reporter **Tad Szulc** reminds us in his exclusive *Penthouse* article, *Project Chile*. As part of our continuing investigative series into the activities of the CIA, Szulc reports on the long and brutal history of CIA intervention in the internal politics of Chile—an intervention that culminated in the imprisonment, torture, and murder of thousands of Chileans. Beginning with the $3-million covert attempt by the CIA to purchase an election in Chile in 1964, Szulc reveals the sordid history of how the Agency, under the direction of Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, and Henry Kissinger, helped to finance and instigate the bloody coup d'état that throttled democracy in Chile and led to the death of its democratically elected president, Salvador Allende.

As added corroboration, *Penthouse* interviewer **Ken Kelley** sought out one individual who experienced some of these events at first hand—the exiled widow of the late president, **Mrs. Hortensia Bussi de Allende**. In an exclusive *Penthouse* interview, Mrs. Allende speaks out against the police state that continues the rape of her country to this day. "I have constant nightmares," she says. "I imagine my door is being broken down by machine guns. I hear the butts of revolvers and rifles on the door. Such is the reality for thousands of my countrymen."

And, sad to relate, thousands of *our* own countrymen still have nightmares over another war, now ended, but forever memorable. In *Firefight*, **Larry Heinemann** describes the way it was in Vietnam and makes us realize anew how lucky we are to be "back in the world" and out of the shooting. As a former grunt himself, he certainly should know.

"All the world's a stage," saith the Bard, but the men and women who graced the boards of *The Apollo* in the heart of New York's Harlem were no mere players. Although rising expenses have cast a shadow over its future, the Apollo is still the ultimate showplace of soul sound in America. From the era of vaudeville on up to today's disco slick, the Apollo has kept truckin' on, a veritable New York—nay! American—institution that has featured such legendary performers as Billie Holiday, Jackie Wilson, and Sarah Vaughan, as well as latter-day greats like Gladys Knight and the Pips, the Persuasions, Ray Charles, and, of course, James Brown. If you don't know about the creative role the Apollo has played all these years in developing the modern black American sound, then it's about time you found out—and lifelong Apollo-buff **Steve Ditlea** is eminently well-qualified to lay it on you.

From the electric, we shift to the occult—to the incredible case of Robert Monroe, as reported by **David Black** in *Out of This World*, an excerpt from his book *Ecstasy: Out of the Body Experience* (Bobbs-Merrill). It seems that Monroe, an ordinary man in most respects, has one really extraordinary ability—he can project his consciousness out of his body at will, a phenomenon called "astral projection" that is now receiving serious study by scientists the world over. As Black reveals, Monroe sometimes puts his talent to enviable uses. For instance, in his astral state, he visited a girl friend and left a very apparent calling card—days later, the lady still displayed the bruises on her boobs as physical proof of her psychic experience.

So much for foresight—and if in-the-flesh experience fascinates you more than astral tripping, don't pass up **Craig Karpel**'s *Ten Great Places to Have Semipublic Sex*. Karpel, a *Penthouse* regular, has been uncovering new twists in contemporary lifestyles for years. Nothing, however, had prepared him for the discovery of an elegant resort hotel whose lobby had become a rendezvous for lovers turned on by the idea of getting it on in a public place. After interviewing a number of these devotees of lobby divans—between rounds, as it were—Karpel discovered that one of the newer kinks in the swinging set is to connect in locations other than your bedroom. Why? It seems that the risk of getting caught in the act—literally—doubles the wriggly pleasure. Karpel denies that he has tried it, but he admits to liking the idea—strictly as a clinical observer, of course.

Flashy, you say? Perhaps, but as some open-air addicts avow, a little flash never hurt anybody. Speaking of which, Fashion Editor **Ed Emmerling** has a few suggestions of his own about where and when to sport the flashy new wool vests that abound around town this fall. One of the best places to strut such stuff will certainly be on that special date with the lady of your choice. She may well be impressed enough to agree to your suggestion of a nightcap to top off the evening—at your place, naturally. Now, if you don't have the right equipment ready and waiting, sir, you hardly deserve the delights that may lie (lay?) ahead of you. Delve, therefore, into **Ken Gouldthorpe**'s primer on *Nightcaps*—a handy guide that should provide the nightcap neophyte with enough brews to make the point. Gouldthorpe did *his* basic training in Paris (and in other hardship posts) as a foreign correspondent for *Life* magazine. Now, as our Managing Editor, he occasionally puts his palate on paper, writing on the sheer enjoyment of the *buvable* feast.

Justly so, since *Penthouse* is devoted in no small part to matters of taste and the pleasures of life. To underscore this fact, we not only present the Pet of the Year, but two prime contenders for more immediate honors. We're sure you'll find them equally enjoyable and—speaking of enjoyment—shall we join the ladies?

"The trick of Desert Sailing on the Baja's snow-white sands is not to end up black and blue."

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1975.

"The difference between this 'ship of the desert' and the kind you'll find in caravans is that you can whip along at speeds up to 60 miles an hour. And that's where the danger lies!

"It's virtually impossible to keep your careening craft on a straight and steady course. We were just at the point of capsizing . . .

". . . when I shouted to Jim, 'Throw your weight on my side!' Defying gravity and the gusting winds, we managed to get upright. From then on, it was smooth sailing.

"Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at the Hotel El Presidente in San Quintin."
Why is C.C. so universally popular? No other whisky tastes quite like it. Lighter than Scotch, smoother than vodka . . . it has a consistent mellowness that never stops pleasing. For 117 years, this Canadian has been in a class by itself.

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It's a belt-drive instrument with a full 12" platter. Its low-mass tone arm tracks magnificently. It has a low-speed (300 rpm), 24-pole motor which is inherently quieter than motors found in some turntables that cost twice as much. B·I·C™

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It's a multiple-play manual turntable, which means you can operate it in 3-modes: single-play manual, single-play automatic, or when the occasion arises, as a multiple-play turntable that will handle as many as 6 records.

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Ask your audio dealer about the B.I.C. 940 and the 2-year "bee-eye-cee" warranty that stands behind it. Or write to British Industries, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

One man's meat . . .

I write to congratulate *Penthouse* for one of the most lively exchanges to be found in the columns of any magazine anywhere—Forum. Seems to me it is exactly as the name implies—a forum for the expression of views and the interchange of ideas. And above all, its entertainment value is second to none. It's the first thing I read in the magazine, and I sincerely hope that you keep up the flow. —*G. "Rockey" Dunning, Omaha, Nebr.*

. . . is another man's poison

I felt something was wrong for the past six months but couldn't pin it down. Then this month's issue came. And there it was—twenty-eight columns of *Penthouse* Forum. Even for an apparently popular section of your magazine, don't you think that is a little bit much? Granted you don't have to pay the price for good writers when you fill it with amateur daydreamers and monopede midget motherfuckers—not to mention the Alka-Seltzer stuffers. What happened to the good writers with first-class articles?—*Don Bernier, Wenatchee, Wash.*

They're all there, Don. Try looking in between the pictorials.—Editor

Trying for a Guiness

Thank you for a magazine like *Penthouse* for giving free thinking people a place to express themselves and, probably most importantly, for helping us to realize that we are definitely not alone in sidestepping the so-called "normal."

Some months ago my lady and I embarked on a sexual adventure inspired by the varied interests of Forum contributors. We have tried many of the experiences shared in those letters but wanted something original for our contribution.

We decided to try sexual intercourse in as many public places as possible without being detected.

We are not extroverts, and our first few tries were nerve failures. I couldn't get it up. A local park became the first success and got the balling rolling. Parks became easy since you can more or less seclude yourselves. The beach was next. First in the water (a cinch) then up on the sand.

Restaurants proved a real challenge, and it was usually accomplished by picking curved booths in dimly lit areas. I slide down somewhat with my left leg curled under her butt and covered by her full skirt. Position is awkward and penetration shallow, with me usually being held in place by her loving hand. But as time goes on, we become more accomplished.

Since starting this adventure, there is no way to describe the sexual highs we have been on. We have learned many special positions to accomplish our couplings and have created some very special clothing. She, obviously, does not wear panties nor I briefs. I have also found that Velcro fly-fronts have made things much easier than zippers. We do not try to be obvious, just to capture the excitement of gambling a no-no. Since starting these escapades, our frequency has doubled at home.

To record an entry in our journal, we follow two rules. We have to complete actual intercourse, and there must be people within a visual 100 feet. So far our score runs something like this: parks, 30; beaches, 24; restaurants, 12; in parked car downtown, 8; phone booths, 5; drive-in theaters (of course), 9; amusement parks, 2; rock concert, 1 (which was the first place we saw another couple getting it on also); taverns, 8 and dances, 2 (while dancing). We are still working hard on indoor theaters and driving.—*Name and address withheld*

As you've already observed, you're not alone in your passion for semi-public sex, just a little ahead of the game. For further details, see page 123.—Editor

Join the club

One afternoon doing my laundry at the laundromat, I saw this girl with the longest legs I ever saw. The mini she wore was the shortest, and her panties showed when she reached high or leaned over. I got an erection, and, since my shorts were in the laundry, my pants bulged. I had to let my shirt cover my front.

This girl saw my bulging front and continued to give me a glimpse of her panties. Then two cars crashed in front of the laundromat, and everyone ran out on the street to see the accident except the girl and me. I moved behind her, and put my hands on her waist. She glanced over her shoulder at me then leaned over the washer as we looked out the big window at the confusion. I pressed my erection against her, and she reached back, unzipped my pants and drew out my cock. I slipped her panties off her ass then drove my cock against her, sliding between her legs. She reached down in front and pressed the head of my prick up into her pussy.

After about three jabs at her, the crowd began to drift back to the door, so I crammed my throbbing prick into my pants, and she got her pants up again as we moved apart. But I got her address, and she promised to meet me that evening.

We went to a dinner-dance establishment for the evening—candles on the tables, and dark and intimate. Sitting beside her and exploring her legs, I was cooled by her pantyhose, but she didn't stop my hands under the table. When we danced the floor was so crowded all we could do was sway with the crowd as we pressed our bodies together.

She had raised both arms around my neck as we moved and commented that maybe the floorside tables were enjoying the shortness of her mini. Turning her into the dancing crowd, I slid my hands down her rear to the bottom of the mini which exposed just the bottoms of her ass cheeks. After cupping both cheeks in my hands, I slid the mini up to the top of her pantyhose, then inside and down again to squeeze her bare ass. All this was taking place in the dim lighting and the crowd.

But she soon excused herself to go to the ladies room. We resumed dancing and she lay against me and thrust against my erection. After the earlier episode, I had left my shorts off, and my cock was full strength. She eased my prick out of my pants and between her legs. My blood throbbed

You've taken your last rough puff, once you come up to the smooth taste of extra coolness.
Come up to KOOL.
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Milds, 13 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine; Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75

The whole neighborhood wondered what Frank Mallon was up to in his workshop.

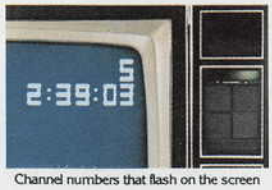
Word had it he was up to something mighty peculiar. And when he didn't show up for bowling practice one Wednesday night, the Wabash Cannonballs (that was the name of his neighborhood team) began to wonder, too.

So it was that a bunch of the boys decided to pay their "star" a visit, and talk him out of his workshop and back into action.

It didn't happen that way, though.

Matter of fact, it was Frank Mallon who talked the Wabash Cannonballs out of their bowling night and down into his workshop. What was it . . . what could be exciting enough to keep a bunch of ten-pin tigers from their favorite pastime? One of the most fascinating learn-at-home programs in the world, that's what!

On-screen digital clock



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Automatic pre-set channel selector

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You'll set up your own electronics laboratory to learn first-hand, the technology behind such innovations as digital-display wristwatches and tiny pocket calculators.

In fact, as part of the program, you'll actually build and experiment with a 25" diagonal color TV incorporating digital features.

But most important of all will be the new skills you'll develop all along the way . . . the kind of skills that could lead you in exciting new directions. While we cannot offer assurance of income opportunities, once you've completed the program you can use your training:

1. To seek out a job in the electronics industry.
2. To upgrade your current job.
3. As a foundation for advanced programs in electronics.

Go exploring at home, in your spare time. No traveling to class. No lectures. No one looking over your shoulder.

Bell & Howell Schools wants to introduce you to the modern way to learn. It means you'll be able to develop new skills in your own home—on whatever days and hours you choose. So you don't have to give up your present job or paycheck just because you want to learn new occupational skills.

What's more, we believe that when you're exploring a field as fascinating as electronics, reading about it is just not enough.

That's why you'll get lots of "hands on" experience with some of the most impressive electronic training tools you've ever seen.

No electronics background necessary.

That's one of the advantages of this program. We start you off with the basics and help you work your way up, one step at a time. In fact, with your first lesson you receive a Lab Starter Kit to give you immediate working experience on equipment.

You build and perform exciting experiments with Bell & Howell's Electro-Lab®, an exclusive electronics training system.

First comes the design console. After you assemble it, you'll be able to set up and examine circuits without soldering.

Next, you'll put together a digital multimeter. This instrument measures voltage, current and resistance, and displays its findings in big, clear numbers like on a digital clock.

Then comes the solid-state "triggered sweep" oscilloscope. An instrument similar in principle to the kind used in hospital operating rooms to monitor heartbeats. You'll use it to analyze the "heartbeats" of tiny integrated circuits. The "triggered sweep" feature locks in signals for easier observation.

You'll build and work with Bell & Howell's new generation color TV... investigating digital features you've probably never seen before!

This 25" diagonal color TV has digital features that are likely to appear on all TV's of the future.

As you build it, you'll probe into the technology behind all-electronic tuning. And into the digital circuitry of channel numbers that appear right on the screen! You'll also build in a remarkable on-the-screen digital clock that will flash the time in hours, minutes and seconds.

And you'll program a special automatic channel selector to skip over "dead" channels and go directly to the channels of your choice.

You'll also gain a better understanding of the exceptional clarity of the Black Matrix picture tube, as well as a working knowledge of "state-of-the-art" integrated circuitry and the 100% solid-state chassis.

After building and experimenting with this TV, you'll be equipped with the kinds of skills that could put you ahead of the field in electronics know-how.

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OCTOBER

in my head as I cupped her ass again and thrust hard against her, grinding hard so our pubic area ground together. My fingers went below her mini again—and touched bare skin! She had taken off her pantyhose in the ladies room. I slid her mini up to her waist and started fucking between her legs. She squeezed her thighs together, and I kneaded her bare ass until I felt my climax hit. Shooting between her long legs and with her mini up to her waist, I must have drenched someone behind her as my cock erupted.

I stood momentarily paralyzed until I finally gasped for air. But it wasn't long before we both began laughing at the ridiculous situation.—*W.K., North Hollywood, Calif.*

Interstate commerce

I have read a lot of accounts of people's first sexual experiences, but I still feel that my story is unique. When I was eighteen, my boyfriend and I decided to backpack/bicycle across the United States.

It was an ordinary trip until we reached the town named Four Corners. When we got there, my boyfriend remarked, "I wonder what it would be like to make it in four states at once?" I told him that it would be kind of hard since there were so many people around. He said that we could come back late at night. I kind of liked the idea so I agreed.

At about 2:30 in the morning, we came back to the spot. We didn't have much time for foreplay since we were afraid of being discovered, so we got right to it. With the upper part of my body in Colorado and New Mexico, and my two legs in Utah and Arizona, my boyfriend made the first thrust in four states at once.

I was so excited that it only took me about two minutes to come. It took my boyfriend a little longer. So after he came, we quickly got dressed, hopped on our bikes and left.

I married him about two years later, and on our honeymoon, believe it or not, we did it again at Niagara Falls. We were less nervous the second time and enjoyed it much more. I'm now twenty-four, and my husband and I enjoy a fantastic sex life—which has included making love at various national landmarks around the country.—*Name and address withheld*

Scuba sex

My girl friend and I have two favorite pastimes: reading about the stimulating exploits of fellow readers in the *Penthouse* Forum, and scuba diving in the clear, turquoise waters off the coast of Okinawa, Japan. We would like to relate one of our experiences which happened on a recent dive.

Fucking under the waves has been one of our most enjoyable activities since we learned how to dive. But the other day was really something special. We had just begun our dive and were on the sandy bottom at forty feet with the beautifully colored fish and coral all around. My pulsating cock was rising in anticipation of another underwater screwfest for two, and my girl friend's sexy pussy was getting so hot the water was almost steaming. So we stripped off our fins (we had, of course, left our clothes on the shore) and were soon putting on a fantastic show for the sea creatures—our weightless bodies cavorting in a thousand exotic positions.

We had enjoyed our first orgasm and were still only five minutes into our forty-five minute air supply when we noticed another scuba couple. The girl was a delicious, tanned brunette with tits almost as big as the tanks on her back. The couple was floating almost within touching distance, watching. By the time we spotted them, they had become definitely excited by our show. So my chick swam over, grabbed the guy's trunks and pulled them down. His huge erection sprang upward signaling the start of the most unbelievable aquatic orgy you could imagine.

One minor problem was the difficulty in the girls sucking us off since they would have to get back on their air supply every few seconds. Undaunted they took us on one at a time, one breathing while the other sucked and then switching off (which could be termed a "buddy suck" in scuba jargon). When it was my turn, I almost hyperventilated from the ecstasy, and my rigid cock shot a stream of come into one mouth, and then the other, until globs of jissom were floating all around.

About this time a small octopus peered out from behind a piece of coral and was immediately caught and brought into the festivities. Octopi cling for security, and this animal's tenacles wrapped around the girls' boobs and thighs stimulating them to violent orgasms. What really drove the brunette wild was placing her above me and blowing air bubbles so that they would tumble up her legs right into her throbbing cunt. It's a miracle our air hoses didn't become tangled in all the action.

Finally our air supply ran low, and we were forced to surface—only to continue fucking for two more hours on the nearest secluded beach. We've now become more avid divers than before, and since other couples have wanted to join in the fun, our form of recreation seems even more promising.—*M.J.C., address withheld*

Perfect prescription

I have been an avid reader of *Penthouse* magazine for the past six months. I usually buy my *Penthouse* at the drugstore just down the street. Every Friday and Saturday night there's this great-looking brunette working there. Last Saturday I was feeling pretty horny and since I didn't buy my new issue, I went down to the drugstore to get one, and talk to the girl who works there, whose name is Kathy.

I picked up my magazine and took it to the counter to pay for it. When Kathy saw what I was buying, she slipped a hand under her loose-fitting blouse and started to massage her left breast, looking at me hopefully. Since no one else was in the drugstore at the time, except for the pharmacist in back, who couldn't see a thing because of all the display shelves, she then started to slide her hand to her crotch.

As her hand started to pull down the zipper of her jeans, a kid walked in. Very quickly she pulled her hand out from under her blouse and zipped up her pants. Red-faced she asked if she could help the kid. All the kid wanted was a chocolate bar, so she quickly gave him one and he left.

As I was pulling out my money to pay for my *Penthouse* she asked me if she could see me that night. Still a bit shaken by her earlier performance, I didn't know what to say. As she was waiting for my answer, she casually leaned over the counter to get a look at my rock-hard hard-on. Kathy then asked me again if she could see me. Turning away kind of embarrassed because she was just staring at my hard-on, I said, "Okay." She then gave me the address of her place and told me to be there about 10:10 P.M.

When I got there I rang the doorbell—not prepared for the surprise which awaited me inside. From inside, I heard a very sexy voice saying, "Come in." I opened the door and there on the shag rug, with her tanned thighs spread as wide as possible, was Kathy's juicy pussy staring me in the face. As fast as my hands could possibly move I took off all my clothes.

I laid down beside her, and my hands started roaming over her soft, warm body till they came to her erect nipples. I played with her breasts with

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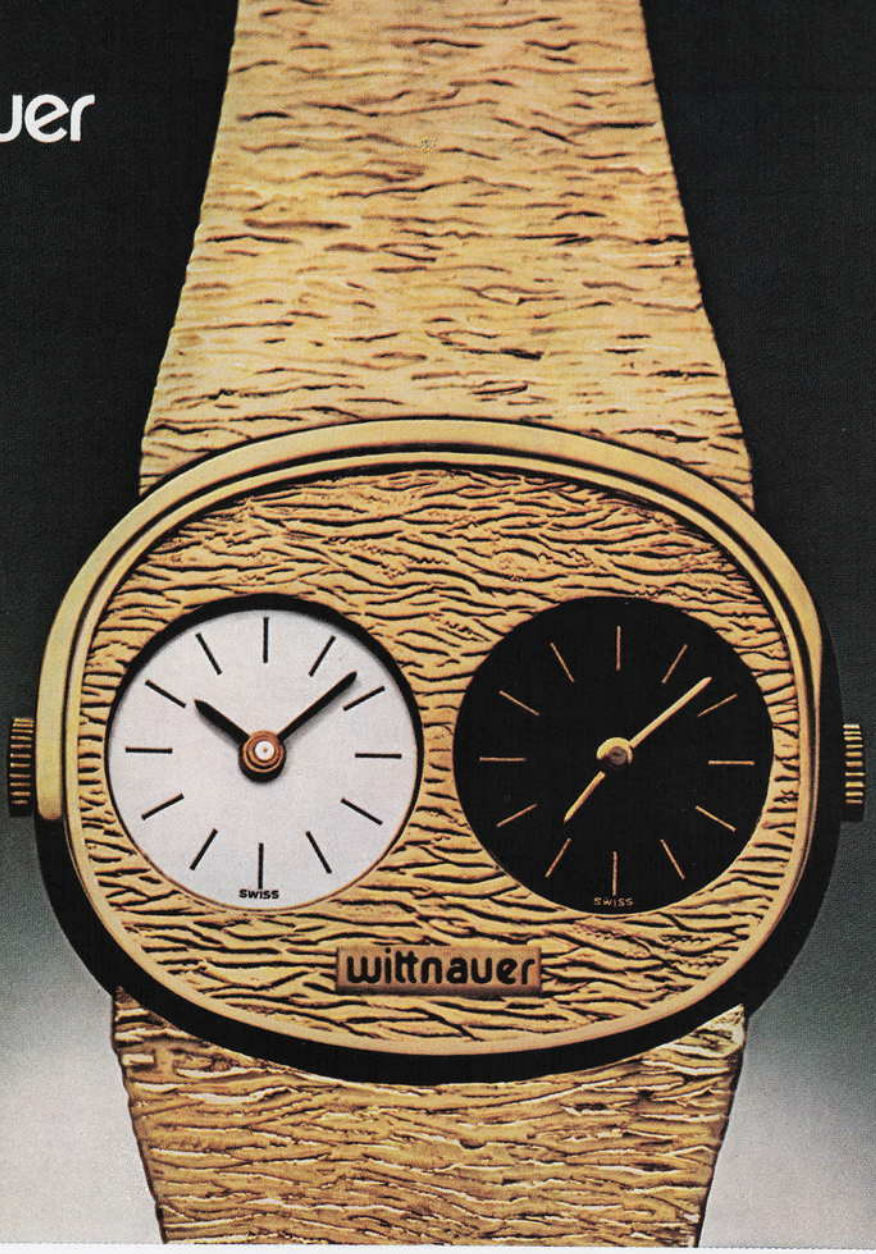

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both hands for a while, squeezing, rolling her nipples between my fingers, and sucking on them. While I was sucking on her left breast, my left hand was slowly inching its way to her warm wet cunt.

I found her clit and gently twirled it between my fingers back and forth. As she was getting more excited her hand slid down my back up to my hip region, where her fingers made a turn and started to come around to my stomach. From there her hand went down to my aching hard-on where she then proceeded to masturbate me. Before I ejaculated I told her I would rather have a blow job than a hand job. Kathy obligingly said she would do it but only if I gave her steaming hot pussy a tongue fuck at the same time. Without hesitating we quickly got into the sixty-nine position and buried our heads in each other's genitals. As Kathy was on top of me my face got soaking wet, but I didn't mind as I was too busy licking up the ice-cream from her love tunnel. The thing that I found hard to believe was that Kathy had managed to fit the whole of my seven-and-a-half inches down her throat. Within minutes I came, and she didn't waste a single drop of love juice.

I was still working on Kathy with my tongue as she still didn't have an orgasm. I started rolling her clitoris between my lips when I felt her coming. Her thighs pressed against my head so that I was barely able to breathe except for the few quick breaths I could get whenever her thighs loosened their grip.

Just before her orgasm her clitoris darted up between her labia minora and when this happened I applied a strong suction with my mouth to this area until she had a second orgasm. We finally finished the night with two good old-fashioned fucks.

Every Friday and Saturday, when Kathy's parents are not home, I slip over there for the night and we do the whole fantastic thing all over again.—*Name and address withheld*

Big is beautiful

I read your magazine all the time and never miss an issue. I especially enjoy Forum, the likes of which I've never seen in any magazine before. I had wanted to write you for a long time, but I felt that what I wanted to write about was "weird." However, after seeing some of the letters you've received, I finally realized that nothing is really weird if it turns you on and, what's more, doesn't harm anyone else.

Usually when I see a letter in Forum on a new subject that someone introduces, there are always more letters about it from other people who enjoy the same thing. In writing to you now, I hope I can arouse the interest in other readers who are turned on by the same things I am and hopefully get them to write to you about them.

My particular weakness is big, husky women. It doesn't really matter what they look like so long as they're interested in dominating me. There is nothing that thrills me more than the thought of a woman, about six foot three or four and weighing about 275 pounds, grabbing me and picking me up off the ground. Women don't necessarily have to be that big, but the bigger and stronger they are the better I like them. I always picture them wearing a lot of makeup (particularly red lipstick and nail polish—they really turn me on!). I also envision my women wearing great big fur coats. I've had a strong fetish for fur for as long as I can remember. I really love it when winter is here, and I can go for a drive and count the women I see in fur coats. I think about them during masturbation, and I envision them lifting me up and cuddling me, kissing me all over my face while I dangle helplessly in their arms.—*Name and address withheld*

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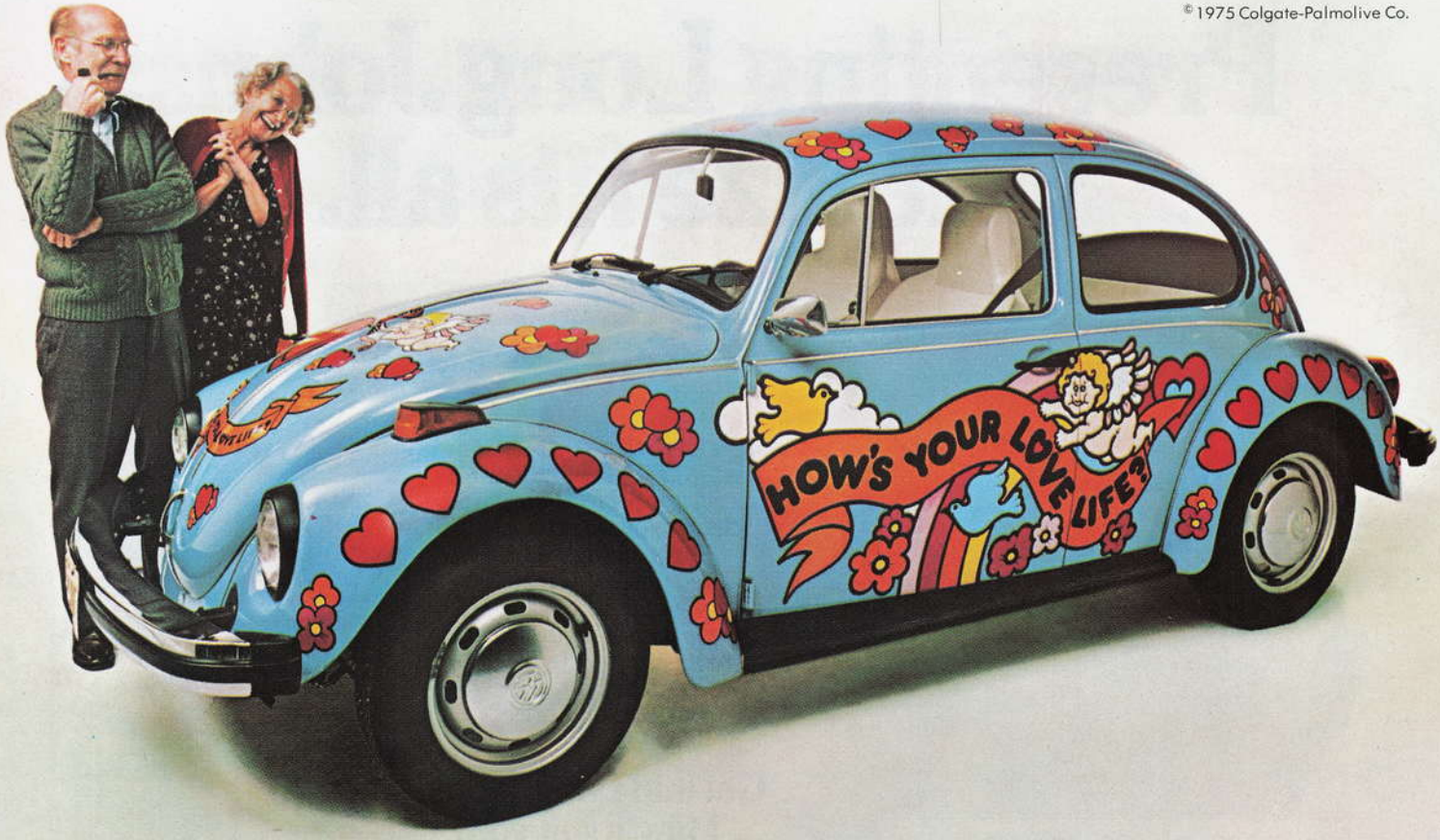

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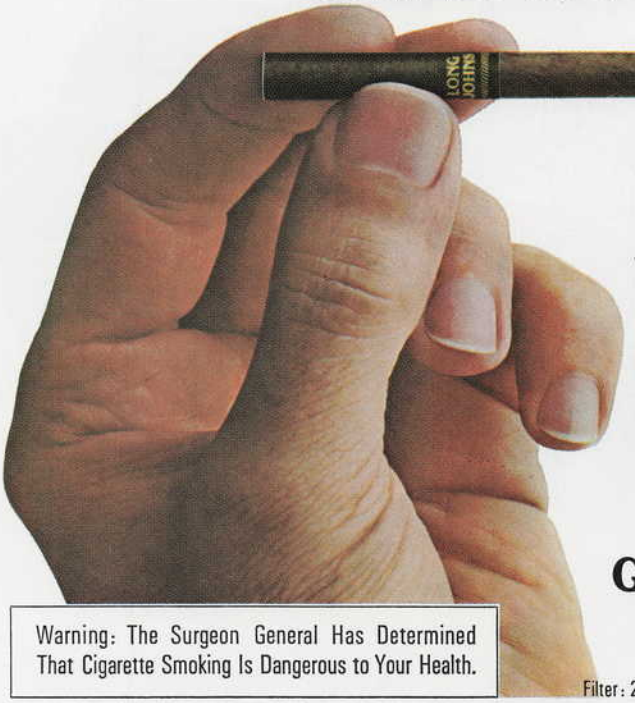

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Way up North

What happens to a guy working on the Alaska Pipeline? Well, for one thing his sex life falls all apart. Like the other day, I came down off the Pipeline for a little R&R, and I was in the sack with my old lady. She was getting pretty hot, and I was about to slip her the big number (I'm really hung), when I heard this little twinkle-tweet-tweet of an ice cream truck coming around the corner. Without another thought I jumped up and flagged the truck down, almost forgetting to put on my pants. I got a "Sidewalk Sundae," which is my favorite, and headed back to bed.

Well, my old lady was so pissed at me for running after the ice cream truck that she pretended she was asleep.

What a trip—there I was with an ice cream in my hand and horny as hell, so I started sucking on the bar in one hand and jerking off with the other hand. The old lady really was asleep by now, so just as I was about to come, I slipped my cock up between the cheeks of her ass and squirted jissum all over her underside. She woke up and started yelling at me saying now that we have money, all I do is act like a little boy.

Remember the popsicles, that you had when you were a kid? And sometimes they said "Free" on the stick, and you got another one for nothing? I never got one.

I don't think the other men on the Pipeline are much better off than me. They just think they can make up for their lost lives with money. But many women have left their men up here, and others are just hanging around for the money. Not even ice cream tastes good, and I feel like a little boy.—*V.C., Fairbanks, Alaska*

With all due respect, we have to wonder just a little about any guy on R&R who prefers a Sidewalk Sundae to a Bedroom Banana Split.—Editor

Steam drivin' man

I have a unique way of masturbating which your readers might be interested in knowing about. I work in a steam plant which has a reciprocating steam-driven air compressor. There is an arm on the fly wheel which goes back and forth. I discovered that by affixing a one-and-one-half-inch nipple to it and sticking my penis in it, it jerks me off magnificently! When I start to come, I open the steam all the way and get that old compressor a-banging away full speed until I shoot my juice all over the crankcase. Now, me and Lulu (that's the compressor) make it every night shift. It's not only satisfying, but Lulu gets a good workout every night. I've also discovered that come makes a terrific lubricant for the governor.—*B.C., Regina, Sask., Canada*

Coming clean

I read your column for the first time two months ago and enjoyed it to the max. For some time now, I have been unloading my gun in a sensational way and feel like sharing it with you.

I bought an ultrasonic jewelry cleaner to help clean up my rock collection (no pun intended), and one night while I was doing some polishing, I turned on my machine without putting the cover on. The sound waves began to vibrate, and the special cleaning solution began sloshing and rippling. My imagination ran wild, and I couldn't believe what I was thinking!

My cock began to press hard against my levis. I stood up to relieve the pressure. I tried to concentrate on my project but couldn't. I finally gave into the urge.

I took the rocks out of the cleaner and dropped my pants. At first I dipped the head of my cock into the solution. I got a slight shock because I wasn't grounded, but that added even more sensation. I was amazed at the feeling! My whole body tingled!

After some moments I stood so I could put my balls into the machine. It was ecstatic! I leaned so my balls and part of my cock sank into the solution, and I couldn't believe the pleasure! Because of the sound vibration, the solution, and the mild effective current, I felt like at least a thousand tiny tongues were licking my manhood! I finally exploded like I *never* had before.

I have since tried different solutions. Some are better than others. I prefer a milk and syrup combination that I heat on the stove just prior to my using it.

My girl has finally decided this is a great act to lead us into making love. After I told her of it, she insisted on seeing how I did it. We now have a blast when I get my ultrasonic blow job.

We call it a Million Tiny and One Normal Tongue.—*D.W., Vallejo, Calif.*

While the mouse is away . . .

In a past issue of *Penthouse*, I read in the Forum about a guy who put something on his cock attractive to his aquarium fish. And after submerging his cock and balls in the tank, the fish would nibble at these until he came. This incident was particularly interesting to me as I frequently enjoy a similar type of erotic pleasure.

While going to the University of Montana last year, I had the chance to help my uncle with some of the chores on his ranch. One time while I was there, he asked me to feed a litter of newborn kittens which his cat had just had. My aunt had some milk warmed in a small bowl, and putting a finger into this, the kittens would lick the warm milk off my fingers. The way they licked at my fingers gave me an idea which might fulfill my tremendous sexual drive which had accumulated due to the fact that my chick was still back in Chicago. I was alone in the barn, and I proceeded

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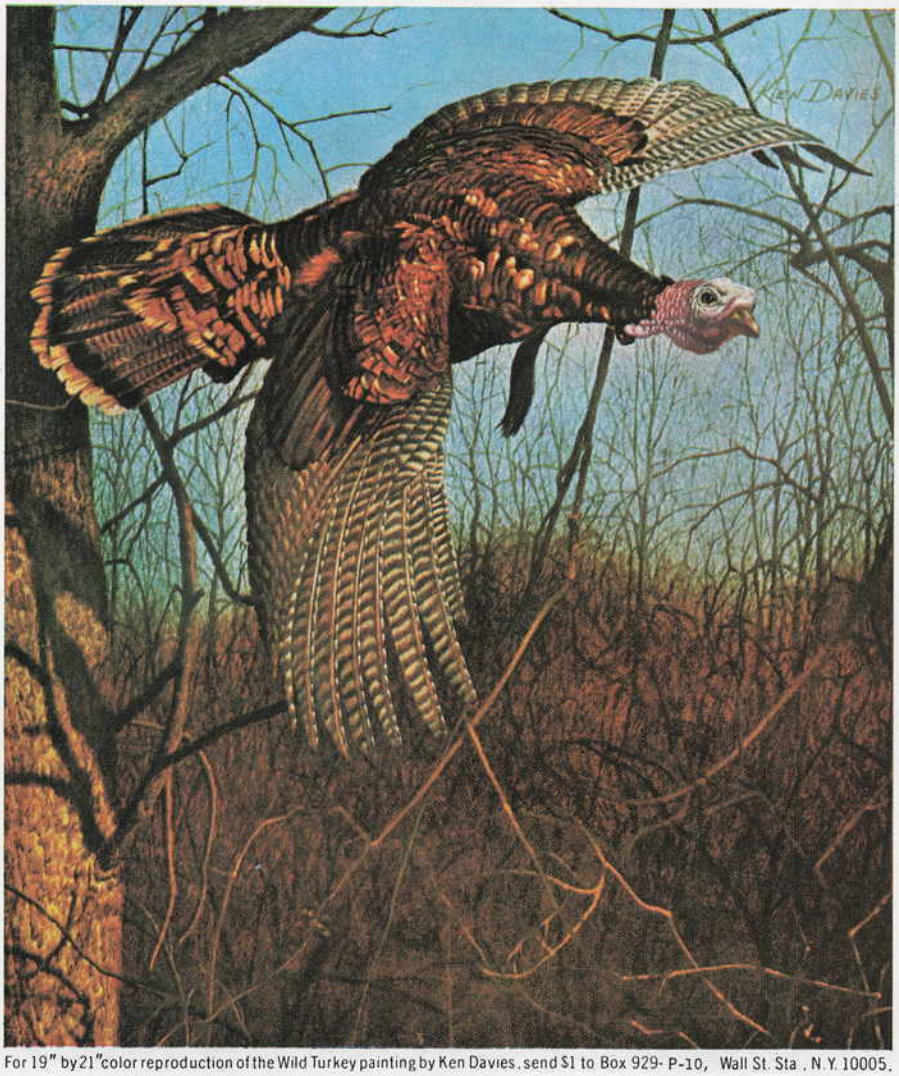

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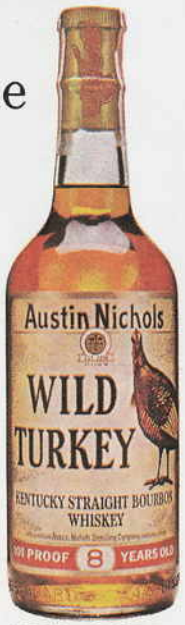

WILD TURKEY/ 101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.
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to remove my pants. Just the thought of what I was about to do gave me a tremendous hard-on, and when I lowered my rock hard cock and balls into the warm milk, I thought I would come right there. After swirling around in the warm milk for a few seconds, I squatted over the box containing the eight little kittens. Immediately they began to lick the warm milk off. Their tiny tongues darting all over my cock was driving me crazy, and I knew I was about to come.

Just then the mother cat came in. She sat a few feet away and watched for a few minutes, and then came over and joined in. Her larger tongue added to the numerous small ones already there was too much, and I came with the largest ejaculation I have ever had. The semen was readily lapped up by the eager kittens. This was not my first blow job, but it was by far the most enjoyable . . . after all, I've never had nine "Puss" go down on me at one time!—*T.N.C., Chicago, Ill.*

Look, no hands!

I am an eighteen-year-old guy who has, for the past six years, enjoyed a very satisfying hitherto-unheard-of kind of self masturbation. I have kept it to myself all these years, being too shy to disclose it to even very close friends, not to mention lovers. By the way, I happen to be a strict heterosexual; I've had two beautiful affairs with girls and the thought of having one with a guy repulses me. I have never heard of anyone masturbating the way I do, and I am a very studious reader of sexual literature; this is why I have decided to make this information public.

What I do, in effect, is make my own inner thighs and ass act as a vagina. Lying on my stomach in bed, nude, and with a limp cock, I massage it between my thighs and buttocks, using liberal amounts of K-Y jelly, and fantasizing about my latest lover, or whoever I happen to desire at the moment. Using thrusting hips, a slippery ass, and a vivid imagination, I usually bring myself to a fantastic orgasm in about two minutes. Now comes the really unusual part: I never need to attain more than a slight semi-hard-on throughout the whole thing, yet I come just as readily and heavily as I do when making it with a chick, equipped with a rock-hard cock! I guess that over the years I have forced myself not to get a hard-on in order to be able to keep it curled back towards and into my ass. Anyway, it works beautifully, at least for me, and I enjoy fantastic, shaking, moaning orgasms about once a day, relieving me of tensions, frustrations, and of course, intense horniness.

I am a law student in college, and I am well aware of all the irrational, selfish, and even criminal behavior that is caused by extreme horniness in guys who can't relieve themselves with strokes of the hand, and have trouble getting willing sexual partners. I hope that some of these guys will, with practice, be able to reap the benefits of good masturbation, as I do, without hang-ups, hurt feelings, and expenditures of time and money. Of course, if the real thing is available, so much the better!

I have written this in absolute seriousness, knowing my method to be unique, and I have taken the trouble to write this in the hopes that *Penthouse*, as a magazine devoted to enhancing the sex lives of men, will take the trouble to print this.—*Name withheld, San Bruno, Calif.*

Toledo tacos

While visiting a friend one night, I chanced to leaf through a copy of your magazine. It was extremely enlightening and interesting, and especially your Forum section. The reading of other people joyously sharing their sexual experiences and techniques prompted my lady and I to contribute.

We wanted to do a comparison with our leading competitors.

Unfortunately, there's no comparison.

Volkswagen

Rabbit

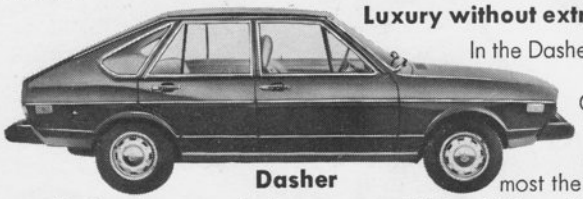
The car that sent Detroit back to the drawing board.

The '75 Rabbit is the winner of Road & Track Magazine's '75 Comparison Road Test. Though small on the outside the Rabbit has as much head and leg room as some mid-size cars.

More luggage space, with the rear seat folded down, than a Cadillac Fleetwood Brougham.

Plus a hatchback at no extra charge.

All in all it's easy to see why the Rabbit came in first. And not just by a hare.


Dasher

Luxury without extravagance.

In the Dasher, according to *Guide to Car Economy*, "... VW has achieved almost the unheard of–excellent performance, fuel economy and driveability ..."

What's truly remarkable is that Dasher is a *family* car (available as a 5-seater family sedan or as a 4-door wagon) with plenty of room and comfort.

"Throughout the interior, there is evidence of careful, if not lavish attention to finish detail ...", says *Car & Driver*.

Dasher, in short, gives you both luxury and economy.

Why settle for the best of one world when you can have the best of both?

Scirocco

The Hot Car from Volkswagen.

Volkswagen's Scirocco was recently voted one of the "ten best cars for a changing world" by the editors of Road & Track.

Its lines were drawn by Giugiaro, the man who designed the Maserati. Not only is it hard for the eye to resist, the sleek wedge styling also cuts through wind resistance.

We suggest that you try our Hot Car for yourself. You'll find that it does as well on the road as it did in Road & Track.

Compare the new VWs as a group with anyone else's new cars

- All of the new VWs excel when it comes to acceleration. The Rabbit does 0 to 50 in 8.2 seconds, Scirocco in 7.5 and Dasher sedan in 8.6.
- All of the new VWs get from 35 to 38 mpg hwy, from 23 to 24 in the city.*
- All have dual diagonal brake circuits so that the driver is protected by a back-up system.
- They all have negative steering roll radius for better directional stability in the event of a front-wheel blowout.
- All new VWs have rack-and-pinion steering, front-wheel drive, and a unique rear axle design for superior handling.
- All have sloping hoods and large glass areas for maximum visibility.

Our best engineers started working on the new Volkswagens over five years ago. A fact which explains the difference between Volkswagen's Cars of the Future and everybody else's. You can drive ours today.

©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

*'75 EPA Buyers Guide

Competitors

Sound gatherer...music giver.
Music is the color in your life. Make sure you get all the color. Record on The Music Tape™ by Capitol. It's the premium blank tape made especially for recording music. With all of its color. If we didn't believe it was the finest tape for music recording and playback, we wouldn't put our name on it.
the music tape
BY CAPITOL
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TM OF EMI LIMITED
PREMIUM BLANK CASSETTES, CARTRIDGES AND OPEN REELS

We are both twenty-eight, extremely happy and consider ourselves well versed in sexual manners. Our greatest passion is sex but ranking a close second is gourmet dining. We are especially fond of spicy Mexican food.

Food has often been incorporated into our lovemaking, but it was always a sweet confection such as whipped cream or honey. Then it dawned upon us one night as we sat over steaming plates of tacos and enchiladas—why not enhance our sex life with these sizzling spices?

Realizing the vast potential of our idea, we hurried home with a warm honey glow about us to set about making our loving concoction. After some thought and experimentation, we arrived at our delightful mixture we call "Love Salad."

This separation is very easily made and consists of fresh guacamole mixed with generous quantities of squeezed pepper juice, and the best Mexican hot sauces (use juice and sauce at your own discretion).

Then spreading it liberally upon each other, we engaged in some rather extraordinarily heated sex. I have found it most erotic when she applies it upon my cock and asshole, while with a mouthful herself she sucks, licks, and eats both of us to enchilada heaven. Her favorite way is to put straight pepper juice on her erect nipples and have me lick it off. Then with a cunt-full of "Love Salad," I dart my burning tongue into her mushy mound and bring her to the best climaxes she's ever had. Then with a fresh portion of salad and the sauces awaiting us on the bedside table, we really plunge into each other and fuck and suck each other into utter exhaustion. The burning skin sensations and the sounds and feels of the guacamole combined with our abundant love juices make this experience a true love oven. Viva Hot Sex!—*J.S. and M.W., Toledo, Ohio*

After every meal

My girl friend and I have discovered an exciting way to fuck, and we were wondering if any of your readers have ever tried it. What we do is we start with a "Family Size" tube of toothpaste (any brand will work, but we seem to enjoy a gel type because the gel spreads excellently, and the minty taste is great!). I remove the cap and masturbate her with the tube, and when she gets to the point of her climax I squeeze the tube and inject the toothpaste (she says the sensation is wonderful). At this point I fuck her after which I consume the toothpaste.—*Name and address withheld*

Bun biter

I have an unusual fetish that I'm sure is very common but that I've yet to hear much about. I'm an ass biter. Nothing gets me more turned on than the thought of sinking my teeth into a firm, well rounded ass. Not only does it turn me on, but I've found through experience that it's a turn-on for a lot of women and really beats using an ordinary opening line.

I first tried biting my girl friend's ass while we were both in high school. Just out of compulsion while following her up the stairs one day, I found I couldn't resist it and gave her a good firm nip! She screamed and turned around so fast that my face was suddenly right in her pussy. Feigning anger, she said it hurt and playfully demanded I kiss the object of her pain to make it better. Already turned on and quite willing to oblige her whims, I unfastened her pants, turned her around and pulled her pants down to her ankles. There I was, face to face with two beautiful, firm, creamy white buttocks. The right one showed faint red teethmarks that contrasted with her smooth white skin. I immediately started kissing her wounded buttock. That led to more biting, and she began to moan with pleasure. After what seemed like hours, we were both so hot we hurriedly undressed and made love right on the steps!

My girl and I have long since broken up, but my obsession with ass biting still persists. I'm now twenty-one and still going strong.

Over the last several years, I've bitten many a beautiful ass and have almost always gotten good responses. I've found that bars and parties have the best atmosphere for ass biting; also, that older women get much more excited and turned on very quickly.

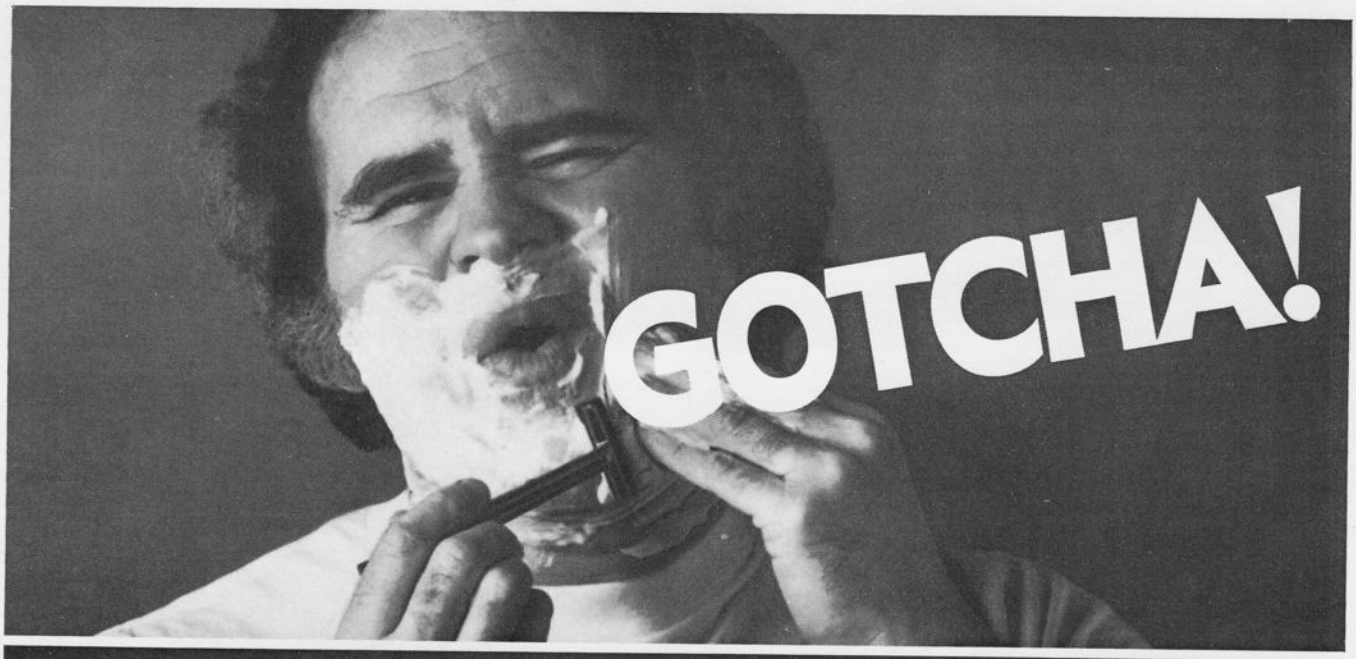
I've yet to bite the perfect ass, but I know it's out there somewhere. Until I find it though, I'll continue to bite my way through life.—*M.M., Ft. Campbell, Ky.*

Bases loaded

I consider myself lucky to possess all the characteristics that attract beautiful girls. I am 5' 10", 170 lbs., all muscle, with black hair, brown eyes, and a handsome rugged face. It seems that once a girl knows what I've got, I cannot keep her away from me. My first week in Nashville, I discovered a nice piece from San Francisco, with a great set of tits and an unbelieveable tongue.

On my first night with her, I got her drunk and brought her back to my room. By the time I had her on my bed she was breathing hard 'cause she knew what was going to come. I hopped onto the bed with her, and we went to it. Her breasts were smooth and soft as I sucked her nipples. Her hand had traveled down my body to my crotch, and she was beginning to beat me off. After she was slick, I dropped my tongue to her gaping pussy and she began to suck me off. We came together and fell back on the bed totally exhausted. An hour later we were in the sixty-nine position again.

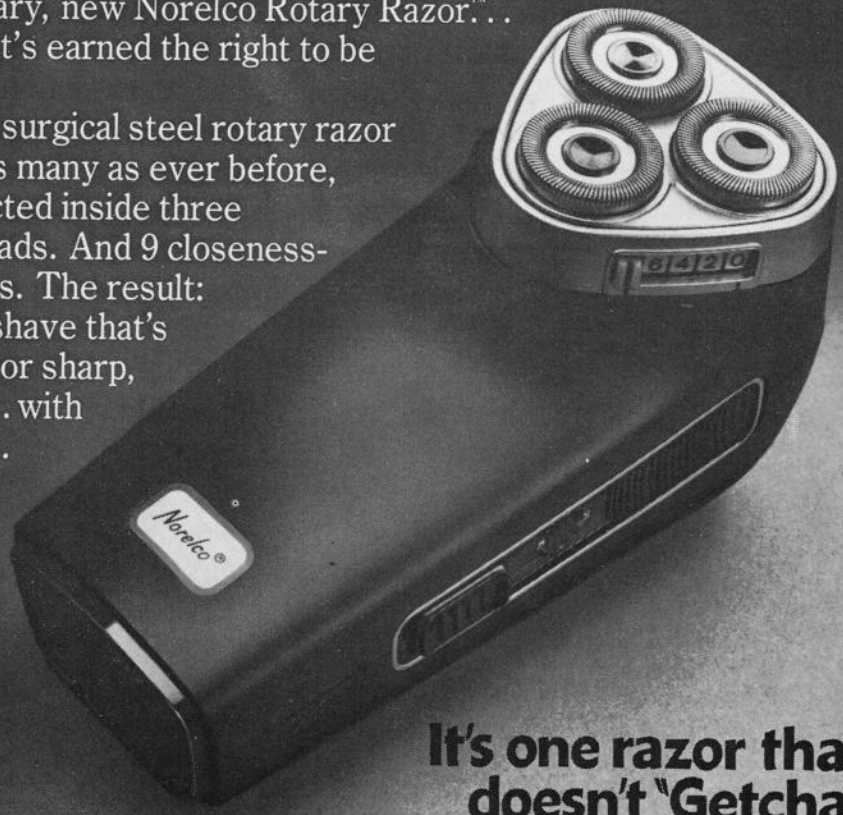
This kind of activity continued through Sep-



Norelco introduces The Rotary Razor.

There isn't a man in America that hasn't suffered from the Gotchas. The Early Morning Gotchas. The Morning After Gotchas. The Common Everyday Gotchas. Now there's a cure. The revolutionary, new Norelco Rotary Razor.™ . . . one electric that's earned the right to be called a razor.

It has 36 surgical steel rotary razor blades, twice as many as ever before, all safely protected inside three free-floating heads. And 9 closeness-comfort settings. The result: A comfortable shave that's razor close, razor sharp, razor smooth. . . with no nicks or cuts.



It's one razor that doesn't "Getcha".

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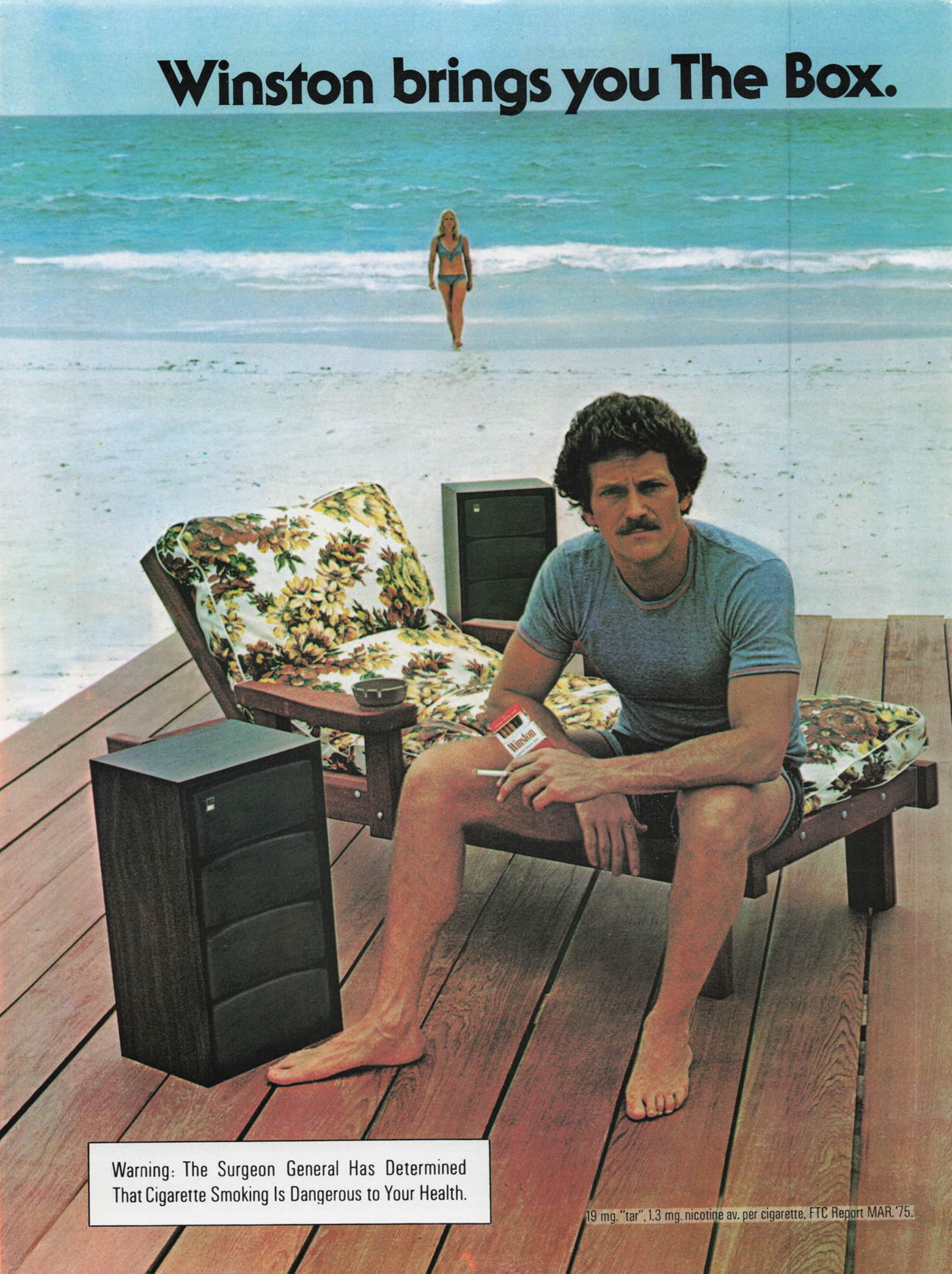
Winston brings you The Box.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.

The Box brings you Fisher Quad.

Fisher Quad System from Winston Box.

Only $449.00 An $849.00* value.

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Relax, flip on the Fisher Quad. Reach out, flip open The Winston Box. Let four speakers surround you in sound while you light up and enjoy Winston. The sound is real enough to touch. The pleasure is real enough to taste. Fisher Quad and The Winston Box. They're both for real.

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Please send me the Fisher Quad, complete with the Fisher guarantee. Enclosed is $449.00 in check or money order, and two empty Winston Boxes.

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Offer available to persons 21 years of age or over. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Offer expires 12/31/75. Offer good in U.S.A. Void where prohibited.

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tember until I received a letter from one of my girl friends. The letter said she was coming for the weekend. I immediately told T. not to come by for a week, and I told my hallmates to be silent. My New York chick, A., arrived on Friday. I knew not to waste time on foreplay so we immediately hit the sack. Just before total climax the phone rang. It was my Kansas City gal, P., saying she would be coming next weekend. P. would not hang up so A. came over and blew me on the spot. I told P. I'd run down the hall to answer the phone which accounted for my heavy breathing. Just as I hung up the phone, I came in A.'s mouth. She liked it so much that she forgot to ask who had been on the phone. We hardly left the bed that weekend, except to get something to eat, even though we were getting our fill there.

Then I suffered through a long week with no pussy, and I had to satisfy myself by myself. P. arrived Saturday morning and I played the same erotic games with her. I never had three such great weekends in a row—three different women from three different parts of the U.S. I continue to rotate that order of twat as each satisfies me entirely. People are right—college is a lot of strenuous work.—*R.B., Nashville, Tenn.*

The sporting life

I would like to relate my "once-in-a-lifetime, dream-come-true" experience that happened to me. I try to attend at least one big sporting event each year, and this year it was the Kentucky Derby. Six of us (three couples) drove to Louisville the first weekend in May, and we arrived to find a crowd in the infield that would rival any circus. Due to the warm weather, it was also a tit man's dream, what with all the young lovelies in their halter tops. It was a good thing I had on loose pants, since all these nubile young breasts with their perky nipples really had my penis pushing to get out.

All those great mint juleps and my girl friend's tiny bladder soon called for a trip to the "little fillies" room. The waiting line must have been as long as the Churchill Downs back stretch. While my girl friend waited her turn in line, I sat down with another mint julep to await her exit. My wait turned into my "dream."

A slim, golden-haired girl in cutoffs that let the cheeks of her firm, round ass peak out below the bottoms of her shorts—and also so tight that the crotch split open the lips of her cunt—came walking towards me. Besides the five-foot, one-inch golden beauty's bottom, she had on a halter top that hid very little of her 40D jugs. And it was tight enough that her silver-dollar-sized nipples poked out at me as if they were headlights in the night on a Kentucky back road.

As I sat there with my mouth hanging open, she came up to me and asked me what I was looking at. Being somewhat shy I told her, nothing, and hoped she would let it go at that. But she sat down next to me, and said that for being so obvious about looking at her body I owed her a mint julep. Being caught in the act, I agreed, and we went off to get another.

We returned to a tent in the infield that she said belonged to some of her friends. We smoked a joint together and sipped on our mint juleps. As she passed me the joint, she let her hand drop into my lap. She looked up into my eyes as she grabbed the shaft of my rock hard prick. Without saying a word, she unzipped my pants and pulled them down around my ankles—leaving my cock doing an impression of the tent pole.

She then went down on me, and her warm mouth gently massaged my aching rod. Her tongue moved softly up and down the shaft of my penis. She then took my balls into her mouth and gently rolled them back and forth. As my balls popped out of her mouth, she moved her tongue into my asshole, which nearly sent me through the top of the tent. Finally, she took my dick full into her mouth, and as I held the back of her head, she sucked me so hard that as I shot my load down her throat, I thought she would drain me dry for months.

She then looked up and smiled as she licked her lips and took a sip of her mint julep. She told me that my come and the julep really went great together. With that, she got up and left me with my pants down around my ankles. It took me a few minutes to come back to my senses which told me I had been gone for about an hour.

I returned to a pissed off girl friend, but I will return to the Derby next year in hopes that I will run into "the girl of my dreams."—*L.M., Georgetown, Ky.*

A woman is only a woman, but . . .

In a recent issue a letter to Xaviera Hollander by a Mr. C. M. stated that he has a "fetish" for watching women smoke cigars. He also pointed out that he had never seen this interest expressed in print.

C. M. is not alone. I also share this interest as do, I am sure, many other men. I find that watching a woman smoke even a small cigar excites me, but when she lights up and puffs a full-sized cigar, I am thoroughly aroused.

My wife and I are in our mid-twenties, and we both enjoy smoking cigars before or after making love. Usually we smoke large Corona-sized cigars and sip our drinks prior to retiring to the bedroom.

She becomes sexually excited by her own vampish appearances with a cigar and by the knowledge that it is stimulating me.

Olé!

For a smooth Margarita mix
1½ ozs. Olé Tequila, 1½ ozs. Triple Sec and ½ oz. Lemon or Lime Juice.
Shake well with ice and strain into salt-rimmed cocktail glass.
Then enjoy the smooth-tasting Mexican spirit that makes people want to shout—Olé!

Also available in Gold.

EIGHTY PROOF · © 1975 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

If you think there's a cassette or cartridge better than Columbia's we'll buy it for you.

Just try a new Columbia tape. If you still like your old tape better, return the Columbia tape to us, and we'll send you the one you prefer. Free.

Our problem

Most people who buy recording tapes are pretty happy with what they're using. So it's hard for someone with a new tape—even someone with all the experience in music and electronics that Columbia has—to get people to try it. Regular advertising just won't work.

We realized we'd have to come up with a really unusual introductory offer. To really challenge people to try our new FAIL-SAFE cassettes and cartridges. To see that they really are better than other tapes.

Our offer

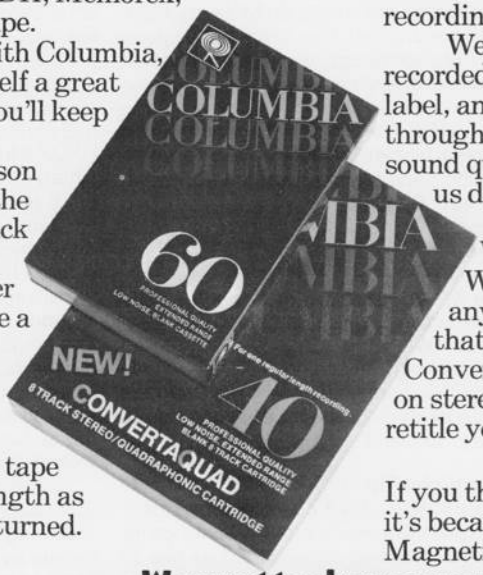
1. Buy a new Columbia cassette or cartridge in any length you like.

2. Try it out. Record on it. Compare it to the tape you've been using. TDK, Memorex, Scotch. Any iron oxide tape.

3. If you're happy with Columbia, fine. You've bought yourself a great new tape. And we hope you'll keep buying Columbia.

4. But, if for any reason you're not satisfied with the Columbia tape, send it back to us. With your receipt, no more than 30 days after you bought it, and include a label from the tape you prefer. Your only cost is 50¢ for postage and handling.

5. We'll send you the tape you prefer. In the same length as the Columbia tape you returned.



Our experience

We don't think we're taking much of a chance with this offer. And we don't think we'll be sending out many TDKs, Memorexes, or Scotches. Because while you may have never seen one of our blank tapes before, we're not exactly newcomers to the recording business.

We've made hundreds of millions of pre-recorded tapes over the years. For our own record label, and even for a lot of our competitors. And through that experience we learned a lot about sound quality and product reliability that helped us develop the best blank tape for home recording. With more highs and lows. Without fuzzing or blurring the sounds. Without jamming in any kind of tape deck in any kind of weather. And with unique features that make recording a pleasure. Like our ConvertaQuad cartridge that works automatically on stereo or 4-channel. And extra adhesive labels to retitle your tapes when you re-record.

Our challenge

If you think there's a tape that's better than ours, it's because you just haven't tried ours. Columbia Magnetics, CBS, Inc., 51 W. 52nd St., N.Y. 10019.

We want to change your mind

The place: hot.
The mood: thirsty.
The drink: KAHLÚA® & Soda.
Over ice, an ounce of Kahlúa, a fill-up of soda, a squeeze of lime. A great way to cool it!
For other Kahlúa refreshments, send for our recipe book. Free. Because you deserve something nice.
Kahlúa. 53 Proof. Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico. Maidstone Importers, 116 No. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048.

It is very important that the woman learn to handle the cigar in a feminine manner so as to take full advantage of its stimulating effect on her man.

Of course, the taste and aroma of a quality cigar is a very pleasurable experience in itself.—*M.K., Orlando, Fla.*

Model wife

Unlike most of your letter writers who seem to have had their biggest sex thrill fucking their first virgin or pickup or whatever, I'm having my best sex now with my wife. One thing that really turns me on is dressing her up like your models and photographing her. Since she has a great body except for tiny tits, I go for maximum exposure below the waist. The scenes of our photography are usually isolated spots like woods, creeks, and beaches where she can pose revealing her hairless pussy, pink clit, and lovely ass. When we've used more public places like tennis courts, where her short skirt did little to hide her pretty pussy and bare bottom, passersby have stopped to get a good view. It's all great fun, and the pictures are effective turn-ons for me and selected friends.—*S.D., Washington, D.C.*

Elastic ecstasy

I am an avid reader of *Penthouse* and would like to share my own "thing" with the readers of *Penthouse*. I have read your letters concerning semen tasters and monopede mania, but I have never heard or read of anyone having the same fetish that I do. I have a panty girdle fetish. As long as I can remember, I have always been turned on by looking up a female's dress and seeing her girdle. I remember that my old high school had several flights of open stairs, and I would position myself at the bottom and watch the chicks walk up. I had a good angle and got some great views of round, plump bottoms encased in the tight elastic of their panty girdles. It really turned me on, and I've felt the same way ever since.

I remember one girl that I dated a few years back who really dug my hang-up. On our second date, we were sitting at a drive-in movie when she suggested that we move to the backseat. That was OK with me, and I got back there in a hurry. She climbed back over the seat and as she did, she pulled her dress up to her waist, revealing a white panty girdle with shining garter attachments holding up her stockings. I got an immediate hard-on, and she knew it. Our embraces gradually became more and more passionate. She must have figured that I was especially aroused by her girdle because she made no effort to straighten her dress. I managed to unhook the garters and pull off her stockings, and she made no effort to resist. Needless to say, however, I needed her help to take off that girdle. She raised her soft bottom, and together we pulled it down over her knees. By that time we were both wild with desire, and we made love there in the backseat with her panty girdle hanging loosely from one of her ankles.

When we were finished, I watched her as she struggled to put the tight elastic undergarment back on again. Watching her do that and seeing her put her stockings on and hook them up made me have another erection even bigger than the first one. I've been a "girdle man" ever since.—*C.P., address withheld*

Powder room pick-up

A while back I read about one of your readers getting dressed in women's clothes so he could go into ladies' dressing rooms. I would like to relate a similar experience that I had a couple of weeks ago.

My family had gone away for the weekend while I stayed home. My sister (she's twenty-three and I'm twenty-one) went also. I had nothing to do and went into her room. I enjoy wearing women's underthings so I thought I'd wear some of hers. Usually I just wear them around the house, but this time I decided to wear them out on the town. I shaved my legs and put on her mini-skirt and stuffed her bra. With some makeup on I looked pretty good.

That evening I went out to a local pub to see if I could get picked up. After a few drinks, I had to go relieve myself. I almost went to the men's room, but I caught myself just in time.

I went inside the ladies room, and there were a few young girls about twenty-two years old in there. I got really excited hearing them getting undressed and relieving themselves so I went into one of the stalls to masturbate. I had just gotten my cock out of the panties when this girl opened the door and saw me. I expected her to scream, but instead she shut the door, got down on her knees and gave me the best blow job I've ever had. Afterwards we went out to the bar and sat together, and at the end of the evening, we went back to my house. I've gone out with Kathy now several times dressing up as a girl, and each time we go into the ladies room for some great sex.—*J.F., New London, Conn.*

More monopede mania

I have been intrigued by the series of letters in your column on the subject of women amputees and the men who are attracted to them. Having been an underground member of this rare fraternity since I was a kid, I vouch for the existence of such a group and to having met many members.

I have often attempted to figure out the "why" of such an odd attraction, or preoccupation, with the amputated distaff. After reading many books on behavior analysis, I have concluded that it relates to my very strict upbringing as a child. I was kept relatively isolated from girls by constant preachings to "keep away" and "don't touch the girls." As a natural reaction to this form of oppression to a normally developing interest, and as a means of mentally sidestepping the situation, I suspect that I adopted the girl amputee as a transference symbol—a special case not to be included by the dictums. Thus it was permitted to feel attracted to the female amputee and all emotional development followed within this idea. It probably occurred at the time in life when a boy generates his sexual image. To me a beautiful girl is always attractive. But the amputee creates a special feeling, and I am not certain that it is sexual.

Except for that "extra added attraction" the lady amputee offers, I have broken the childhood inhibitions after a stint in the Navy and function quite successfully with non-amputees. However, I do find a heightened excitement within me when I imagine the woman to be an amputee. It's crazy, but it happens.

Having this special interest, I studied the general subject of amputees and prostheses over the years. I had correspondence with a private, national organization called the Fraternity of the Wooden Leg and subscribed to their magazine. The magazine contained articles written by amputees, new and old, who presented their private philosophies and tried to aid the recently amputated in adjusting to their new world. Their fortitude was superb. They each told their stories without a hint of self-pity.

I have made an effort to become acquainted with lady amputees I happen to meet. I discovered long ago that they are normal individuals, as female as the next but having an extra fear factor. They enjoy flirting and being flirted with, their

A Winning Combination...

. . . 1974 Pet of the Year Avril Lund, and the PENTHOUSE Lola, Elliot Forbes Robinson drove to victory in the "Players Quebec" Challenge Race in Mont Tremblant on July 6. PENTHOUSE backs winners—and we produce one of our own every month—PENTHOUSE Magazine. Each issue features the finest in investigative journalism and fiction (need we mention our lovely pictorials?). And you don't have to miss a single issue. Just fill in the form below. Subscribe to PENTHOUSE . . . and stick with a winner.

****Another item you shouldn't miss:**
Elliot Forbes Robinson and the PENTHOUSE Lola competing in the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, New York on Sunday October 5.

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For those who like their sex spelled out

ORAL SEX AND THE LAW and DECISION IN DENMARK: The Legalizing of Pornography

Two of the greatest sex books ever published, virtually unobtainable except through the Penthouse Book Society.

Lavishly illustrated with color and black-and-white photographs and drawings depicting in complete detail and total abandon, every major variation on the erotic act, including threesomes, lesbian scenes, bondage, oral sex, orgies, these books were prepared for use by professionals—legal, government, and psychiatric. Only a limited number are available for adult laymen through the Book Society.

Originally listed for sale at $30.00, each of these collectors' items is now worth much more. But while they last, you can have them for $20 a volume.

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sexual appetites are active, and they want men companions.—*G.R., Cupertina, Calif.*

Keeping up a front

I have only recently read Forum in some issues of *Penthouse* that have been around since the beginning of the year. Some of the letters which shared personal sexual styles and preferences stimulated me to send in some of my experiences which I have found most unusual but very rewarding. Particularly since I work as a behavioral therapist and have studied clinical psychology for nearly ten years, some of the recent letters are most relevant to my experiences. I have just written to Masters and Johnson to inform them of the occurrences because their works (*Human Sexual Response* and *Human Sexual Inadequacy*) had little-to-no mention of my type experiences.

I am twenty-eight years old and have been living with an eighteen year old since last July. Recently we have developed a profound depth to our lives involving each other. We both have had extensive sexual experiences with others prior to our meeting. Also, we both have gone through a marriage and divorce once. Other than this brief history as a preface, I'll add that I had a vasectomy in June, 1971.

Here are some of the recently experienced phenomena (during the last two weeks) in our sexual efforts: I have willfully maintained an erect penis for periods of time lasting up to ten hours without orgasmic ejaculation; I have experienced several orgasmic phases which have actually lasted with full intensity for three-to-seven minutes (almost causing a total collapse); and, most amazingly for me, I have experienced daily episodes of intense "climactic" phases (usually from five-to-ten an hour) much like I would imagine women to have. During these fullfilling and exhausting "climactic" episodes, to the best of our knowledge, I have not ejaculated but have felt as though the episode was total. Yet, even after as many as ten of these fairly "rapid-fire" episodes, I can rest for a few minutes and then make love with such enthusiasm that I will experience the intense several minute orgasmic ejaculation phase.

I have discussed such experiences with numerous friends, and it seems that only within the last year-and-a-half have a couple of them experienced such things as the "climactic" phases that seem so much more predominant in females. None of my friends or associates, however, seem to have had the type of long orgasmic phases (ejaculatory). Also, none of them have experienced maintaining an erection for nearly as long a time. A partial answer for the last phenomena may relate directly to my employment of self-hypnosis in nearly all the occurrences where I desired to remain erect beyond two or three hours.

At any rate, I thought it best to share this information with your readers. I have asked Dr. William Masters and his research associate, Virginia Johnson, to consider these experiences for possibly a renewed investigation regarding the differences and similarities in sexual responses of the male and female. Perhaps some of your readers have had same-type occurrences and could report them. The editor's reply to the letter "Coming out" (p. 16, *Penthouse* Jan., 1975) seems to support my belief in the uniqueness of my recent experiences.—*C.D., Columbus, Ohio*

Clinical analysis

Thumbing through the March, 1975, *Penthouse*, our interests were aroused by what was, we maintain, a rather tall tale. We refer to the feature letter of the "Call Me Madam" column in which one Ms. H. G. reports a case of extreme—and even, as we hope to demonstrate, incredible—development of the external genitalia in a healthy, middle-aged

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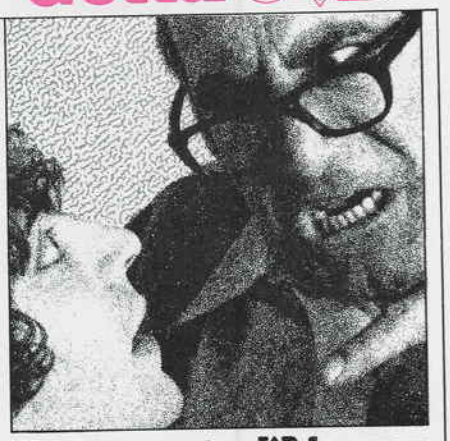

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Oriental man.

H. G. states that the length of the subject's erect penis measured 17½ inches (ins.), and that the circumference measured 10¼ ins. around the shaft and somewhat larger at the glans. For our purposes we shall assume that the human penis occupies the same volume as a perfect cylinder of the same dimensions, ignoring both the additional volume presented by the glans while erect and irregularities of shape while flaccid. Applying H. G's data to the formulae:

$$\text{Radius} = \frac{\text{Circumference}}{\pi}$$

and:

$$\text{Volume of a cylinder} = (\text{Length})\,(\text{Radius})^2\,(\pi)$$

we calculate the radius of this man's erect penis to be 1.63 ins. and the volume to be 146 cubic inches (in^3.).

H. G. did not specify the length of the man's flaccid penis. Since she likewise gives no indication of his stature, we are forced to speculate that he is a larger man than average, but not so large as to evoke special comment. If, as reported, the man's penis reaches his knees, its flaccid length must be about 14 ins. We shall *a priori* assume that its radius shrinks to 1.2 ins. when flaccid (a decrease of 0.4 ins.), probably a generous estimation in light of the author's statement that the penis, "diminished considerably in size" when flaccid. From these assumptions we find, calculating as above, that the volume of the man's flaccid penis is 46 in^3.

Physiologically, the penis becomes erect due to sexual excitement as the arteries carrying blood into the penis dilate (swell) allowing increased amounts of blood to enter and engorge the erectile tissue. As the erectile tissue expands it compresses its draining veins, thus retarding blood outflow and adding to the turgor of the organ. *All* of the penis' volume increase from flaccid to erect state is due to blood influx; and since the amount of tissue remains constant, we can determine the exact amount of blood needed to erect a penis by subtracting the flaccid volume from the volume while erect.

In the reported case, we calculate that over 100 in^3 of blood are needed to raise the gentleman's superstructure. The total blood volume of a man of average stature is about 310 in^3; since we have assumed this man is larger than average we shall say his total body blood volume is in the neighborhood of 350 in^3. This means that nearly 29 percent of the blood in his body would be necessary to effectively sustain an erection of the dimensions reported.

From this data we can only conclude that H. G.'s story is a crock of shit. When more than even *20* percent of the body blood is suddenly drawn from general circulation for any reason, a human lapses into hypovolemic ("blood loss") shock. The subject's tool could not possibly have been as large as H. G. claimed because once a penis of that size became more than two-thirds erect, it would monopolize so much blood as to send the body into shock. One of the symptoms of shock is constriction of the arteries; specifically, this would result in an immediate and inevitable loss of erection.

While we cannot dispute H. G.'s claims of the size of the penis while flaccid (although we speculate, in her case, latent myopia), an erection of this size could not be maintained unless the man were a giant. Even if, through manipulation by the Deity, he should manage to maintain consciousness and the erection to the point of ejaculation, the added trauma of orgasm would probably kill him.—*S.K. and R.S., Guadalajara, Mexico*

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I would like to share my unique method of sexual satisfaction. As a golf freak and by being almost a college major in golf, I am extremely good at it. While out on the local course one day, I met a cute young chick who also is a golf freak (except when she is catcher on her softball team). One thing led to the proverbial another and pretty soon we were at my apartment. After the initial make-out, I jokingly suggested that she lay on the bed with her legs spread and I'd chip golf balls at her pussy. I had no sooner said this than she was on the bed waiting. After chipping about five balls so that they gently nudged the lips of her pussy, she had the most violent orgasm I have ever seen a broad have. Seeing I had a huge hard-on by all this, she jumped up and had me sit down on the floor for her turn at putting. Having a nude broad putt golf balls at my balls just blew my mind, and after about the tenth ball she putted one ball so it hit me directly between my balls and hit the base of my cock rather sharply. This triggered my orgasm, and it was fantastic. The first squirt of semen shot out about twelve inches, and she immediately finished me off by giving head. She is a master at giving head, and my pulsating cock shot about a month's worth of semen into her mouth. She didn't swallow it but immediately afterwards gave me a french kiss and squirted some of my semen into my mouth. I had never tasted semen before, but it tasted terrific. We then divided the semen up and each swallowed it. After this we went back to bed for a fan-fucking-tastic night.

This sequence has now become our regular sexual routine. Whenever we go out to play golf (which we do as often as possible), when I hit balls she gets horny, and when she hits a ball I get a hard-on. We are now conditioned to hitting golf balls for a supreme turn-on. Whenever possible we run into the rough for a quickie. And by the time we have played eighteen holes, we arrive at my apartment very horny (sometimes with her juices dripping down her legs) and run into the apartment and rape each other. Now whenever we want to get turned on, we get out the golf clubs. For us, we say, golf sex is the best sex.—*D.L., Rockville, Md.*

A house is not a home

During our last semester at college, my fraternity brother and I experienced something quite unusual. While on a serenade on a warm spring evening, we stopped at one of the more upstanding sororities (or so we thought). The girls of this sorority were known for their virtuous behavior. The plan was that Tom and I would sneak away while the serenade was in progress and steal some of their trophies so that they in turn would have to serenade us. While entering the sorority, singing some of our more vulgar songs, the two of us slipped away. In searching the house for trophies, we stumbled on something that we thought *Penthouse* readers might enjoy. Entering the study room in the basement, we noticed that one of the book cases was slightly ajar. From behind it came the sounds of muffled moaning. Stealthily we swung the secret doorway open and feasted our eyes upon two naked females. Before us lay the housemother (a well built lady in her mid-forties) violently humping one of the sorority sisters. She was equipped with a strap-on, penis-shaped vibrator which seemed to keep the younger girl aroused. Recovering from the initial shock, we noticed the room had several beds and hanging on the walls above them were a number of other various shapes and sizes of dildos.

After the housemom had brought the young girl to an exhausting climax, they realized that we were watching. I took advantage of the situation and shut the door behind us. After a few minutes of bargaining, we agreed not to reveal the sorority's secret. In exchange they expressed their gratitude by becoming our sexual slaves for the evening. Never having had sex with an older woman, it was easy for Tom to talk me into taking on the housemother. Stripping down I straddled the older woman's chest and made her beat me off with her tits until my throbbing member spurted semen over her entire face. Meanwhile Tom had coerced the sister into blowing him while she stuck one of the sorority's vibrators up his ass. This was only hors d'oeuvres. What followed was a multi-coursed dinner of sexual delights, satisfying and realizing our every fantasy. In the past couple months we've kept our silence at the price of some very pleasurable encounters in the housemother's apartment. We haven't told anyone until now, but since we are graduating we decided to tell it to the world! Thanks mom for straightening us out when we needed it!—*F.O. and T.S., address withheld*

What's good for the gander . . .

I am not one to write letters to magazines, especially concerning my sex life—something I consider quite a private matter. However, your recent pictorial depicting three bathers going through some rather erotic bathtub escapades brought to mind an incident that occurred three years ago and will remain as one of the most arousing memories in my sexual life.

It happened on a weekend that started innocently enough as a reunion of sorts between my wife and her ex-college roommate. At this point, however, I was not aware of the extent of their intimacy. Her friend had married an insurance salesman after college and moved to Dayton, Ohio, which had a rather stifling affect on their get-togethers. So this meeting was regarded as quite an occasion for both my wife, Susan, and her friend, Barbara.

We met her plane on Friday afternoon and spent the evening getting acquainted. Of course there was a lot of schoolgirl talk, but Babs, as I was told everybody called her, reflected a certain physical charm which I feared would become harder and harder to resist as the weekend wore on.

Saturday was spent sightseeing and picnicking. The picnic was followed by a touch football game—a coed touch football game. My expectations were all fulfilled. She most obviously wore no bra, and through her sweatshirt, her thick nipples, prompted by both the physical contact and the chilly weather, stood quite in evidence. Watching her run a touchdown was both a delight and a torture for the sight of those bobbing beauties combined with the sway of her firm buttocks nearly drove me out of my gourd. The football game ended at about five-thirty in the afternoon, and everybody decided on a quick shower before dining out. Being a gentleman I of course deferred to the ladies and allowed them to have first go at the hot water. I started to undress and saw what I thought to be the figure of my wife stepping into the bathroom to shower. (This is where I made my fateful mistake: it was the figure of Babs in Susan's robe.) I decided that there was no harm in shaving while my "wife" was in the shower, so I donned a terrycloth towel and headed for the sink. The door of the bathroom was closed to prevent the steam from escaping so as I entered the bathroom I had a rather difficult time catching sharp images. Now nude, I started shaving, and in time I heard the shower water stop. My back being to the shower, I did not immediately notice that the figure drying off was not that of my wife. But when I did finally realize that it was Babs, she had one leg up on the side of the tub and was drying those big pliant buttocks. I could

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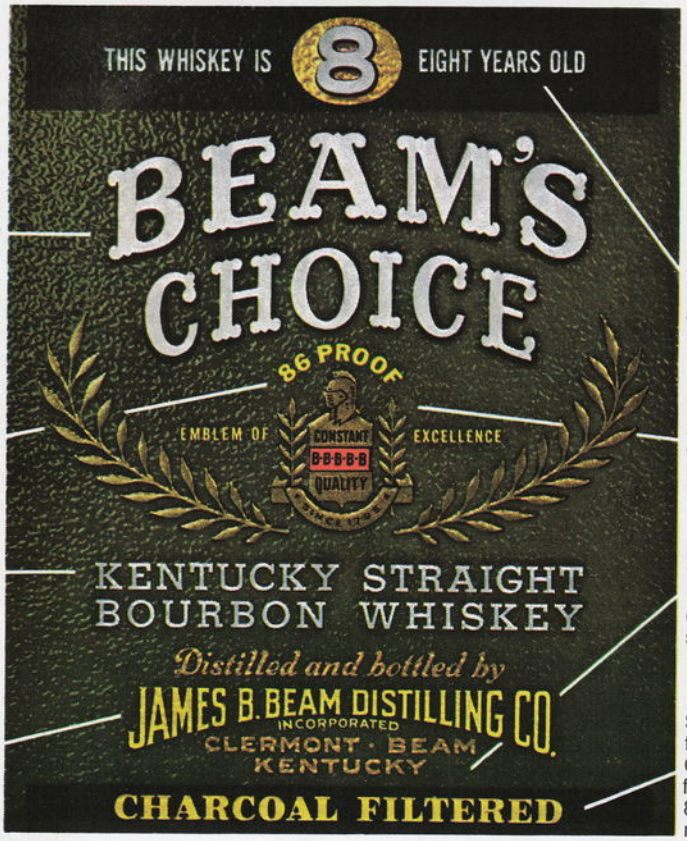

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tell from the rear view that she had quite a thick bush because the hair spread back with a sparse scattering around her anus. When our eyes met she did not shrink back but rather challenged me with an inviting glance. I quickly accepted the invitation as did my already half erect penis. She doffed the towel, and we enjoyed a warm embrace. I am at a lack of words to describe the various smells, tastes, textures and sensations I experienced. I sucked her nipples to attention, leaving her firm breasts glowing and covered with saliva. Being an ass man, I quickly kissed my way down and around to her beautifully sculpted buttocks, inhaled that faint yet heady aroma, and was then most inspired to give her the best reaming I am sure she has ever had.

I started by fondling, kneading and kissing the large white cheeks. I then took one in each hand and gently separated them. I quite thoroughly tongued the inner portions making a point of not contacting her anus. I paused and let my tongue flicker around the edges of her reddish brown opening. This drew a loud moan from her. I continued, teasing the crinkled opening. My own ardor grew as did the incessant sounds of her sighing. Her cunt lips were by now dripping with moisture. I returned to her vagina, spread her lips and as I was sucking her clitoris, I gathered some of her natural lubricant with my fingers, spread it around her anus, and slowly inserted two fingers. As she climaxed her knees buckled, and she sank into my arms planting a long languorous kiss on my lips. My penis was now standing straight and hard, and she hopped up into my arms. We fucked with her legs wrapped around my back and my own hands under her buttocks. I provided an extra incentive with an inspired massage of her asshole.

Being in the heat of passion, we completely ignored the fact that our symphony of pleasure might attract listeners. I glanced at the door and was quite surprised to see my own beautiful blond Susan with one hand buried in her bush manipulating her clitoris and the other teasing her swollen nipples while she watched. Babs caught on, glanced at Susan and smiled. They then informed me that while in college they had enjoyed quite a relationship with each other and that this could only make it better. I then escorted these two beautiful bodies back to the bedroom, and we proceeded to fuck the night away.—*S.S., New York, N.Y.*

. . . is good for the goose

For some time now my husband has been talking with me about how he would like to see me giving some other man a good workout. The idea became more interesting to me and during our lovemaking, which is great, we would pretend that I was seducing some other man.

Recently a friend of my husband came to spend the weekend with us. My husband arrived home a few hours after his friend because he had been out of town the night before on business. I had never met our guest before, but I was very much at ease around him. I do not like to wear a bra or panties and, on this particular afternoon, both my husband and his friend saw plenty of evidence of this. I had on my shortest cut-off jeans and a very loose-fitting halter top.

As we were getting dressed to go out for the evening, I told my husband that his friend really turned me on and that I would like to get him in bed. Just the thought of this excited my husband. I had doubts as to how far I would really go, but those doubts were soon cleared up.

My husband and his friend had finished dressing and were waiting for me to finish dressing. They walked into the bedroom to catch me putting on my sexiest halter top but still dressed in my cut-off jeans. They just stood there talking, and finally I announced that I hoped that no one embarrassed easily because I was going to finish dressing. And with that I pulled off my jeans and threw them at my husband's friend. He could not take his eyes off me (I do have a very hairy pussy) as I stepped into my tightest slacks.

Later that night when we returned home, while our friend was taking his date home, I put on a long, black see-through night gown that was open full-length on both sides. When our friend returned home, I met him at the door, put my arms around him and began to kiss him. We sat on the sofa, and he could not keep his hands off me. I was feeling his penis and trying to open his fly in order to get to what I really wanted. After some time of this, I led him into our bedroom. We have a king-sized water bed so naturally my husband followed us. I laid down between them, and they began to kiss and feel all over my body. I decided that it was only proper that our guest should be "served" first. I really gave him a work-over. We must have fucked for thirty minutes. My husband and I never have sex without including oral sex, and I was not about to leave anything out of my routine with this new cock. It really turned my husband on to see me eating another man's dick.

I was on my hands and knees with my rear end sticking up and waving back and forth with every suck of our friend's big dick. My husband positioned himself between my legs, and after a few long strokes with his tongue in my furry cunt, he began to fuck me from the back door. We changed positions several times, and my husband experienced several climaxes that night. Finally we all fell asleep only to awake the next morning to continue our lovemaking.

The rest of the weekend was filled with sex. I could not keep my hands, mouth, or pussy away from my two dicks and likewise, my husband and friend were always ready. We have been married for almost eight years and still have a very active sex life. This new experience has added a new fuel to our sex life, and now we make love every day and sometimes several times a day.—*J.S., Wilmington, N.C.*

Fighting females

I have read with interest the letters your readers send in regarding their fantasies of women fighting. I call them fantasies because I am sure that most of these men have never seen two women *really* go at it. Because if they did, they might not care for what they see; or, at the very least, they might start to question about how truly superior (physically) they are. You see, when two women get worked up enough to really fight, it's never these silly little planned wrestling matches; no fun-like tossing around ending with a heroic pin-down and acknowledgement of superiority.

The reason I react so strongly to these stories is that I had the experience of witnessing a *real* girl fight at very close range. In fact not only was I one of the contestants, but I caused the fight. And lived to regret it.

I was in high school at the time with a good figure and long blond hair. As a cheerleader and very much in demand by the boys, I was in my first glory and, needless to say, my head was greatly swelled by this power.

There was a new girl in school, Kathy, a quiet, mousy type about four-inches shorter than I but with a fairly good figure. She went out for cheerleading, too. When the tryouts came to the final elimination, I heard from some friends that most of the gym instructors who were making the choices were having a hard time with the last selection and that the two leading contenders were myself

and this girl Kathy.

I was, in my pride, furious that they should even consider her over me, and I decided to take matters into my own hands. I cornered Kathy in the gym one afternoon after classes and warned her, none too sweetly, that she had better drop the whole idea of being a cheerleader.

Kathy looked scared but refused. I renewed my threat, but this time added something about teaching her a lesson if she didn't watch out. Again, she looked frightened, glanced around her but refused.

I was losing my temper. I dropped my books, grabbed her by the hair and told her she was going to be very sorry if she said no again. She squirmed, trying to get away and again said no. I was hopping mad by this time, so I let her have it—smacked her right across the face and then again, backhanded. She started to cry and squirm some more, but I wouldn't let go, and I slapped her some more. By this time some girls had seen the ruckus and had crowded around yelling and egging us on. Nobody stepped in to stop it even though Kathy seemed definitely outclassed.

I reacted to the audience by shifting my grip from Kathy's hair to the front of her shirt and continued slapping. Finally I hit her so hard it bloodied her nose and sent her flying backwards tearing open the front of her shirt and landing her flat on her back on the gym floor. I leaped on her and started tearing off her clothes until she was left with only her underpants (a pair of those white cotton things, the kind I hadn't worn since I was twelve), her kneesocks, and her bra hanging from one strap.

I jumped up and was about to ask her if she was ready to give up the idea of cheerleading, or did she want some more, when I saw her looking at me very strangely. She had stopped crying and totally ignoring her nudity and humiliation and her bloody nose, was glaring at me with more hate than I had ever seen on a girl's face before.

I was a little shaken by it and stopped as she got to her feet, but before I knew it, she leaped forward and punched me hard on the jaw. I reeled back and tried to clear my head, but then she was in front of me again and hit me five or six more times in the face and breasts, and down I went.

My head was spinning, and I was barely aware of what was happening, namely that the mouse had turned into a tiger, and I was on the receiving end. The girls who were watching were loving it as Kathy hauled me to my feet by the shirt and started slapping me as I had slapped her before. Again nobody made a move to stop it. In fact, I think they were happier to see *me* get the beating which tells you something about how insufferable I was in those days.

I was crying by this time, my hair disheveled, my clothes a mess. Kathy shoved me and pushed a fist into my midsection. I think I sort of doubled over then, but she grabbed my hair, raised my head, and spit in my face. Then she hauled off and punched me right in the eye. I went down hard.

I don't remember much else. I know that Kathy, encouraged by the vultures who were watching, stripped me, leaving me only my panties. Then she dragged me into the shower room and shoved me under a shower, turned the water on and left me to weep over my shame and my black eye.

Now, looking back over this incident ten years later, I realize that, bad as it was, it taught me a few things. Humility, of course. It snapped a very harmful arrogant streak I was developing because of my looks. But mainly, it taught me not to start fights, and after several years of modeling during which I came into contact with many other

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women, I've never done it again.

But if there is anything that it taught me, it's that there is no more *unfeminine* thing a woman can do than fight. And that's why I can't understand these people who suggest wrestling and fighting articles. If they like women, why do they want to see them humiliate each other; and if they don't, why don't they get off on humiliating women themselves?

All I know is that I've been there, and it was no fun. Anybody who thinks it is should find themselves a good strong woman and try it.—*J.S. Mc., San Francisco, Calif.*

Female forum

From reading various articles and letters, I've come to the conclusion that I make love a little differently than other women.

I have what I call a "bump." My pubic mound is very prominent and very noticeable in a slinky dress or bathing suit. It is not very common, and it seems to excite men when we make love because it presses right at the base of the cock, on the top side. Several men have said they become more aroused making love to me, and perhaps my "bump" is part of the reason. With other women there is little stimulation in that area for the man during sex.

Another thing that's different is the way I move. For my own personal satisfaction, I don't like the standard in and out, but prefer a rocking motion. For example, if I'm on top of him with my knees and feet tucked close to his sides, I just move back and forth. Not only is my clit stimulated by direct contact with the area right above his cock, but inside of me, the head of his cock is flicking the tip of my cervix. I can definitely feel him. In fact, if I lean back too far and move too hard, it becomes painful. And it excites him very much. It is the quickest and easiest way I know to make my lover come. For me, the flicking action can only be done with a six-and-one-half to seven-inch cock because a longer cock goes past the end of my cervix.

I do have one question not related to what I've written so far. Why is it that if a woman comes the second a man puts his cock in her, it's really far-out; but if a man does the same thing, it's premature ejaculation, and he'd better see a shrink?—*Name and address withheld*

Anti-jocks . . .

I am writing to the jock from Rutgers whose letter was published in your July issue.

I resented his description of how he made the girl swallow his come when she asked him not to. He only managed, it seems, to reinforce her negative opinions of athletes as animals or brutes. No wonder she was cool to him later! Maybe if he hadn't let the chip on his muscular shoulder get the better of him, he would still be getting what sounded like some pretty good head. He could also be getting a lot more and may have used subtler methods later to get her to eat his seed.

I do not consider myself a womens-libber, but I *do* consider sex an equal, shared pleasure in which you get as good as you give.

I spent part of my college career as a batgirl for the boys baseball team. I put in a lot of time "warming the bench" and boosting team spirit in my own little way! I enjoy the sight, feel, taste, and smell of a nice, strong, healthy male body as much as the next girl does. I am really turned on when the owner of such a body is appreciative and considerate of me and my body.

I have had some of the best sex and some of the worst sex with jocks, but so much of it was mediocre that I don't think there is any rule about the sexual abilities of jocks, any more than there is one about anybody else.—*Name and address withheld*

I read the Jock's story in the July Forum, and I must say I think he's quite self-centered. Of course, most women appreciate a well-developed male body. But in my opinion, the personality behind it is much more important.

He says he has "the secret satisfaction of knowing she digs a good pair of arms—not to mention a mouthful of jock sperm." Did it ever occur to him that some women simply cannot "stomach" sperm? It actually makes them physically ill.

Also, if he had had a little consideration for her, he might have developed a friendly relationship besides showing her that not all men are self-centered pigs.—*M.F., address withheld*

Jocks strapped . . .

Cheers for the Rutgers male who made his studymate swallow a load of his "jock sperm." As the wife of an ex-college jock, I always hate to hear women "put down" men in public when they enjoy "going down" on them in private. I try to be as feminine as possible for my husband, and we are adult enough to enjoy helping each other with whatever work needs to be done, rather than saying "That's strictly a woman's job," or vice versa. And we also realize that each gender should have a few of the best qualities of the other.

Cheers also for *Penthouse* Forum, for by reading your letters with my husband, I gained enough courage to confront him openly with my secret fantasy life.

My first sexual encounter occurred when I was in high school. I had arrived at our school late to pick up my brother after football practice since his car was not running that day. He had left along with everyone else. Seeing only one car on the parking lot, I walked to the locker room door. I noticed it was almost completely open, so I put my head in and prepared to call out to whomever was still there when I saw the coach, a handsome well-built man in his early thirties. He was standing near the showers in a jockstrap. He was as surprised as I, and both of us were speechless for several seconds. He noticed me staring at his crotch and pulled a towel around himself. I finally blurted out why I was there, getting more excited as I looked at his body. As we talked I noticed the growing bulge between his legs and finally reached over and began to grope him. Within minutes we were both naked in his office, and believe me, I never forgot that first good fuck. I managed to have sex with him several times before I graduated.

During college I met and married Jim who was on the college basketball team. We had so many interests I guess I never really thought of him as a jock until one day two years ago when I was cleaning out some dresser drawers. Underneath some old athletic gear, I found two jockstraps. Holding one in my hand, I began to feel very excited and aroused. I pulled down my jeans and panties and began rubbing the strap against my cunt. I had never realized I had this fetish until then, or how stimulated I could become by this inanimate object. For months I used the jock for masturbation, thinking of how my husband would look in it since I had never seen him in one.

Then one evening we were in bed, reading and discussing letters to Forum. I asked Jim if he would laugh if I told him about a secret fetish. He said no. When I told him, he leaned over and kissed me gently for several seconds, got out of bed, went to his dresser and pulled a jock out of the drawer. The sight of my handsome, muscular stud in a jock was heavenly, and we enjoyed the best sex that night we have ever had.

Since that evening Jim has been very cooperative helping me with my fetish. He has always preferred boxer shorts to tighter fitting underwear and had always lounged around the house eve-

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nings and weekends in them. Now he frequently comes home from work, removes his clothes and puts on a supporter of some type instead of a clean pair of boxer shorts. I have bought him almost every type of jockstrap and suspensory available; but of course with some of these store-bought jockstraps, I've had to make alterations on them since most do not have a fly front.

Two or three evenings a week, Jim will come over to me at bedtime, put his hands on my head and pull my face into his crotch. I lick and nibble on him through the elastic pouch of his jock until he has a full hard-on. Then I have him lie down and I pull his cock through the fly if that particular strap has one, or pull his cock and balls out from the side of the pouch so I can suck him. I am also able to lick his ass while he wears the jock, simply by adjusting the leg straps away from his anus. I usually insert one or two fingers in his rectum while I suck his cock, and he tongues my cunt so intensely when I do this that I come several times. I am, however, able to reach orgasm simply by sucking him and groping him in his strap without being touched myself.

I would love to hear reports from other women who enjoy seeing a well-built man clad only in a jockstrap. Or perhaps there are others who have a similar fetish for male underwear of any type.—*S.T., Miami Beach, Fla.*

Wet nurse . . .

I am a thirty-one-year-old nurse. What prompts me to write is the letter in your October issue from the nurse who said she gave a male patient an orgasm with her hand. I don't doubt she did this, but I'm sure this type of activity must be rare, mainly because of the rules nurses are trained to follow.

When we give a bedbath, we always keep a sheet over the patient as we uncover and bathe only one part of the body at a time. We never see the patient nude during the bath. In the case of the male patient, we hand him a washcloth and leave the room while he washes his own genitals. If he is not able, we send in a male nurse or aide to do it for him.

I've always believed these rules were to protect the patient's modesty, but recently something happened to make me doubt this. I told a guy I was going to give him a bedbath. When I returned to his room in a few minutes, I was shocked to find him nude. Naturally, my first impulse was to throw a sheet over him, but for some strange reason I didn't. I decided to let him stay completely bare for his bath. He was very relaxed and not in the least embarrassed, and I found myself enjoying the situation immensely. Quite frankly, the whole scene turned me on something fierce.

I was strongly tempted to give him a complete bath myself, but I just didn't have the nerve. I gave him the washcloth to bathe his genitals, but instead of leaving I stayed to watch. He didn't mind at all.

When I told my husband about this experience, he wasn't surprised that the patient wasn't embarrassed. He said most guys wouldn't object to being bathed that way. (I didn't tell him how I reacted to it, though!) Now I'm wondering how men would feel about certain other procedures that female nurses aren't allowed to do for male patients.

One of them is catheterization in which a tube is passed into the bladder through the penis. Another is preparation for abdominal surgery which always includes shaving the pubic hair. My husband says he'd prefer a female nurse to do these things if he were in a hospital.

I'm beginning to think the real purpose for these silly rules is to keep the female nurse from getting turned on!—*Name and address withheld*

A brand-new bag . . .

As a woman reader of your magazine, I would like to share an experience with the female audience of *Penthouse* that has (if you'll pardon the pun) injected new stimulus into my married sex life. Quite by accident I have discovered erotic benefits from the douche! Let me begin by saying that up until my discovery, I douched only after an especially heavy menstrual period or on the advice of my doctor to clear up some minor vaginal infection. I never thought of the procedure as sexy or erotic in any way. That is, until the afternoon my husband came home early and unexpectedly surprised me in the bathroom just as I was preparing to take my monthly douche. We have always had an open sexual relationship, but my husband blushed openly at the sight of me lying on a folded towel in the empty tub with my legs spread apart and the full douche bag hanging overhead. He mumbled some apology and was about to walk out when I called him back explaining that I wasn't embarrassed, and I asked him to sit and talk to me if he liked. I was not trying to be provocative and had no ulterior motives even though it was obvious that this was the first time in our three years of marriage that my husband had occasion to actually see me in the process of taking a douche.

My husband sat down on the edge of the tub, and as we talked his eyes kept wandering down to the douche nozzle and to my hands as I held the lips of my vagina together and then released them, allowing the solution to flow out in the prescribed manner. His face was flushed as he continued to stare, and it was then I noticed he had an erection! His whole demeanor surprised me, and half-jokingly I asked if watching me douche was making him hot. He admitted that obviously it was. Watching him get turned on so unexpectedly began to excite me, too, so I asked him to put more solution in the bag. As he stood holding the refilled bag, I unzipped his pants and began to massage his swollen penis with one hand while regulating the flow of water and stimulating my now stiff clitoris with the other. I continued to do this with increasing intensity as we both got more and more excited. The refilled douche bag was almost empty when I leaned up and put my mouth around the throbbing head of my husband's penis. As I did so, he exploded with a rush of semen just as I reached a shivering orgasm of excruciating intensity and duration. After we both recovered, my husband picked me up and carried me into the bedroom where we fucked deliriously until exhausted. After that initial experience, I now douche regularly using different flavors and fragrances I had never tried before. I must admit that now my husband doesn't always join me in the bathroom, but I make it a point to let him see me getting my douche apparatus together, or I make certain I leave the bathroom door open so he has a clear view of me. He now freely admits watching me douche is his favorite visual turn-on to sexual activity, and in six months, he has never failed to respond to my newly discovered stimulus.—*M.J., address withheld*

Joy stick . . .

I read a letter in Forum not long ago about a flight instructor who made it with his student. I have had a similar experience which I thought I might share with your readers.

I'm a happily married woman, thirty years old and a flight instructor at a local airport. I'm quite attractive and enjoy my own body often. This leads me to fantasize quite a bit. One fantasy I have always had is sucking a guy off while he is learning how to fly. I finally got to live this fantasy not long ago.

Paul, a twenty-five-year-old good-looking guy,

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signed up to take lessons, and from the time I met him, I knew I wanted him.

About the third time we were out flying, I wore a very sheer blouse and real tight mini pants with bold colored underpants that showed through. When Paul came up to the plane and saw me, his eyes almost popped out of his head, and I noticed his prick bulge in his cut-offs which covered not much below his crotch.

While we were pre-flighting the plane, I made a point to bend over in front of him several times giving him a clear view of my well-rounded 38's. He stared at my tits quite openly, and this aroused me quite a bit—just as it obviously did him.

Once we were in the air, I complained about how warm it was and undid my blouse all the way. He responded by taking off his shirt exposing a well tanned chest. By this time I was really horny, and I'm sure he was, too. Being in a Cessna 150, we were pretty close together, and while showing him instrument readings and gauges, I leaned over him several times. My blouse would come open exposing my tits right in front of him.

By this time his prick was bulging so bad it was starting to stick out of his cut-off pant leg. I got out a flight map and set it in his lap asking him to show our course. While going over things on the map, I rested my hand on his thigh and gently started rubbing the head of his prick which was sticking out of his pants. I reached under his pants and pulled his prick out of his briefs and started rubbing it. He set the map aside and grabbed my tits and started kissing me at the same time. I pulled his pants down and started beating his prick while he fingered my cunt and sucked my tits. Then I went down on him and sucked every inch of his cock until he came with the sweetest come I've had in a long time. We landed on a little airstrip in the mountains and fucked all afternoon and then flew home.

The rest of Paul's lessons were devoted to about half flying and half fucking. Even now we get together occasionally and go for a flying fuck (so to speak).—*Name and address withheld*

tattooed lady . . .

After reading in a recent issue of *Penthouse* Forum the letter from John W. of Louisville, Ky., I had to write and tell my feeling about tattoos. I am one of those "gals" who, with a little help from my friends, decided to have myself adorned with a sexy little "motif."

Being twenty-one at the time, carefree, and a stewardess with a whole day to blow in 'Frisco, I decided to go down to Lyle Tuttle's Tattoo Parlor and invest in my lifetime ornament. In twenty minutes it was over, and I must admit I was surprised how little pain it involved. In a week the little scab came off, and I could have my sexy little flower bloom forever.

Although sometimes I regret having done it, I can say I have enjoyed the comments and attention I have received. I am glad someone else thinks tattoos are sexy—I was beginning to think that as I got "old" all I would have would be a "long stem" yellow rose. But at twenty-three I think maybe I've got a few good years left.—*Julie, Atlanta, Ga.*

Putting us on

Being an ardent reader of this magazine, I never cease to be amazed by the sexual exploits enjoyed by members from every microcosm of our society and graphically described in your Forum. This is the first section of *Penthouse* that I read, and it keeps me in stitches for days. Once it put me in traction for six weeks, during which time I became intimately acquainted with the entire female staff of a local hospital, but that's another story altogether.

Faithful followers of Forum will never forget the woman from Tulsa, Oklahoma, who after years of searching found a cure for her frigidity. Who can deny this woman her pleasure from being bound to an oil pipeline and given an enema from a fifty-five gallon barrel of 10W-30. I say there is no one crude enough.

The true classic letter comes from the auto mechanic in Casper, Wyoming, who clamps his penis in a vise for three hours and rubs his body with axle grease as a prelude to balling the tailpipe of a '51 Packard while the motor's running. His claim that he's truly exhausted when he's done cannot be doubted.

One day I shall send you the volumes I've written about my outstanding sex life, but right now you'll have to excuse me. I have a pressing appointment with a lovely young lady who gets her thrills by eating two cans of pork and beans before sex and then screws until she runs out of gas.—*R.E.H., address withheld*

We hope you get things ironed out.—Editor

Szulc's CIA

In reply to Mr. Tad Szulc's article entitled "Kissinger's Secret Empire," I would like to ask Mr. Szulc what the position of the United States would be like without our Intelligence system.

Surely he cannot be so naive as to think we are without enemies who are just waiting for a sign of weakness on our part. What does he think the Soviet KGB is anyway . . . a boyscout group?

Any person of average intelligence would know the purpose of Communism is complete world domination.

I fully approve of the actions taken by the CIA (and all the other intelligence agencies) in trying to stem the growth of this Communist Scum wherever it appears and by whatever means possible—including assassination.

In closing I would like to say that it was unfortunate that *only* 20,000 Communist Pigs were killed in "Operation Phoenix" and to remind you that "Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom."—*R. G. Machala, Corunna, Mich.*

The following quote is taken from "Murder by Proxy," an article by Tad Szulc which appeared in the August, 1975 issue of Penthouse: *"One must recognize that we live in a predatory world, and we must, therefore, maintain and improve our intelligence collection capability–even by covert means if needed. Without adequate intelligence, we cannot understand the world and, therefore, we cannot formulate rational policies.*

What we need is a CIA that concerns itself with the gathering and interpretation of intelligence. The United States should not have to rely on subversion and murder in the execution of its foreign policy."

KKK critic

I have taken the occasion to look through a couple of your magazines.

It is indeed unfortunate that many people, both men and women, allow themselves to be exploited by your magazine.

With magazines such as yours giving approval to homosexuality, interracial sex, and adultry, no wonder the values of the American people have declined so and the abnormal is now being considered normal.

Hopefully, someday, magazines like yours will be removed from the newsstands where at least they won't be seen by children.

Until then we intend to work against pornographic publications such as yours and their influence.—*Rev. Harlan Stevens, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, Wichita, Kans.*

Vets

I've been extremely interested in your magazine for several years. The chicks are always better than "the other" magazines, and more important to me, there are the articles concerning Viet Vets and related military affairs.

I came in before the cease-fire was signed but hardly consider myself a Vietnam Veteran as I never served in the area while the war was on. I have nothing but respect, sympathy, and encouragement for those who served over there. However, after almost three years in the service, I've got a definite feeling that getting shot at wasn't necessarily the worst part of the war. I could be wrong, but I have found so many ways and means for the military to "fuck over" people that sometimes I wonder if combat might have been easier to cope with than the daily bullshit routines were with all the lies and propaganda thrown at you. Of course, the men who fought had all that good stuff, too, so I guess I *am* wrong on that score. My apologies to those I may have offended.

It just infuriates me, though, that the size of the military budget coming up will allow not only for such an increased amount in weapons but also allow for all these goddamn generals with staff cars and airplanes at their disposal, and officers and NCO's with acute alcohol problems to remain in positions of authority. It really gripes me that I'm paying my taxes to support this stuff. But it *really* gets me when personnel in my grade have to set aside hundreds of dollars so that we can ship our personal belongings back to the States! Imagine the feelings of E-3's and below when they found out that they would have to pay a couple hundred bucks to ship their stereo home while a dependent would be authorized to ship more than the man who lost his leg.

I've sent letters to my Congressmen expressing my dissatisfaction and frustration with the pentagon's misguided priorities, and I urge every reader of *Penthouse* to do the same! Now is the best chance *ever* to straighten out the mess that has been nicknamed "The Military-Industrial Complex." *Penthouse* has taken *one* of the largest steps forward, and could go further by publishing the addresses of the right people to bitch.

We have the right men in Congress today that can re-route funds to the torture chambers commonly referred to as V. A. Hospitals. These men can upgrade Veterans benefits and scrutinize the forces to rid us of the unqualified leaders that have messed over many lives. They can do all that and much more—they can turn our society away from the ugliness the military has displayed and has constantly implied for the last decade, and focus our attention on the pressing internal problems that, as we near our 200th birthday, are shaking the very foundations of our nation.—*David C. Schirmar, APO, San Francisco, Calif.*

CIA clarification

In our June article, Kissinger's Secret Empire, *we stated that the CIA operated a yacht called the* Apollo. *We have since been informed by the Church of Scientology that the* Apollo *has been leased to them for several years. Furthermore, the CIA has stated to the Church of Scientology that the* Apollo *has no connection with the agency.* Penthouse *regrets any misunderstanding or inconvenience that might have been caused by this reference.—the Editors*

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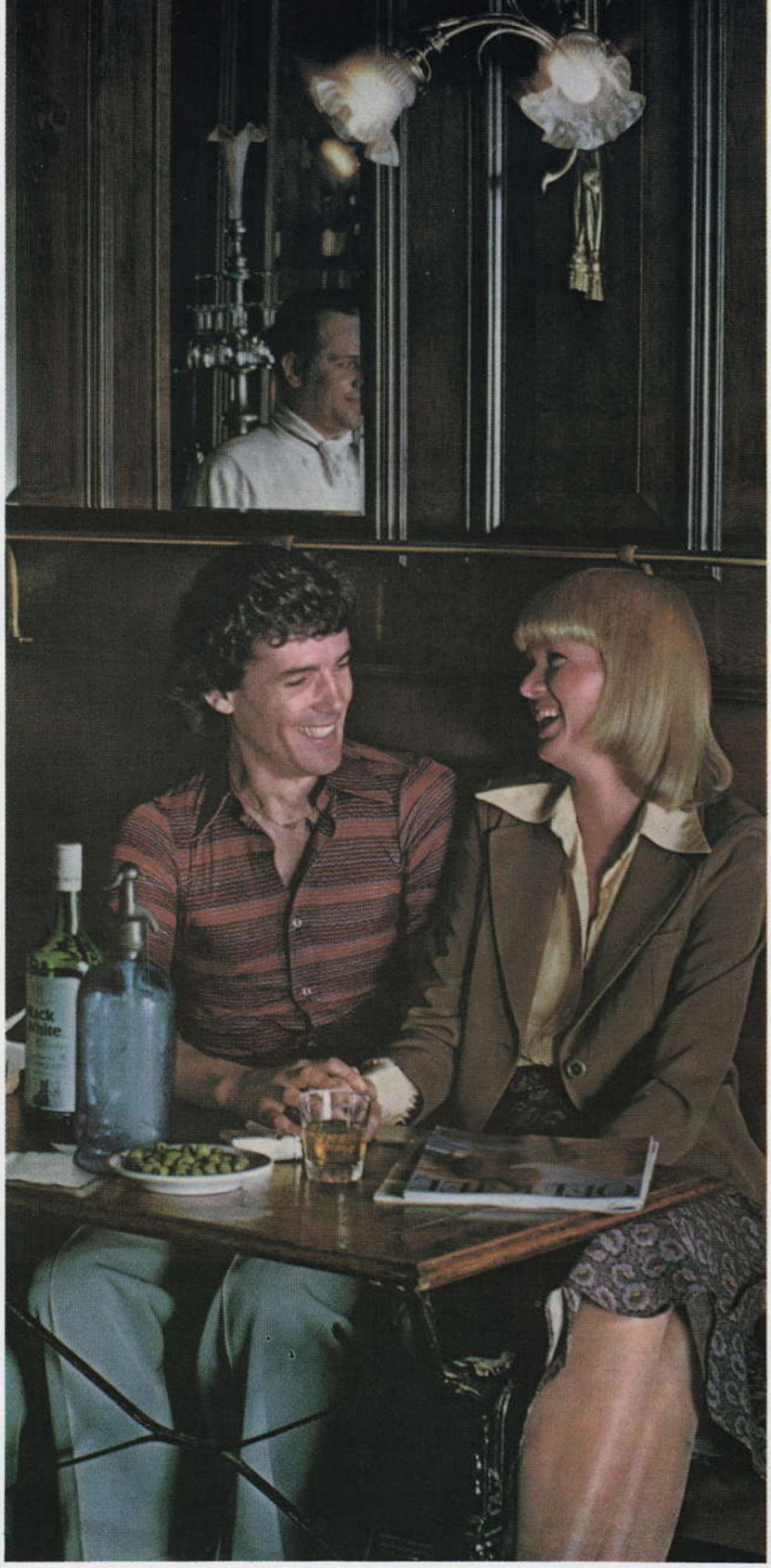

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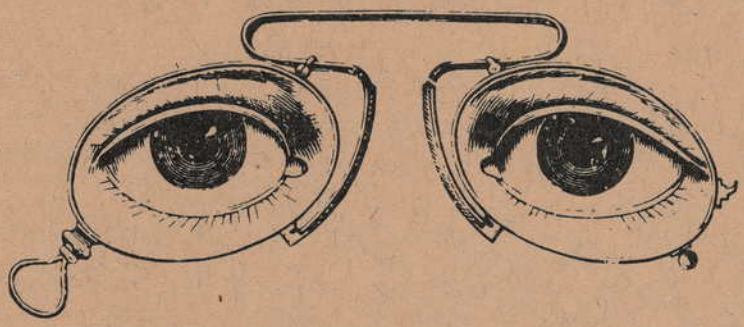


VIEW FROM THE TOP

LET THE TOURIST BEWARE:
WHAT TO AVOID DURING THE BICENTENNIAL

The Bicentennial is one way of cashing in on history by providing the consumer with instant artifacts. It is a major commercial draw, and Chambers of Commerce being what they are, there are a good many events, mementos, and commemorations not worth bothering about, or in many cases, to be wary of. For instance, William Lignante, a California cartoonist, and Frank Corso, a New York lawyer, recently scooped up four bags of sawdust, eleven thousand wood chips, and thirteen wooden beams from the underpinnings of Independence Hall, which they are now selling as artifacts of the American Revolution. The Parker Pen Company, to cite just one of their customers, has already shelled out $12,500 for a batch of the wood chips to put into their special "Bicentennial pens."

You might also want to avoid the "Official Vice President Inauguration Medal," authorized by Senator Mark O. Hatfield and minted by the Medallic Art Company of Danbury, Connecticut. Actually what makes such trinkets "official" is the company's *calling* them official, and for $12.50 maybe you don't really need a medal with Nelson Rockefeller's picture on it. Each year businesses like Medallic Art or the Franklin Mint in Philadelphia turn out such mementos like cherry pies—and they have about as much intrinsic value. They are, of course, nonnegotiable, and as one reputable coin dealer told me, "Ninety-eight percent of the time the stuff from private mints will not go up in value and often will go down simply because there's nothing rare about them." The Franklin Mint, which is only ten years old and has nothing to do with Ben Franklin, is issuing the "Official Bicentennial Medals of the Thirteen Original States" in 24-karat gold at $250 apiece. Their value will fluctuate according to the price of gold in the world, which has been dropping recently. So you might as well buy the gold outright.

The only mint authorized by the federal government to issue truly official national medals is the U.S. Treasury. Public Law 93-167 warns that "no national medals made for public sale under authority of any law of the U.S. shall contain any gold without the express prior approval, by law, of the Congress of the United States." And Congress *has* approved a gold Bicentennial medal which will go for $5,000!

The Bettmann Archive

Yet even the Postal Service is getting in on the ballyhoo this year. A hundred years ago, on the Centennial, the Post Office issued no commemoratives except some reissues of old stamps. And in 1938, at a time when the federal government could have used the money, only five commemoratives came out all year. Now, in 1975, the Postal Service is issuing about forty stamps in lots as high as five hundred million, commemorating everything from "Collective Bargaining" to "Our Mineral Heritage." Stamp collectors will have little chance of reaping a profit in years to come, and anyone buying $10 worth of such stamps to hold for posterity will simply be putting about $9.90 into the Postal Service's coffers. The collector will be left holding a sheet of rarities possessed by hundreds of thousands of other suckers.

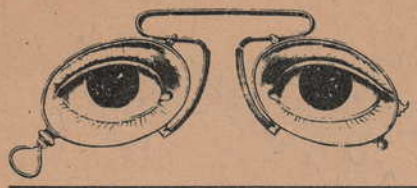
If you decide instead to spend your money on a tour of historical monuments and places, *caveat emptor* again. While there are many inspiring memorials around the country, there are also a lot of reconstructions, reproductions, and fakes. Just recently, for instance, it was discovered that some of the famous Gilbert Stuart portraits of Washington in the National Gallery were not painted by Gilbert Stuart.

If you go to Boston you might want to climb Bunker Hill, where the famous battle *didn't* take place. It seems the Continental Army got a little screwed up during the night and set up fortifications on the wrong site, named Breed's Hill. What is sillier, the British might have outflanked them, but decided on a frontal assault anyway. This mix-up has been obscured by the sands of time, and the town fathers decided Bunker Hill was a more suitable monument to the embattled militia.

In Philadelphia you could visit Betsy Ross's house, but for no good reason. You see, there is no historical evidence to support the claim that she sewed that flag in the first place. And if you drive to Mason, New Hampshire, be sure to miss "Uncle Sam's House," because no one's been able to prove our national figure was in any way based on Samuel Wilson, a meat supplier in the War of 1812 whose residence is commemorated here.

It would also be rather silly to visit General von Steuben's house in New Jersey because after that shrewd Prussian accepted the house as a gift from a grateful nation he sold it back to us. It seems he had no desire to live in Hackensack.

In New Rochelle, New York, one can still visit the charming little cot-



tage once owned by Thomas Paine, and you can even see his gravestone. Too bad Tom isn't buried there. Shortly after he was interred an English admirer named William Cobbett came over, snuck into the graveyard, dug up Paine's bones, shipped them back to his native England, and lost them. So for those of you who are historiconecrophiles, forget it.

Bicentennial promoters aren't choosey on exactly what qualifies as commemorative material. United Artists's *The Wind and the Lion*, a semihistorical film based on Teddy Roosevelt's skirmish with a Moroccan brigand, was promoted last summer as a "salute to the Bicentennial era." The guideline seems to be "as long as it's American." And so our country is loaded with many tawdry "historical" monuments that could well cash in on the year 1776. In Jackson, Tennessee, there is a memorial restoration of Casey Jones's house. He was the railroad engineer, you'll remember, who achieved his share of immortality by crashing his locomotive into another train. And Lizzie Borden is remembered for having chopped up her mom and dad in a little house in Fall River, Massachusetts, but you can't go in that one anyway. Then there's one of the more gruesome preservations in Milford, Pennsylvania, called the "Tom Quick Monument." It seems Tom was killed by some Indians, and his son avenged the father by killing ninety-nine redskins, his only regret on his deathbed being that he hadn't lived to kill a hundred.

It's pathetic that such tacky commemorations are still perpetuated and advertised for the enlightenment of the citizenry. Does it really matter where George Washington slept while retreating from the British, or how many sets of his wooden false teeth still exist? Well, maybe things could be worse. In Italy there are at least six churches that claim to own the foreskin of the infant Jesus.—*John Mariani*

SCENES

GENITAL ART

Is it the ultimate pornography? Or is it just the most controversial wrinkle in the modern art world? Increasingly, American artists are making direct representations of human genitalia and calling it art. They're casting off the fig leaves and showing us new ways to look at phalluses and vulvas.

Allan Tannenbaum

A plastic vagina by Johns

Genital portraiture is sculptor Doug Johns's speciality. Since he abandoned plastic engineering for art three years ago, the thirty-five-year-old Johns had devoted himself almost exclusively to sculpting sex organs (both male and female). It's not an unusual choice of subject for a man who believes "the orgasm is the main reason for life on earth." Entering his atelier in Manhattan, you're immediately confronted by sculptured genitalia. One wall is hung from floor to ceiling with vulvas; shelves are crammed with gigantic phalluses; huge storage chests are jammed with wooden penis and vulva pipes and ceramic flower vases. Is that a bat mobile hanging from Doug's ceiling? "No," says the sculptor, "it's a flying vulva." If you spend only a half hour in Doug John's genitalia gallery, you'll doubtlessly see more penises and vaginas than even the most avidly promiscuous souls can view in an entire lifetime.

Johns calls his male and female genital portraiture "the ultimate pornography, because this is the last area of exploration of the body. All the guts inside have been explored already in the anatomy books."

The core of Johns's sculptural oeuvre is his vast genital portraiture series. He's sculpted painstakingly accurate "portraits" of nearly one hundred different women's vulvas (vaginal lips, clitoris, exterior of vaginal canal), as well as likenesses of fifty men's penises. The penis sculptures are usually three or four times life-size. These yellow-and-brown latex rubber castings sit row upon row on shelves, so massive that they look more like squat hassocks for midgets than sex organs.

"With my penile portraiture I just do the last one and a half inches of the penis so I avoid ego problems about penis size," Johns reports.

But it's Johns's vagina wall that takes the breath away. Neatly hung, row upon row, are nearly one hundred vagina sculptures in iridescent shades of purples, greens, blues, and reds. Four times the volume of a real woman's vulva, these vagina sculptures are "a shock because they're so huge, they're heroic," Doug smiles. "Each one is individual, unique. They're a lot like three-dimensional photo blow-ups, because they're so accurate." Women of all ages—from sixteen to sixty—have posed for Doug Johns. He's found "age has nothing to do with the look of a vagina."

How does Doug get women to spread their legs for him for free—for the sake of Art? "I had a few women pose, and they told their friends they should do it, too, because it's a learning experience to find out what you look like. A woman couldn't see all the details of her vagina, even if she used a mirror, but I get in even the smallest wrinkle. Everything's there." Each sculpture takes a four- or five-hour session with the model, who lies back on pillows with her legs spread-eagled so Doug can get a clear view. After she leaves, Doug spends another five to ten hours

Allan Tannenbaum

Doug Johns displays his collection of penile portraiture

Judy Chicago's vaginal art: "Female Rejection Drawing"

alone "making all the wrinkles, smoothing everything down. It comes to thousands of hours total" on the entire genital portraiture series.

"I'm a voyeur," the ponytailed artist admitted. "I can't get off just by looking—but I sure do enjoy looking!"

To the well-known feminist artist Judy Chicago, genital art carries political messages about women's power and their spiritual strength. The thirty-six-year-old artist works and displays at Los Angeles, a feminist art center she helped found.

Back in the fifties, because the imagery in many of her early paintings and sculptures was so overtly vaginal and feminine, Chicago's male colleagues began referring to them as "Judy's cunts." Such remarks horrified Chicago then, and for several years she deliberately cooled down her directly genital imagery, producing abstracts like the "Pasadena Lifesaver" series of paintings. Shaped like lifesavers—pastel with holes in the middle—they could be interpreted as vaginas but were thankfully asexual enough so that Chicago escaped censure from prudes and chauvinists.

After 1967, however, Chicago's rising feminist consciousness led her to make art that openly depicted vaginas and menstruation. She prefers to call vaginas "cunts." "I chose that format because I wanted to express what it was like to be organized around a central core, my vagina, that which made me a woman. . . ." Chicago writes in her autobiography, *Through the Flower* (Doubleday, $8.95): "I was trying to affirm the fact of being female and thus implicitly challenge male superiority."

The beauty of the female vagina finds expression in most of Chicago's recent works. In these paintings, vaginas are visualized as semiabstract flowers. One of the most famous of this series, the 1974 "Female Rejection Drawing," has fan-like petals radiating from the work's center. At the heart of the flower is a detailed rendering of a vulva—the womb as gem-like treasure.

Chicago's famous performance piece "Cock and Cunt" dramatically renders her concept of the war between the sexes. It was first performed in 1970 by two actresses, both in black leotards. One sported a thick plastic phallus; the other strapped a plastic vagina over her closed crotch. During "Cock and Cunt," the couple (aptly dubbed He and She) fuck violently, with the "male" proclaiming to the (literally) downtrodden vagina-wearer at one point: "Stu-upid, your cunt/pussy/gash/hole is round like a dish. Therefore it's only right for you to wash dishes. My cock is long and hard and straight and meant to shoot like guns or missiles." By the end of the performance piece, He has literally fucked She to death.

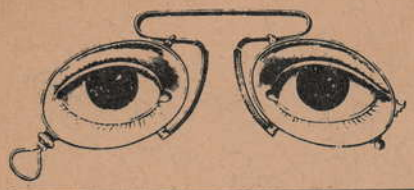
Now who says feminists have no sense of humor?

"Why shouldn't art be a seduction of the human spirit?" sculptor Hannah Wilke asks. The lissome, thirty-five-year-old artist thinks of herself as "a very sexy lady," and her genital art reflects it. Wilke's goal is to create a "vaginal iconography." She wants to "reverse from phallic symbolism to feminine symbolism, to make vaginas into something worshipful, to give a sense of religious respect, a sense of awe, a sense of strength and power attributed to the feelings of being a woman. Just because we're internal doesn't mean women are inferior."

Hannah Wilke started doing her vaginal sculptures fifteen years ago as a Temple University undergraduate. At first, her teachers didn't realize what she was sculpting. And Hannah wasn't telling. However, starting with her 1965 ceramic pieces, her art became overtly genital. "I was against the early sixties thing of women being nothing," Wilke declared, sitting cross-legged among a floorful of ceramic vaginas, her faded jeans rolled up above high green suede boots. "Nobody just drew vaginas. I did, because—well, it's the best part of me!"

Wilke's genital art started as ceramic boxes that only hinted at being women's "boxes." Gradually, she moved into a sophisticated single-fold method, dubbing her abstract-expressionist art "one-fold gestural sculptures." Her interest in serial art led to her vagina "families." One such family now residing on her New York Soho loft floor consists of 176 ceramic vaginas of varied (though Lilliputian) sizes and approximately the same shape—all variations on the same visual theme of vaginal art.

Hannah Wilke with "Cinnamon": Like petals of a flower



Some of Wilke's best-known sculptures, such as "Cinnamon," hang from walls, and comprise enormous, wavy-edged ameboid pieces of hand-thrown latex rubber, fastened together like the petals of a flower, like the wings of a butterfly, or like a female vulva. One such three-section latex sculpture occupies about thirty feet on one of Wilke's walls; rendered in numerous layers of fleshy latex, each layer is hardened around coarse lengths of hemp ropes and folded in half horizontally. The ropes form abstract pubic hair, partially obscuring the undulating latex labia. Viewed from a distance, the three sections are closely abstract crotches in a line. What did Wilke name them? Why, "The Three Sisters." Chekhov would faint.

One hanging sculpture—a massive eleven-by-five-foot vertically folded, pink latex blob—received the tongue-in-cheek title "Centerfold." The monumental, seven-foot-square "In Memory of My Feelings" has wavy red labia held together by silver industrial snaps that can't be undone, that lock the vaginal opening. Are the heavy metal snaps symbolic? "No," Hannah Wilke said, "that's just a way of holding it all together." However, the wavy shapes of her thrown-latex pieces are symbolic. She commented: "When you make love and have an orgasm, you experience it in waves, so to me that's like these sculptures: very luscious, very beautiful and opening—opening up like gentle waves, like flowers."

Despite her subject matter, Wilke steers herself towards the realm of so-called serious, established artists—exhibiting at the Whitney Museum, teaching sculpture at the School of Visual Arts in Manhattan. "As a joke, I call it cunt art sometimes in my lectures, so the kids'll learn not to panic. They don't panic if you mention a penis, but they do if you mention a cunt." The high priestess of vaginal art looked very indignant: "It's unfair!"—*Meridee Merzer*

FILMS

FEAR AND TREMBLING

Nobody has to be told that comedy is really serious stuff. The wider its range, the better the comedy, the weightier is the meaning. So it should come as no surprise that Woody Allen's *Love and Death* really does take love by the tail and death by the horns (or, death by the tail and love by the horns), and does not flinch from asking the basic questions and also providing the answers. Shot through with wisdom, it is the only movie currently on the horizon that will absolutely tell you what is the "best thing" (the best thing, advises a 101-year-old patriarch, is blond eleven-year-old girls, two at a time or preferably three), and that will caution you from beyond the grave that you shouldn't expect too many thrills after you get there.

"What happens after we die?" demands young Boris (Alfred Lutter III) of the spectral figure in the white bedsheet, right out of an old Ingmar Bergman movie, who is leading a dead serf from the grounds of his family's ancestral estate in nineteenth-century Russia. "Is there a Hell?" "Is there a God?" "All right, just one key question: Are there girls?" And before his end, the mature Boris (Woody Allen), cut down in the full flower of his manhood, will learn at least one answer: There *is* a God, but He's an underachiever. Which is why things are so screwed up in this Vale of Tears, though we try to appreciate His ways, wondrous to behold.

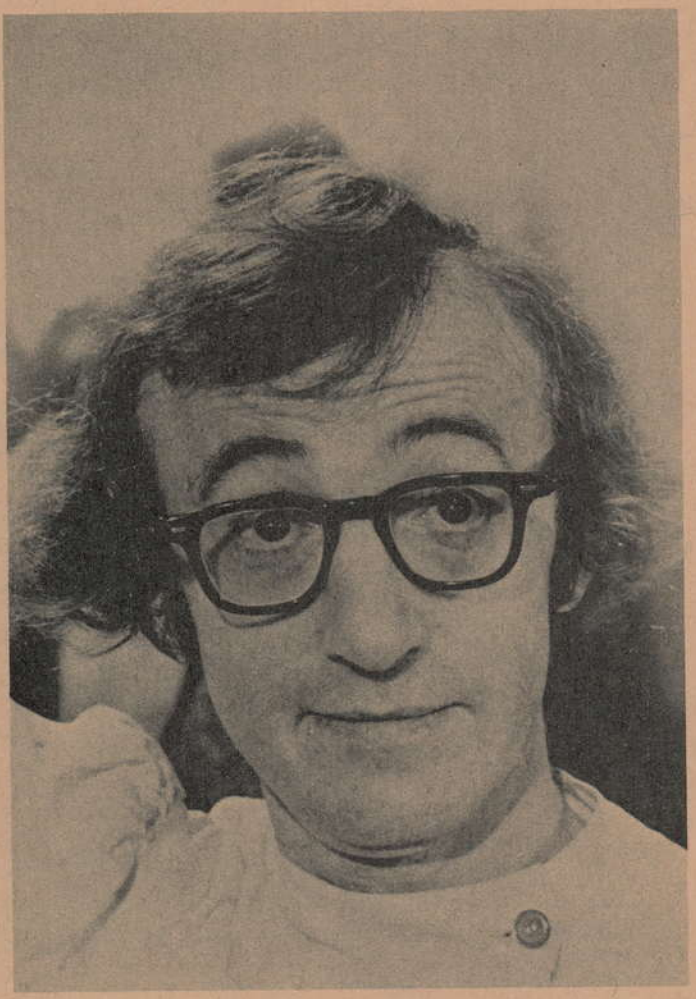
"Ah, God is testing us!" a fellow soldier exclaims as he comes for the first time upon the battlefield where Napoleon's infantry are slaughtering the Russian army. "If He's going to test us," asks Private Boris, "why doesn't He give us a written?"

You should have had some college to appreciate that line properly (though you wouldn't have to have learned anything there). And as for the rest of the movie, it will help if your Great Books course contained a smattering of Socrates, Aquinas, and Spinoza; and if your Introduction to Russian Literature gave you at least the titles of Dostoevski's major novels. *Love and Death* keeps pushing up against the Ultimate—and finding it somewhat mushy.

But for all its self-evident profundity, its fearless probing of the Great Beyond, is it the *funniest* Woody Allen, the way many critics have said it is? My own feeling is no; *Bananas* (1971) is funnier, but *Love and Death* isn't too far behind. Also, it has its metaphysics to keep it going, not to mention Diane Keaton (as Boris's beloved second-cousin Sonja, and ultimately his wife), who is by now sometimes better at delivering Woody Allen comedy than Allen is, in addition to being much better looking.

That comedy, even at its best, has its limitations. I don't mean that it isn't always 100 percent. Nothing is always 100 percent. But maybe the 40 percent that works (a high percentage) is of a special nature—cerebral, ironic, verbal in inspiration rather than visual. Of course there are lots of funny things to look at in *Love and Death*. But the out-and-out comic routines aren't all that funny, and it is generally true that Allen can promote more laughter by evoking Tolstoy, Chekhov, or Sergei Eisenstein

Allen in *Love and Death*: Is God really an underachiever?



Keaton: In love with Boris

than he can by imitating Chaplin or Groucho Marx.

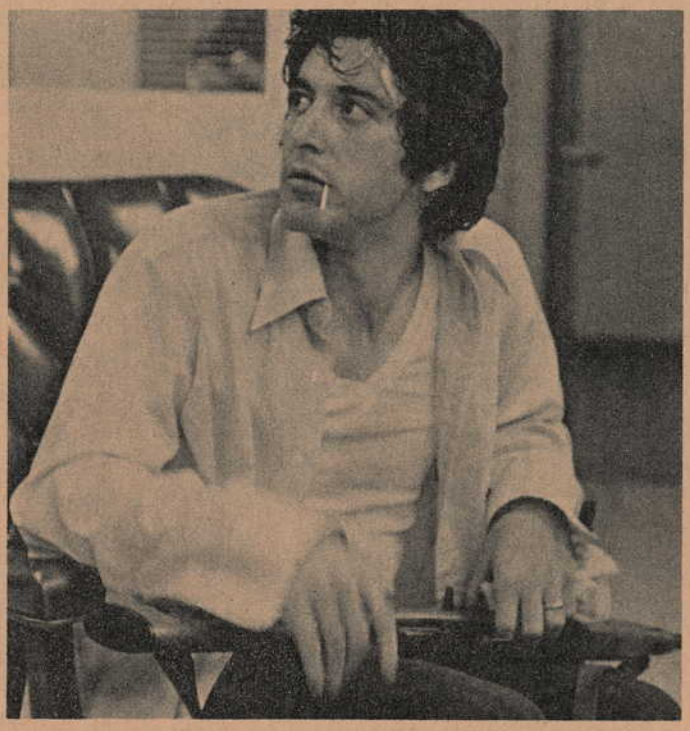
In a sense, he has a conceptual humor, with some of the most completely realized one-liners in the business, and with marvelous ideas. Most of what looks funny in a Woody Allen movie is in the nature of an illustrated idea—like the moment in *Bananas* when the beleaguered little island dictatorship sends for help from the CIA, and instead their message goes to the UJA, and the Caribbean capital is inundated with hordes of fund-raising bearded rabbis. Similarly, the funniest thing in *Love and Death* is a brief outside view of a village idiots' convention in Minsk (complete with a sign reading WELCOME IDIOTS) that is simply thrown away because once you have the idea there is nothing else to do with it.

The humor is elaborately produced—the whole movie is elaborately produced, even to its large-scale battle scenes—and strongly intellectual, and happier with the death of the title than with love. The Woody Allen sexual appetite and lack of opportunity (he recommends sex at least once every eight months) has by now been thoroughly explored through several movies, and unlike Jack Benny's stinginess, it turns out not to be one of the cosmic themes of all time. With death he does much better—partly because it's a funnier topic than love, scaring us all out of our skins, whereas love only scares a certain number. We may rationalize and temporalize, and, like the hot-blooded Boris, do everything we can to save our necks while satisfying our lusts. A few of us may seek our ends. But most of us, like Boris who must face a firing squad for the assassination of Napoleon that he did not commit, have our ends thrust upon us. In any case we need all the help we can get. In *Love and Death* it comes from an expert who has been that route—and earnestly recommends a detour.

Late in August 1972 there was an attempted bank robbery in Brooklyn that received considerable attention in the papers partly because a good many hostages were held and then released, and partly because the fellow who staged it, one John Wojtowicz, made some unusual demands—such as that his "wife," the young man he had married in a homosexual wedding, be brought to the scene of the crime. There was much reporting and some soul-searching from gay writers, for whom the robbery offered a threatening (or perhaps challenging) new self-image. Now there is a movie, which I'm afraid will threaten no one, being so exceptionally careful and even-handed a treatment of the events.

Sidney Lumet's *Dog Day Afternoon* is fiction, not documentary, but it makes no secret about staying pretty close to the material on which it is based. In its feeling it is close to such material indeed. It is accurate about New York and about the way things might have happened, and it is I believe scrupulously cautious in its treatment of homosexuality. It condescends neither for nor against. If anything, it de-emphasizes the theme (that the robber could even have a male lover comes as a surprise just about halfway through the movie), though that theme must be the chief reason for making the film. This imposes certain identity problems—which makes it a very typical Lumet production, with all the virtues and all the liabilities that implies.

I can't dislike Lumet, though except for certain uncharacteristic oddities, like last year's *Lovin' Molly*, I can't like him very much. He is good with detail and excellent with actors. But his films begin to be so tied into public affairs that they come to seem less like feature movies and more like feature news stories—the sort of in-depth reportage that fills you with understanding for everybody and with despair for where they are and for the things they must do.



Al Pacino as bank robber in Lumet's *Dog Day Afternoon*

Al Pacino plays Sonny, the man who tries to rob the bank, and John Cazale (the weak brother who is finally murdered in *Godfather II*) plays the man who goes into the bank with him. They are both superb. We sympathize with them. But then we also sympathize with the bank manager (Sully Boyar—another good performance), and with the city cops, and perhaps with everybody except the FBI (under James Broderick), who have the nasty job of finishing matters up.

It does in fact come to resemble a kind of well-intentioned objective journalism: accurate, fair, a little dull. It draws no conclusions and advocates no special point of view. I suppose I prefer this to the hyped-up political commitment of, for example, Costa-Gavras's pseudo-documentaries, at least on moral grounds. But it doesn't seem the way to make a movie, even a modest movie. And it is worth noting that the actual, the apparently real, produces its own selection of handy clichés.

They're no worse here than in any other film—the frustrated cops on the street; the unstable crowd; inside the bank, the desperate decisions and the grim bits of humor, etc. But in this case they have nowhere to go, nothing to turn into, neither a good story or a lousy one. And so everything is there, just as it happened, but it doesn't mean anything. And that is a helplessness beyond the call of truth or duty.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

AMERICAN RITUALS LIVE ON

"We all belong to the Avon Bottle Club. Clubs like ours exist all over America. Actually we are a little crazy for doing it! We all have shelves just full of old Avon bottles."

That statement's a caption from Bill Owens's book, *Our Kind of People: American Groups and Rituals* (Straight Arrow, $9.95). The caption tells something, but the photograph tells a whole world more. The tiny band, huddled together against the loneliness of America, faces the camera with pride in its special reason for existence: Avon bottles!

No fad is too silly to produce a national organization with a constitution, rituals, banquets, and horseplay. On the other hand, no matter how majestic an organization's avowed purpose may be, its rituals, banquets, and horseplay are indistinguishable from those of the silliest. Owens has a camera that stares into inner space with an eye at once relentless and tender. His captions are deadpan statements from the people he photographs. He has resisted the easy temptation to be cute or merely funny, so that the humor is shot with pathos. Owens is a suburban newspaper photographer who simply expanded on his assignments. He had perfected his picture/caption technique in an earlier award-winning book *Suburbia*, which deals with the same middle-class joiners at home.

Owens does not seek the grotesque; there are no funny angles, no super-close-ups or contorted faces, no clowning poses. Everything is just the way it really looks over a plate of banquet chicken: $10 A HEAD AND THE CLUB GETS $2.50. But it's a wild, wild scene. Take a line of beauty queens, backsides to the camera, baby fat creeping out of tight bathing suits, standing with the peculiar awkwardness of girls who haven't adjusted to being ogled in public—but want to be. They look like an assembly line in a cannibal slaughterhouse. The caption: "A lot of people say we're chunks of meat, like cattle, but we're not. We're really all individuals with dreams and aspirations like everybody else. Being a beauty contestant has taught me about myself, other people, poise, and public speaking. If I had it to do over again, I would."

BIG BROTHER HAS ARRIVED

As we approach 1984, the signs multiply that George Orwell's scary case for the approach of Orwell's *1984*, but unfortunately the problem with "could-be" talk is that we can easily dismiss it as science fiction.

The director of the American Civil Liberties Union makes an attack that hits home *now*. Aryeh Neier in *Dossier, the Secret Files They Keep on You* (Stein & Day, $7.95) reveals the extent of the invasion of privacy with actual cases the ACLU has investigated. Most of the cases are not political and do not involve anyone in whom the Intelligence Community would be interested. This doesn't mean that political dossiers are limited to important figures. A sixteen-year-old high school girl acquired an FBI dossier by writing a letter for a class assignment to a leftist, but perfectly legal political party.

Sätty illustration for Stoker classic: Dracula returns

story of total surveillance could become a reality by then.

"You had to live in the assumption that every sound you made was overheard, and except in darkness, every movement scutinized," Orwell wrote.

"The vision of *1984* crystallized into reality long before that fateful year," write Alan LeMond and Ron Fry in *No Place To Hide: A Guide To Bugs, Wiretaps, Surveillance, and Other Privacy Invasions* (St. Martin's, $8.95). "Every sound you utter anywhere *could* be overheard right now. And every movement, *even in darkness*, could be scrutinized as easily as watching goldfish in a bowl."

From their examination of the hardware and organization now available, the authors make a

More common are the secret dossiers maintained by private snoopers such as the Retail Credit Company. A professor at an Ivy League college suddenly finds her car insurance cancelled. Why? Somebody reported there was a man living in her house who was not married to her. These dossiers are more dangerous than the FBI's political fantasies, because they can affect anybody—Retail Credit Company has 47 million files—and the dossiers are compiled from neighborhood gossip by untrained agents who have no time for a real investigation and are under pressure to produce a quota of unfavorable reports.

Your dossier can start early in life, as soon as you begin school. School records include all manner of subjective judgments, such as a "real sickie" on one New York City report, or the report that a second-grader was a sexual exhibitionist because he came out of the lavatory in a hurry one day with his fly unzipped. These dossiers can dog students throughout their entire academic careers.

The armed services are, of course, another great source of dossiers. Discharges have secret code numbers covering an insane variety of information—such as bed-wetting—that can keep you from getting a job you want. These codes are revealed in Neier's book. More familiar as a dangerous document is an arrest record, which gets into all your dossiers and can keep you from many jobs even if you were never convicted. The cruelest item in the dossiers, however, is the record of psychiatric treatment. Mental hospitals are shockingly free with their records, and this item can be more damaging than conviction for a crime.

What's the remedy? Neier himself would like to pile up all dossiers and have a bonfire. Second the motion.

DRACULA STRIKES BACK

Bram Stoker's novel has been continuously in print—somewhere—since it was published in 1897. Now it has been given a fabulous treatment by scholar Leonard Wolf and artist Sätty with *The Annotated Dracula* (Clarkson Potter, $14.95). Along with Stoker's original text, Wolf has provided annotations as long as the text itself. The annotations constitute a critical guide to the various literary, sexual, and religious themes that run through the fiction. And Sätty's illustrations are brilliant.

—Norman Hoss

SOUNDS

THE NEW PREFAB NIHILISM

Rock groups of the sixties counterculture—bands like Jefferson Airplane—insisted on *artist* control. They reacted against those big corporate producers who pushed ignorant teenagers into the studio, flipped a few switches, and handed them songs ground out by gifted hacks. But the counterculture is dead now, and the very notion of the autonomous, self-producing musician is once again a laughable chimera. A whole new generation of completely malleable artists are surrendering to the iron wills of their producers. The producer is once again star.

A prime example of this phenomenon are two young men named Sandy Pearlman and Murray Krugman. The pluperfect seventies hipsters, Pearlman and Krugman are fond of spouting nihilistic rhetoric to promote their groups—groups like the Blue Oyster Cult, the Dictators, and Pavlov's Dog. If you pick up a certain tonal unity in those three monickers, you just might understand, if not appreciate, the mixmasters of the new prefab nihilism, Pearlman and Krugman.

The Blue Oyster Cult was the first of the Rediwhip hostility-and-psychosis rock bands: they had song titles like "Hot Rails to Hell" and a slashing metal sound to match. Contrary to their street-hooligan image, they were really just a bunch of nice little boys from the suburbs. The Blue Oyster Cult, Jewish *kinder* all, make a point of brandishing Nazi regalia, and one song on their third album begins "Hitler's on the phone from Berlin." Pearlman once said that the epiphanous turning point in the group's career came when they were whanging out the Stones' "Under My Thumb" and, as he put it: "It hit me that what 'Under My Thumb' and the whole twentieth century were about was dominance and submission."

The only *real* dominance and submission the Cult deals with is

Pearlman and Krugman

their own bondage to the thematic whims of their producers. The upshot of this is a very dispirited rock 'n' roll band whose reputation rests primarily on their reputation as being, on occasion, one of the most blisteringly exciting live bands in America. Unfortunately all of that excitement is lost on their long-awaited and bitterly disappointing double live set, typically titled *On Your Feet or On Your Knees* (Columbia). They sound cybernetically inhuman—just as their failed lyrics and music attempt to portray them. They have become robots.

Newer Pearlman-Krugman products seem to hold brighter hopes. The Dictators are as exciting as the Blue Oyster Cult were at first. But where the Cult are almost ludicrously "sinister," the Dictators have made sure their aggression is liberally seasoned with a marvelous sense of humor. They sound like the MC5 with the New York Dolls' David Johansen singing lead; in other words, their music is fast and furious and filled with raunchy exaltation. Meanwhile, they're hitting you with prize couplets like "We knocked 'em dead in Dallas/And I didn't pay my dues/They didn't know we were Jews." And such great throwaways as "I'm just a clown walkin' down the street/I think Lou Reed is a creep!" from "Two Tub Man" on *The Dictators Go Girl Crazy* (Epic).

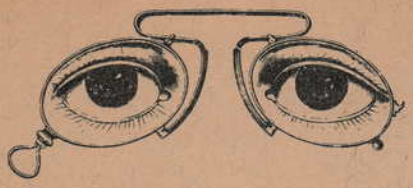
Every member of the band has a cutesy-pie nickname like Ross "The Boss" Funichello; the album cover art is a takeoff on wrestling magazine pictorials; and the whole thing comes off as a bit too much. But at least with the Dictators the contrivances emanate more from the predilections of the group members than from their producers.

Dictators' lead singer Adny (sic) Shernoff used to put out a rock magazine called *Teenage Wasteland Gazette*, which was noted for deranged barbiturate-conjured satire and brilliantly inventive new vistas of adolescent scatology. Luckily it is Adny, not Pearlman, who writes all the group's material. But Shernoff's humor is lost on almost everybody. Progressive FM programmers' reactions to the album were almost uniformly disdainful, and the album sold a mere three thousand copies. Apparently both the public and the industry took one look at the Dictators and decided they were an irritating put-on, a bubblegum metal mockup. "If America isn't ready for a heavy metal comedy group," sums up producer Krugman, "it's pretty fucking sad."

The group that promises to pay Pearlman's and Krugman's rent is Pavlov's Dog. They were purchased by ABC-Dunhill for an incredible $600,000. A large-scale promotional campaign was launched, and the band was just taking off when Columbia snapped them up from ABC for $650,000. These outrageous figures are attributable to the group's secret weapon: a skinny youth named David Surkamp who sings in a high, peculiar, spinning-top voice. The first time I heard Pavlov's Dog on the radio I thought it might be the new Jefferson Starship album with the promised return of Marty Balin—on helium.

I then noticed the odd way Surkamp rushed his syllables into a breathy warbling squeal, a weird, whizzy nervous keening which relates to the nervously fey gibberings of Sparks. But on further listenings you realize that it's not just a gimmick; Surkamp has what must be called a style of his own. Luckily Pearlman and Krugman have given their first album, *Pampered Menial*, a suitably restrained, straight-ahead production. No fooling around for once, and that's good. But, as Krugman says: "Pavlov's Dog is the type of middle-class, bourgeois group that gives us the leeway to do the Dictators."—*Lester Bangs*

The Dictators: America's first heavy-metal comedy group



THE FOOL AS ROCKSTAR
I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad."—William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, 1599.

The Kinks' star center, Ray Davies, has devoted the past eleven years to playing the part of the Fool. Raymond Douglas Davies: an Elizabethan archetype, cast in the traditional English vaudeville/music hall mode, who somehow got himself plugged into a bank of amplifiers. The portrait of Ray Bolger as rocker. The ideal choice when Robert Stigwood gets around to filming *Carry on Rocker* and needs an authentic rock star who won't look out of place being goosed by Kenneth Williams. Dapper in a huge bow tie and velvet jacket, his eyes a Las Vegas slot machine that just registered two bananas, this grinning, baby-faced beanpole prances onto the stage and suddenly it's apparent that Davies is a sterling embodiment of timeless English madness.

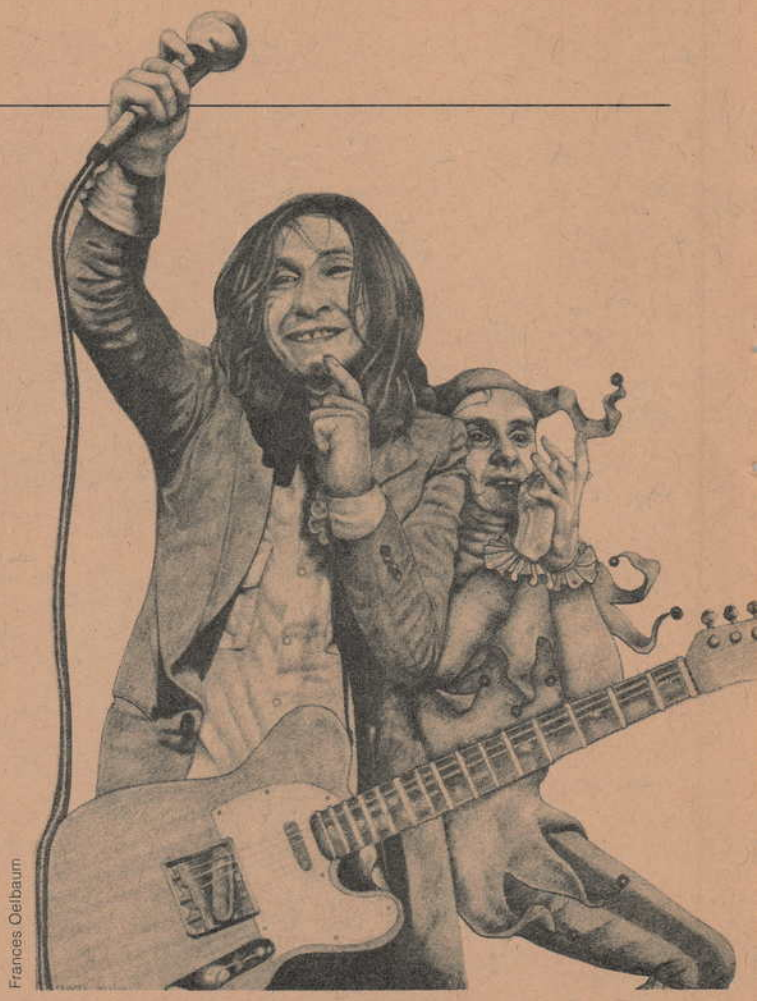
Yes, Ray Davies of the Kinks is a fool to make us merry. But he is an essentially sad man; name one *comic persona* whose heart does not bleed tears. And Davies bleeds every time he contemplates his favorite subject—the Mundane, the day-in-day-out travail of being *alive*. But Davies has always attempted to make merriment out of this mundaneness with his running-jumping-never-standing-still onstage shenanigans. Always the image of intense cult devotion, his foolery has nearly elevated him to a superstar status. When the star growls "alcohol," Davies's own tribute to his propensity for inebriation, his audience eagerly rips the tabs from its cans of beer, the star does the same, and soon both the audience and he are awash in a thick white mist of Schlitzy foam.

All well and good, an act as rowdy as it is delightful. But Davies, alas, is not only just a Fool, but also a Fool who fancies himself a thinking man. In the leanwitted land of rock 'n' roll, the "concept" album has always been the thinking musician's favorite musical form. Davies, a true concept LP-addict, has created at least three: *Arthur*, *The Kinks Are the Village Green Preservation Society*, and the two-part *Preservation*. These works aspire to allegory, but for the most part present only English stereotypes acting out their inevitably stereotyped—yes, mundane—lives.

Politics can't help these one-dimensional folk, and their dreams of utopia are futile. Davies's is a hopelessly sentimental vision whose intellectual content reminds one of a slow day in kindergarten. Nevertheless, Davies escapes charges of pretension because he is a genuinely whimsical melodist and lyricist, a full-bodied, stylish rock vocalist, and a man with at least some point of view.

The fact that a mind is at work *almost* redeems the Kinks' most recent concept epic, *Soap Opera*, which the band has both recorded (RCA) and offered in a staged version. A twelve-song work, this micro-mini-rock opera presents a character called the Starmaker who converts an ordinary accountant (Norman) into a rock music luminary. The Starmaker then exchanges places with the thoroughly dreary Norman and he spends one day in the accountant's ordinary office doing his ordinary accounting work. Needless to say, the Starmaker is driven to drink. Norman also has problems with his superstar identity and goes back to being his old twirpy, plain, boring self. *Soap Opera* ends with "You Can't Stop the Music," a tribute to the music made by all rock stars, past and present. The stars may fade, but their ditties do live forever, or so Davies would like to think.

Well, Ray Davies just might also fade along with his ditties. This eclectic lot of rock tunes, golden-oldies rip-offs, show tunes, and music hall riffs provides one or two genuinely delightfully musical moments. A couple of moments, however, cannot obscure *Soap Opera*'s leaden center, a piece of dough that is even flakier than Norman's hardships. We've been told time and time again that stardom is not what it's cracked up to be; professional Freudians have made fortunes helping people to abandon their more profitable fantasies. So what else is new?



Frances Oelbaum

Where did genuinely stylish rocker Ray Davies go wrong?

Dreary on disk, *Soap Opera* is even drearier onstage. The production comes equipped with the most banal of stage machinery imaginable: flashing lights, slides, film clips, and so forth. An air of amateurishness mingles with authentic amateurism. There's a lot of effort here but precious little IQ.

And that really is the issue that transcends this Kinks' LP and stage presentation. The genuinely original Ray Davies is a major rock talent who wants to create fully realized stage works. Ray's bright, but he's just not bright enough. And stagecraft is not one of his specialties either.

Stars, audiences, and critics alike need training both in the dramatic form and theatrical presentation. Such elementary training might do much to eliminate the prevailing dumbness which pervades so many of the current matings of rock and theater—efforts like *Soap Opera*, the spring '75 Rolling "Golden Oldies" Stones' tour, and Alice Cooper's current *Nightmare* presentation.

Of course, there will always be those who like rock theater just the way it is. But not knowing any better is no reason to applaud such insipid storylines and gasp with glee just because someone turned on a follow spot. One might hope that the rock world knew better. Obviously, it doesn't.—*Henry Edwards*

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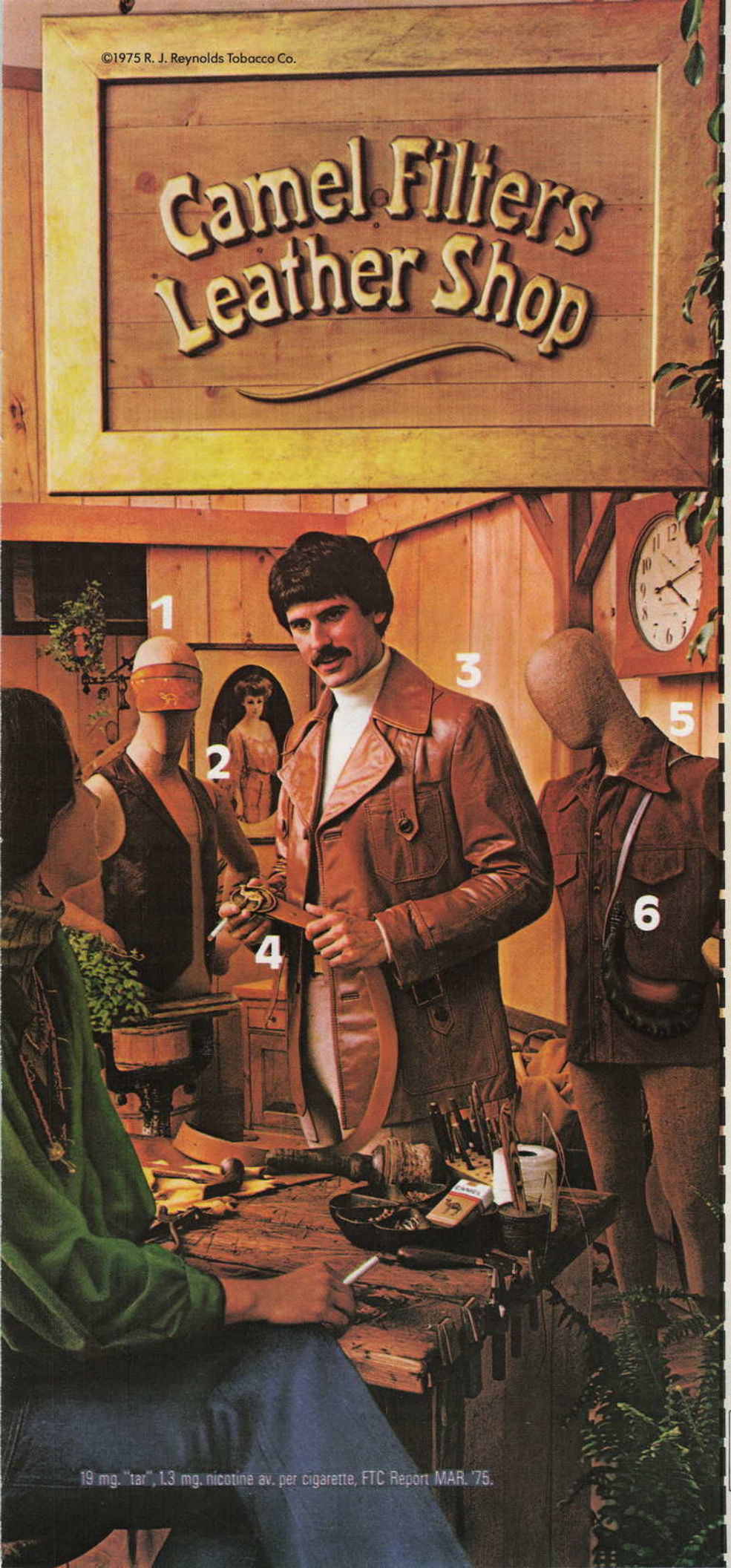

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PROJECT CHILE

HOW THE CIA HELPED BUILD THE MOST BRUTAL DICTATORSHIP THIS SIDE OF THE IRON CURTAIN.

BY TAD SZULC

On September 11, 1973, a bloody military coup—encouraged and abetted by Richard Nixon, Henry Kissinger, the Central Intelligence Agency, and American big business—ousted the constitutional government of Chile. Uncounted thousands of Chileans—including Salvador Allende Gossens, the freely elected president—were killed during the coup, and others are still being quietly murdered by the dictatorial junta in Santiago.

Today, two years later, Senate investigators in Washington are focusing on Chile as a prime example of the CIA's covert operations abroad and on the cover-up attempted by Kissinger and his associates to conceal the full American role in Chilean affairs. Thus we are discovering both the extraordinary extent of the U.S. intervention in that South American country and the stunning brutality resulting from the revolution that President Ford has characterized as being in the "best interest" of Americans and Chileans alike.

Late last year, Kissinger rebuked his ambassador in Santiago for bringing up the question of human rights with the junta during a discussion of U.S. economic aid. "Cut out the political science lectures," Kissinger scrawled across the ambassador's dispatch reporting on the conversation. But it would seem that Kissinger—and the rest of the American government—sorely needs such lectures because he has yet to accept

any responsibility for the fact that Chile has become the most brutal and repressive dictatorship this side of the Iron Curtain, a country where it is a felony to *think* Marxist thoughts, let alone act on them.

What has been happening in Chile exceeds, in fact, the worst features of modern Communist régimes (Cambodia under the Khmer Rouge rule being a backward-society exception) where summary executions and massive disappearances of citizens are no longer in political vogue. Today's Chile is a gruesome result of what Kissinger's and the CIA's clients—Chilean generals and admirals and their rightwing civilian allies—have wrought upon one of the Western Hemisphere's most impressive democracies. We must all accept a degree of responsibility for the suffering of thousands of Chileans tortured by their new masters, for the 7,000 Chileans who remain in political prisons, for the military kangaroo courts that are still operating, and for the fact that, contrary to our pre-revolution expectations, Chile's economy is in absolute shambles.

This state of affairs may explain why Chile's President Augusto Pinochet Ugarte (the army's commander in chief, who led the coup despite his assurances of loyalty to Allende until the very last day) decided early in July to prohibit a visit to Chile by the United Nations Commission on Human Rights. He may have regretted his earlier decision, in mid-1974, to let the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights tour his prison camps and take depositions from the prisoners. Last October this commission, a body of the Organization of American States which is not famous for being outspoken on controversial subjects, produced a devastating report describing tortures and daily violations of the most elementary human rights.

Pinochet's action in barring the U.N. commission annoyed even the State Department, which, ever so gradually, is moving away from its nearly unquestioning support of the junta. Shortly after Chile's decision to keep out U.N. investigators, Deputy Secretary of State Robert S. Ingersoll "dressed down," in the words of a U.S. official, the Chilean Deputy Foreign Minister who was in Washington that week. Such specialists as William D. Rogers, the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, have also been quietly warning the junta that it may wind up as an international pariah if it persists in its attitudes.

The State Department took an especially dim view of Pinochet's behavior because the U.S. had gone along with most of the OAS foreign ministers earlier this year in delaying action on the 177-page report of the Inter-American Human Rights Commission pending a more up-to-date study by the U.N. panel. As matters stand now, the OAS report remains pigeonholed. Still, it should be made compulsory bedtime reading for Henry Kissinger: it might be sobering for him to absorb the nightmarish catalogue of crimes and brutalities in Chile that he helped to set in motion.

Notwithstanding his public denials of an American role in engineering the anti-Allende coup—denials that were later contradicted by sworn statements of CIA Director William E. Colby in secret testimony before congressional committees—there is no question that Kissinger was the principal mover in the campaign against the constitutional Allende government. After all, it was Kissinger who blithely remarked at a meeting of the top-secret White House "Forty Committee," the group presided over by him and responsible for all major covert intelligence operations, "I don't see why we need to stand by and watch a country go Communist due to the irresponsibility of its own people." This was on June 27, 1970, more than two months *before* the Chileans even went to the polls. That day the first funds were authorized for the CIA to start meddling in Chilean affairs. It started with $400,000 to help anti-Allende parties.

For the next three years, no stone was left unturned by Kissinger, first to keep Allende from assuming the presidency, and then to destroy his government. As much as $8 million, according to Colby, was earmarked (but not entirely spent) for the CIA to "destabilize" the Allende government. The Treasury Department and the Export-Import Bank were mobilized to deny Allende desperately needed credits for the imports of everything from airliners to food. The Nixon administration leaned heavily on international financial institutions to cut off loans to Chile; credit lines from commercial United States banks dried up overnight. Thus the whole might of the United States was applied against an impoverished nation of ten million inhabitants whose only crime was to elect freely and democratically a Socialist (not Communist) president.

The American justification for this assault on Chile was offered by Kissinger in a background press briefing on September 16, 1970. On September 4, Allende had come in first with a 36.1 percent plurality over two other candidates (a conservative former president, Jorge Alessandri, and a leftist Christian Democrat, Radomiro Tomič). Since no candidate had a majority, it became necessary to have a runoff election in Chile's congress. Having failed to achieve Allende's defeat in September, the United States concentrated on forcing Alessandri's victory in the October 24 runoff (the American Embassy in Santiago had insistently predicted that Alessandri would win).

Faced with the runoff, Kissinger, at his most cynical, offered the following rationale for American intervention:

"It would not be at all illogical for the [Chilean] congress to say, 'Sixty-four percent of the people did not want a Communist government. A Communist government tends to be irreversible. Therefore we are going to vote for the No. 2 man.' This is perfectly within their constitutional prerogatives. However, the constitutional habit has developed that Congress votes for the man who gets the highest number of votes. But then, of course, it has never happened before that the man with the highest number of votes happens to represent a nondemocratic party, which tends to make his election pretty irreversible. I have yet to meet somebody who firmly believes that if Allende wins there is likely to be another free election in Chile. . . ."

Let us pause here for a moment. Translated into plain language, this means that the United States was arrogating to itself the right to define for another nation what constitutes democracy and what the constitutional process in Chile *should* be. This, of course, is a notion the United States would never tolerate if applied to itself or one of its allies. Besides, Kissinger was deliberately misleading his audience by saying that Allende's party was "nondemocratic." Allende belonged to the Socialist Party, a traditional one in Chile. It was allied with the Communist Party under the *Unidad Popular* (Popular Unity) coalition—just as the French Socialists had an electoral pact with French Communists. If one is to take Kissinger literally, then America cannot tolerate any alliance anywhere which includes Communists. This "Kissinger Doctrine," which calls for American intervention wherever we do not approve of a freely elected government, is the recipe for everything from subversion and invasions to new Vietnams.

But let us go back to Kissinger's scenario. Again, it is important because it clearly set the stage for the intervention and bloodbaths to come. To quote him further:

"Now it is fairly easy for one to predict that, if Allende wins, there is a good chance that he will establish over a period of years some sort of Communist government. In that case you would have . . . in a major Latin American country . . . a Communist government, joining, for example, Argentina, which is already deeply divided, along a long frontier, joining Peru, which has already been heading in directions that have been difficult to deal with, and joining Bolivia, which has also gone in a more leftist, anti-U.S. direction, even without any of these developments."

Kissinger here revealed his ignorance of Latin America—her politics, cultural traditions, ideological alignments, and regional rivalries. He overlooked Chile's traditional tensions with Peru (going back to the Pacific war in the 1870's) as well as with Argentina and Bolivia. He ignored the fact that these four countries have totally different societies, and that it simply did not follow that communism in Chile, even if it came to pass, would necessarily infect all her neighbors. In hindsight, of course, we know that the three years of the Allende régime—which never, by the way, became an outright Communist dictatorship—did not have the slightest impact on Argentina, Peru, and Bolivia. To Kissinger, however, it was necessary to prepare public opinion for what he had in store for Chile.

The history of covert American intervention in Chile can be divided into two parts: the period prior to Allende's inauguration on November 4, 1970, and the period after-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160

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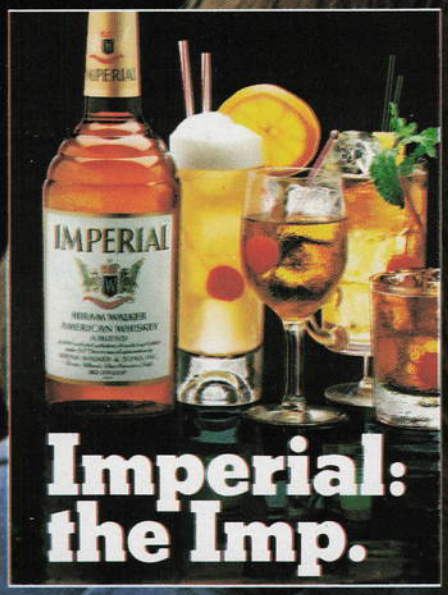

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AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND · 80 PROOF

If you're talking about talent, if you're talking about soul, then you're talk

ing about Harlem's one and only

APOLLO. APOLLO. APOLLO. A OLLO. A OLLO. A OLLO. A OLLO. APOLLO. A OLLO. APOLLO. Two stories high. Fiery red snakes in the night. The brightest sign on Harlem's mainline. Somehow it keeps on keepin' on, just like the old theater itself. Out front there're a couple of young bloods selling color glossies of Gladys Knight and the Pips. One dollar. No need to check out the marquee to know who the lines around the block are for.

The Apollo Theater pulls you in off 125th Street like some kind of religious revival. Past Harlem Embers flaming steaks and the smokin' crowd by the box office, down the skintight mirrored lobby to where Frank Tilley in his blue uniform with the big Number One takes tickets the way he's been doing since the place opened back in '34. He hasn't been watching the shows lately, but can you blame him with the likes of those hand-tinted photos over his right shoulder? The Duke, Mr. B., Lady Day, Sam Cooke twistin' the night away. Holy images in the Vatican of Rhythm and Blues. Eartha Kitt in leopard skin, Bobby Bland's catfish smile, Little Willie John, Little Stevie Wonder. All of them "Negroes" then, with processes and wigs and short short hair. Not *that* long ago, but a couple of light-years away from the young black brothers and sisters waiting over there to satisfy a popcorn jones. A hum of activity pulls you through the doorway up ahead and then you're inside the theater.

The Apollo Theater. The last of America's legendary music halls. The Palace is just another Broad-

By Steve Ditlea

way theater now. The Paramount's an office building. Just last year the Rolls-Royce rednecks of the Grand Ole Opry fled to Nashville's suburbs, leaving Ryman Auditorium a historic but empty shell. Once upon a time right here on 125th Street they used to have shows at the West End, vaudeville at Keith's Alhambra, variety bills at the Harlem Opera House, musicals at Loew's Seventh Avenue, and burlesque at Hurtig and Seaman's. When Mayor La Guardia, the Little Flower, banned burlesque, Hurtig and Seaman's became the Apollo, the top showplace for black entertainers. Forty years later it's the soul survivor.

For all the suede, satin, denim, Dynel, sassy shoes, and sheer style in the audience, and despite a few tries at dressing up the theater, the Apollo still has the feel of a burlesque house. Not much bigger than a cigar box, with a low overhanging balcony, it echoes the sound of the crowd gettin' down, gum popping, kids talking, seats squeaking, anticipation swelling, applause exploding.

Most of the audience is so close to the stage that a sneeze in the back row could give a performer up front a cold—except for the cheap seats in the second balcony that are so high you get a nosebleed.

The folks up there want their money's worth and they let you know it. No matter who you are, playing this house has got to be a bitch. "The Apollo Theater! Damn! Hope I'm funny!" This is Richard Pryor's turf, but when he came back here for the first time in four years he was as nervous as a black debutante. He kept pacing and backing away from the edge of the stage. "Damn! I better be funny 'cause I know you niggers are ready to kick ass!"

The Temptations, who have remained a top act for over a decade despite numerous personnel changes, got booked to headline at Eastertime a year ago. As an afterthought the Spinners were added to open the show. A third- or fourth-billed act on Motown reviews for more years than they would like to remember, the Spinners had since become stars in their own right. For a solid week, their flashy moves and the dynamite singing of lead Phil Wynne blew the Temps away. Standing ovations and all, nobody could follow them. The comedian on the bill, Franklin Ajaye, had to, and he got caught in the middle. "I was the human sacrifice," he recalled for a club audience a few months later.

Even Al Green, for the last few years the Apollo's box-office champ, knows just how tough this crowd can be. First time he ever played here, as opening act for B.B. King, he went over so big he was held over to headline the following week, something which had never before happened in the theater's history. The last time he came to the Apollo, Green was upstaged by second-billed Laura Lee, and his faltering performance was greeted with jeers of "Man, you high on somethin'?" and "Hey, Al, you singin' to yourself?"

Never known for its restraint, the Apollo audience can be generous with its affection, too. "It's like coming home," whispers Gladys Knight, trying to save her voice backstage between shows. "Sometimes you get this chemistry going between you and the crowd that's like a love affair." Here in the star's dressing room—a large closet really, its walls covered in playroom plywood panelling—she chats with a couple of members of the Japanese press who've come to pay homage to the Apollo's featured attraction. Right now Gladys and the Pips are one of the hottest groups around. The last time they played New York, it was at the Waldorf-Astoria's Empire Room, and the next time they come through it'll be the Waldorf again. But all this week they're back on 125th Street. They set a new box-office record as night after night it was standing room only, with even the furthest reaches of the second balcony completely sold out—the ultimate tribute this audience can give any performer.

No one will leave the theater disappointed. With Gladys in her long formal gown and the Pips in their matching tight-waisted, scalloped-lapel suits—Vegas smooth and ghetto hip—they're the essence of Slick, the latest incarnation of the black show-biz tradition that has always been synonymous with the Apollo.

To understand where acts like Gladys Knight and the Pips are coming from, you have to go back to the days of vaudeville. In addition to creating its own traditions, black culture, like any other minority culture, often keeps alive what society at large has abandoned. Radio and the talkies killed off vaudeville by absorbing the best of its white performers. But the black acts—for the most part barred from the media because of segregation (though white stars never hesitated to steal their material)—preserved the music hall tradition on the various ghetto stages around the country. Baltimore's Royal Theater, the Howard in Washington, the Lincoln in Philadelphia, and, of course, the Apollo showcased the stars of vaudeville's last generation.

There used to be another preserve of black variety shows, a Southern theater circuit called TOBA, the Theater Owners' Booking Association (also known as Tough on Black Actors, for obvious reasons). It was the breeding ground for such talent as the late Moms Mabley, Pigmeat "Here Comes the Judge" Markham, and Redd Foxx. Now it's only a memory in an old man's eyes.

"You had to be an all-round entertainer in those days," recalls Harold Cromer, the emcee on the bill with Gladys Knight and the Pips. His ad-libbed tap dancing during a lull in the show draws applause from an audience too young to remember him as part of the legendary comedy team known as Stump and Stumpy. Years ago, a young white singer with a broken nose and his comic sidekick patterned themselves after Stump and Stumpy. The way Cromer tells it: "We were the negatives and Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis were us developed. I met Jerry in forty-seven in Vegas when we played with Sophie Tucker. 'Swing for Sale' we called our routine. Duke Ellington would introduce us as 'two tragedians of giggles and guffaws.' We'd sing, dance, and do some comedy bits. We also did impersonations of the big acts of the day, white and black. You know, we were good, but we were nothing compared to some of the great dance teams they had back then. They could do everything, with real class."

In the late forties and fifties, the R & B group-vocal sound came along and swept just about every other type of act into the background. "At first it was hard to believe that these kids were getting over so big. They didn't know how to move. If you tied one of their hands behind their backs, they'd fall over." But, according to Cromer, "by fifty-three or fifty-four the dance teams were falling off and the big bands were breaking up." To fill the void they had caused, the singing groups rounded out their shows with simple steps and flashy clothes.

What of the veteran variety performers whose careers were cut short? "A lot of them stayed in show business by getting in on the backstage end of things. But you never get over the frustration of not being able to go out and play to an audience." Pop-eyed, Cromer looks down at the cigarette in his hand. "I chain-smoke now. Hit the bottle sometimes. And I'm lucky I still get to tell a few jokes out there." Backstage at the Apollo, by a crowded staircase, Cromer greets Gladys and the Pips' road manager, Kellice Swaggerty. "He backed up Stump and Stumpy on a couple of dates. Used to play a great sax." Cromer nods towards the stage and production manager, Honi Coles. "Years back Coles and Atkins used to be one of the finest dance teams around. Know what Cholly Atkins does now? For the last ten years he's been doing the choreography for groups like the Spinners and Gladys and the Pips."

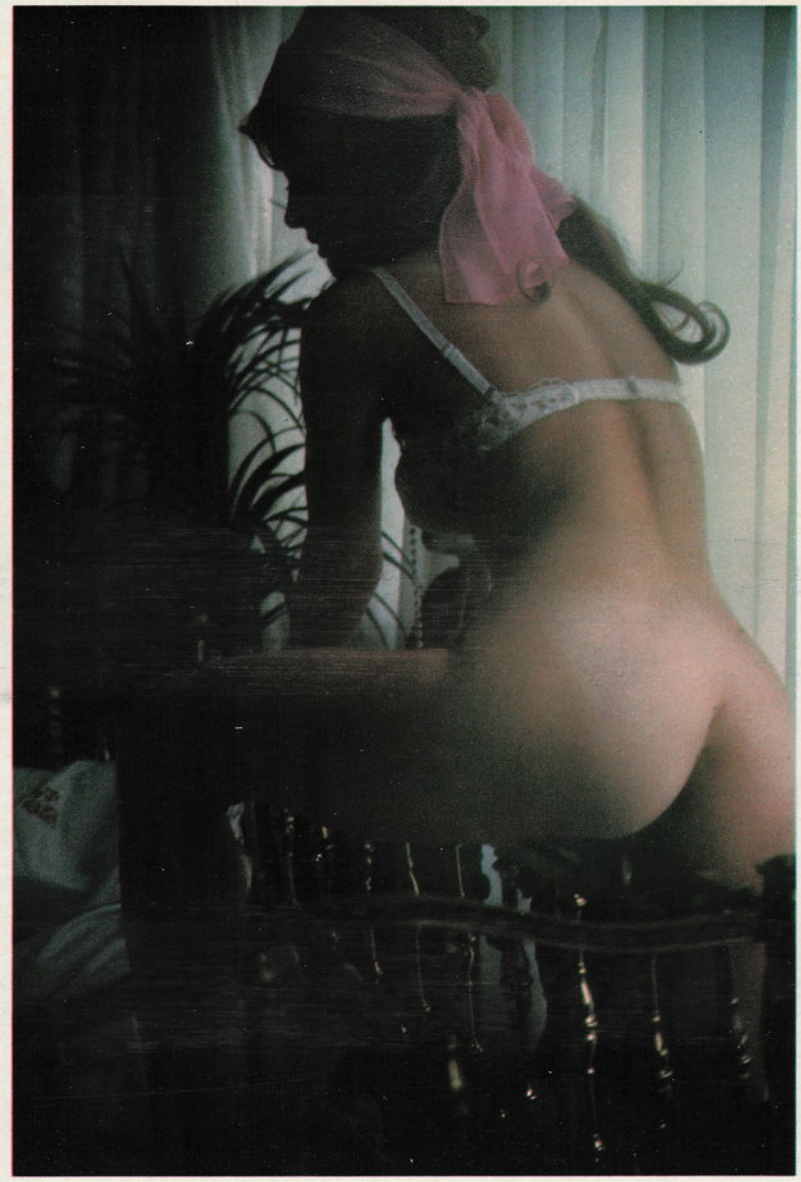
During the sixties, as the black audiences became more affluent and more sophisticated, R & B turned into soul, and singing groups grew more polished onstage. With Cholly Atkins's help, Gladys Knight and the Pips worked out dance routines which set a standard of precision for every other contemporary black group. In addition, Gladys likes to tell interviewers, "We were the first R & B act to really get into tuxedos and long gowns. Then came the other class acts, like Diana Ross and the Supremes." Through the ups and downs of their career, Gladys and the Pips held on to their image of total class, finally emerging in the mid-seventies as superstars and the leading exponents of Slick.

With black pop music taking over the Top 40 charts and filling the major clubs and concert halls, Slick is definitely what's happening today. Player clothes. High-steppin' moves. Cocaine-smooth vocal harmonies. Afro-sheen bright backup arrangements. The Stylistics's name says it all.

Like the groups themselves, Slick comes in all shapes and sizes. There's Street Slick: brassy, tough, sharp-edged funky stuff, a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

Pet of the Year



"The best way to handle your wildest fantasies is to live them to the hilt."

Anneka with the Pet of the Year's grand prize, the stunning Jensen-Interceptor, manufactured in limited numbers by Jensen Motors of England. A completely hand-built automobile, over 750 hours of painstaking craftsmanship go into every Jensen. Its hand-rubbed finish, like many other appointments, is in the same great tradition as the Rolls-Royce. The Jensen's price of $24,000 includes such standard luxuries as air conditioning, all-electric windows, eight-track stereo, AM/FM radio, automatic transmission, and an interior done in leather and lambswool. The Jensen-Interceptor is distributed by Jensen Motors, Inc., West 19200 Susana Road, Compton, California 90021.

I'm going to be famous. I'll become a film star and an entertainer. I am *really* going to shake it around. How famous am I going to be? Well, just say that I'm going to be the sexiest woman in the world."

That's Anneka de Lorenzo, a fabulous lady who finds that all her dreams are suddenly becoming realities. This may be due in no small measure to a dynamic combination of beauty, brainpower, the right numbers (36-22-35½), and her own stimulating personality. But in full measure it's due to the acclaim of over 50,000,000 *Penthouse* readers from around the world. Anneka has just become the ninth resident of the Penthouse Hall of Fame, the 1975 Pet of Pets, and the winner of the world's lushest prize for beauty—more than $50,000 in cash and gifts (see pages 141-143).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

"How famous do I want to be? Let's just say that I'm going to be the sexiest woman in the world."

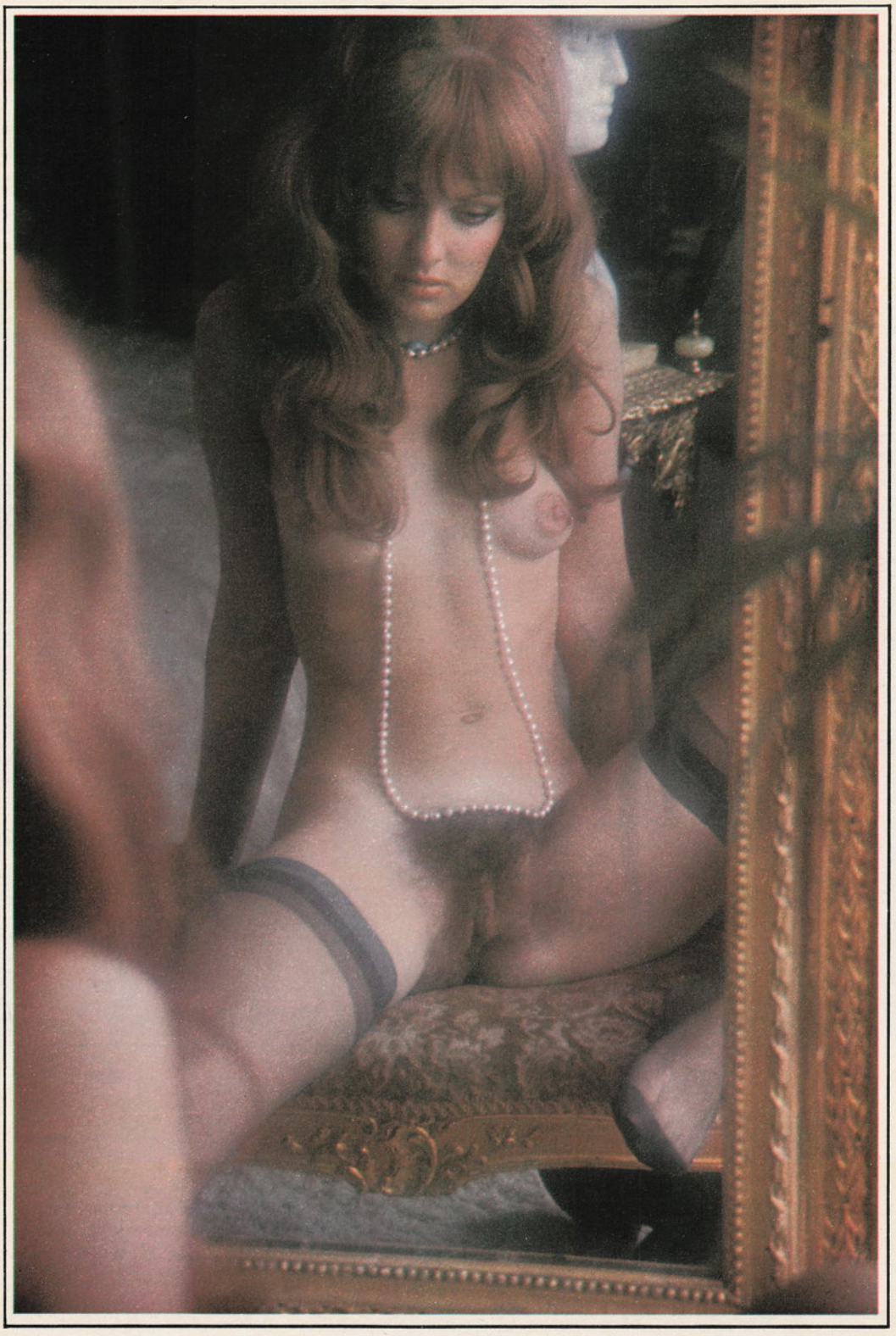
Born and raised in St. Paul, Minnesota, Anneka soon discovered that the Midwestern lifestyle was altogether too confining for her free spirit—so when only fifteen she arrived on the scene in sun-drenched Southern California. For a young and already voluptuous woman, L.A. and Hollywood provided a succulent blend of dreams, goals, desires, and fantasies. But Anneka knew where to draw the line between fact and fantasy. "The best way to handle your wildest fantasies, sexual or otherwise," she says, "is to live them out to the hilt. Once I got to L.A. I did everything and anything. I danced nude in the clubs when I was only sixteen...I acted bit parts in film and television. Everywhere I went, people opened doors for me. Gradually, I lost all my old inhibitions, became stronger, and learned a lot about life and sex and men along the way."

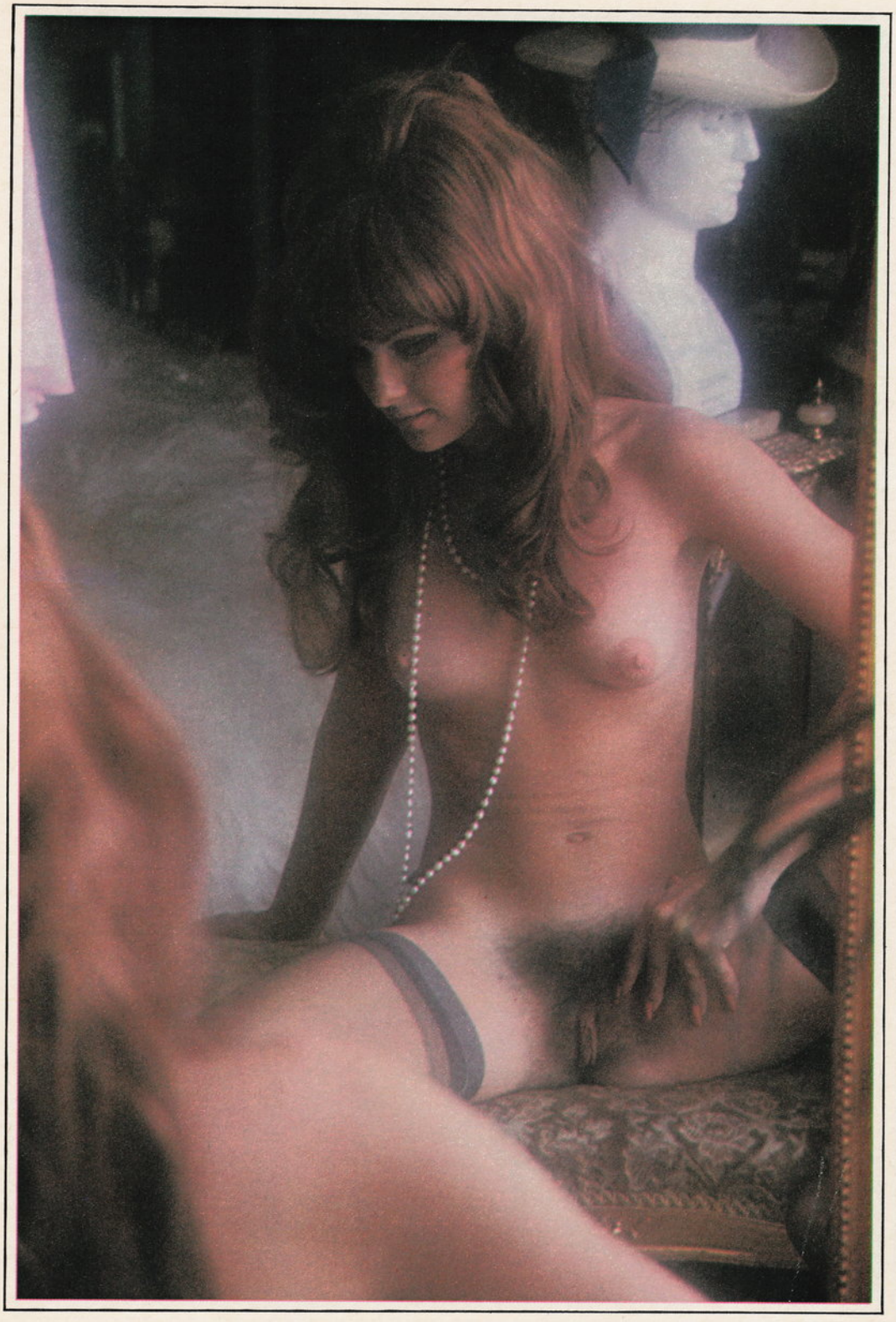
And when it comes to the latter, Anneka knows just what she wants. "A man doesn't have to be physically attractive to interest me. But he should be smart, creative, and have

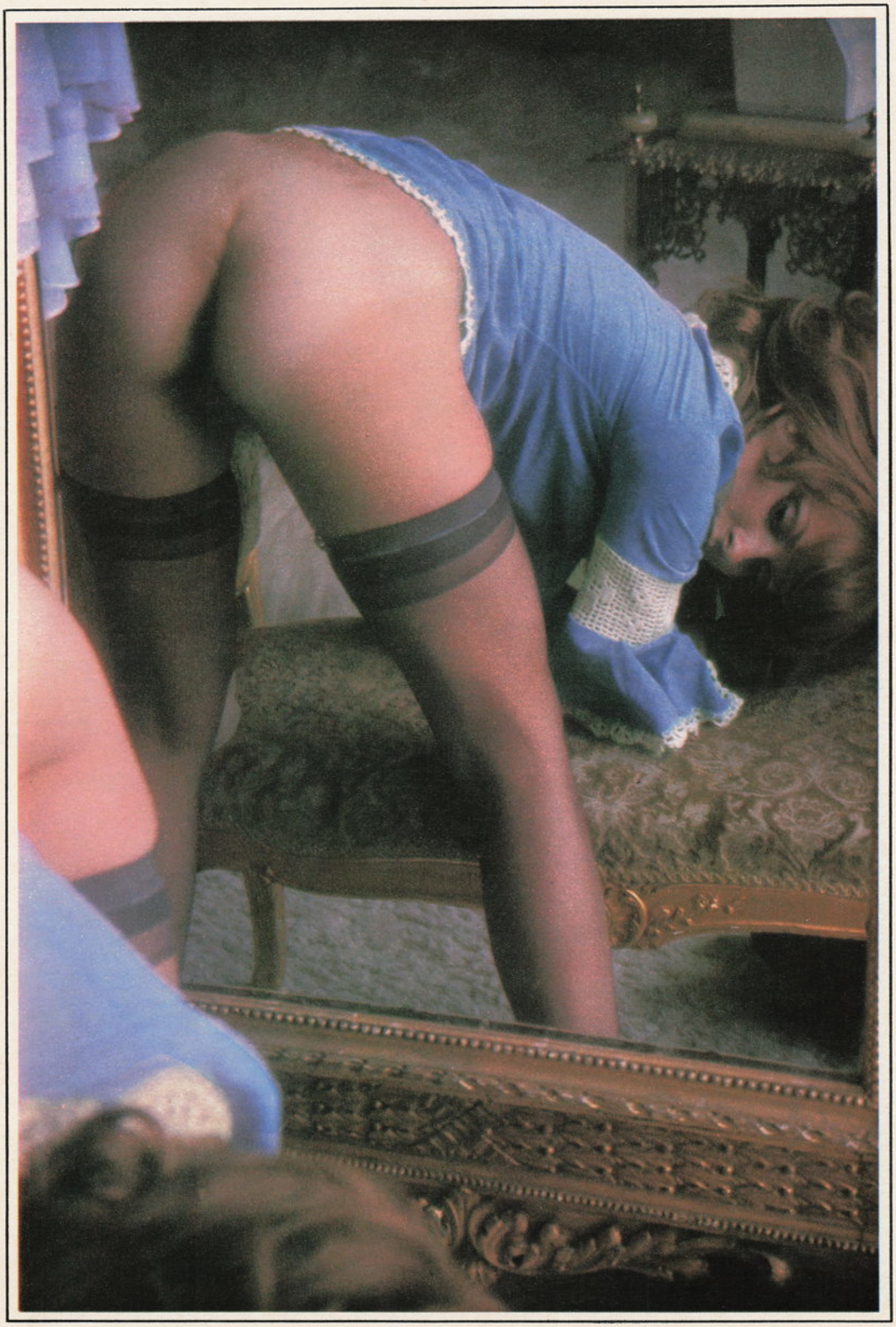
"When we're in bed my man should be sensitive to my desires and my body.... I don't want to always be the one that says 'Hey, I've got a new game.' "

a sense of humor. When we're in bed, he should be sensitive to my moods, my desires, and my body. He doesn't have to be totally aggressive, but he should know where to go and what to do. I don't want to always be the one that says 'Hey, I've got a new game.' Taking the initiative is the key to life as well as love. I've always believed in that myself and it has worked out beautifully.

"The only time I really didn't believe what was happening to me was when Bob Guccione told me I was going to be the Penthouse Pet of the Year. Even now, when it's really come true—with the Jensen-Interceptor, the money, all the other prizes—and my career is just







beginning to soar, I still can't quite comprehend it all. Because, for the first time, my life has absolutely no limits on it. It's all just too much... I'll never be the same again. I'm a really lucky lady—I mean, I must have twenty angels hovering over me." To say nothing of 50,000,000 readers, Anneka.

Photograph by Pat Hill

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

The widow of the last elected president of Chile explains why she holds the CIA, big business, and the American government responsible for the death of her husband and the enslavement of the Chilean people.

MRS. HORTENSIA BUSSI DE ALLENDE

There is little in Mrs. Hortensia Bussi de Allende's proud bearing and handsome angular face to betray the personal tragedy that on September 11, 1973, robbed her of her husband of thirty years, her country, and many of her friends. On that day, Salvador Allende Gossens, the democratically elected president of Chile, was killed in the presidential palace in Santiago as he and a small band of Chilean patriots fought for their lives (see article, page 52).

The *coup d'état* which toppled the Popular Unity government was the product of one of the baldest displays of imperial power of recent years. A conspiracy of the CIA, big business, international financial organizations, and right-wing elements in the Chilean military under General Augusto Pinochet (who once portrayed himself as a loyal Allende supporter) culminated in bloody reprisals against men, women, and children who were suspected of being to the left of the newly installed military junta. Mrs. Allende and her daughters were able to escape death only because they were not in the presidential palace during the coup.

Late last year, Mrs. Allende visited the United States with an entourage of Chilean women, including Mrs. Moy de Tohá, wife of the slain Chilean Minister of Defense, José de Tohá. *Penthouse* interviewer Ken Kelley began talking to Mrs. Allende when she paid a visit to the United Nations. "I have constant nightmares," she said. "I imagine my door is being broken down by machine guns. I feel the helicopters hovering over my house. I hear the butts of revolvers and rifles on the door. Such is the reality for thousands of my countrymen."

At the United Nations, Mrs. Allende was instrumental in getting the General Assembly to condemn the military junta for its violations of human rights and to appeal for the release of all political prisoners. The resolution passed ninety to eight, with twenty-five abstentions, including the United States. "The resolution has great importance for the people of Chile—it marks a great victory for us, and, of course, a defeat for the junta," said Mrs. Allende.

The Allende entourage then spent several days in Washington lobbying Congress for a cutoff in U.S. aid to the junta and for help in discovering the whereabouts of the more than 20,000 Chilean political prisoners. Capitol Hill was far less receptive than the UN. Pat Holt, the chief of staff for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, who had previously urged normalization of U.S.–Cuban relations, told Mrs. Allende that he could do nothing about the Chilean situation because "it is not U.S. policy to interfere in the internal affairs of another country."

"In our visit this time we haven't come to denounce, but rather to complain and demand," Mrs. Allende told interviewer Kelley. "Now we are not only speaking of our 20,000 imprisoned, but about the open intervention of the CIA and ITT, about the international plot confessed to by Colby, Kissinger, and President Ford."

Mrs. Allende returned to her home in Mexico City, a two-bedroom apartment in a middle-class section of the city. When she and other Chilean exiles were given diplomatic asylum by Mexican President Luis Echeverría, many people assumed that they were living in the lap of luxury. Not so. Most have jobs (Moy de Tohá is a bank clerk) and their lifestyles are very modest. "My life is much simpler now than it was before my husband's election," said Mrs. Allende. "I have not received one cent from foreign countries, a fact of which I am very proud. Nor do I have bank accounts outside Chile which would permit me to live without working." Such austere living comes late in life to the former first lady of Chile, who had affluent parents and a good education. Now in her late fifties, she travels at the invitation of various international organizations. She lives with her two daughters, Beatriz and Isabel Allende, who are also active in the international movement outside Chile.

Reflecting upon her warm reception by Americans in the various cities she visited, Mrs. Allende was hopeful for the future. "I wanted to know to what degree the opinions of Mr. Colby and Mr. Kissinger were shared by the people. It was a way of touching the Statue of Liberty a little, to see if it was real or fake. I want you to know that I go with great satisfaction. The world is with us."

Penthouse: Referring to Chile, Henry Kissinger once said, "I don't see why we have to stand by and watch a government go communist because of the irresponsibility of its own people." What is your reaction to this?

Allende: Besides its stupidity, it is very honest. Mr. Kissinger's words reflect not only *his* opinions, but those of the rulers of this "democracy." They reflect what he thinks of international treaties and a country's right to self-determination.

Penthouse: Do you think the Chilean people hold the American people responsible for the actions of the CIA and the United States government in Chile? And do you think that the people of the United States fully realize and understand just what happened in Chile in 1973?

Allende: I believe the Chilean people distinguish very clearly between the policies which led to the overthrow of President Allende and the opinions of the American people. But you must understand that the Chilean people don't really have any information. They only know what the government wants them to read in the newspapers. But the people of North America now know that a lot of money was spent by this country to overthrow President Allende's government. They know that, in addition to the $8 million spent by the CIA, there were the $400 million assets of ITT and other multinational corporations. Senator Kennedy has revealed Kissinger's approval of this intervention—which Kissinger had denied under oath to Congress. On September 12, 1974, Kennedy accused Kissinger of perjury, and of having acted, along with other members of the State Department, in a tendentious and deceitful manner in swearing that the United States had maintained an attitude of nonintervention in Chilean affairs. It is interesting to note that, as a direct result of this "nonintervention," the junta returned to private ownership all the United States companies which had been nationalized by Allende's government. This list included Anaconda, organized in 1899 by Rockefeller Standard Oil interests and presently dominated by the Rockefeller family banks. And Nelson Rockefeller was appointed to head the administration's "investigation" of the CIA! It is ridiculous.

Penthouse: If you had been fully aware of the CIA's plans or of the extent of what the CIA was doing beforehand, could there

have been a way to avert what happened?

Allende: I don't know if you can completely understand the tremendous power of the CIA. Its strength is so great that it would have been very difficult to defend ourselves from the avalanche that was approaching. Perhaps the only thing we could have done was to have a struggle that lasted years instead of a coup that lasted four hours. And I can't tell you what the outcome of that struggle might have been. You must realize that all the arms the CIA had given to modernize the military were suddenly turned against the Chilean people—to kill us.

Penthouse: Last September, President Ford said that $8 million had been given to Chile because an effort was made by the Allende regime to destroy opposition political parties and opposition media. At the same time, CIA Director William Colby stated, "The CIA had no connection with the military coup in Chile in 1973. We did look forward to a change in government, but in the elections of 1976, by democratic political forces." What is your reaction to these statements?

Allende: The assertions of the president of the United States and the director of the CIA are absolutely false. Our Popular Unity government never limited liberties or the activities of political parties. Very few countries have had as much freedom of the press as we had in Chile, and the government wasn't even supported by a majority of the newspapers. We were a multiparty government and never thought of establishing a one-party state. So the pretext of the CIA for intervening in Chile—to defend democracy—is absolutely false. I wonder if Mr. Kis-

THE MURDER OF ALLENDE

(The following excerpt from The Murder of Allende and the End of the Chilean Way to Socialism *by Robinson Rojas Sandford, translated by Andrée Conrad, provides the first reliable account of how President Allende died—and how the junta tried to make his death appear to be suicide. The author, a well-known Chilean journalist, writes: "This reconstruction of Operation Alpha One was made possible by information from various sources, including tape recordings of radio transmissions among the rebels and accounts passed on to me when some senior officers, who had been part of Alpha One and were overwhelmed by the magnitude of the atrocity they had participated in, took junior officers and even civilians into their confidence." The book will be published next month by Harper & Row.)*

Six or seven minutes past two in the afternoon on September 11, 1973, an infiltration patrol commanded by Captain Roberto Garrido from the San Bernardo Infantry School burst into the second floor of Santiago's Palacio de La Moneda, the Chilean presidential palace. Charging up the main staircase and covering themselves with volleys from their machine guns, the patrol advanced to the entrance of the Salón Rojo, the state reception hall. Inside, through the dense smoke that came from fires elsewhere in the building and from the explosions of tear-gas bombs, grenades, and shells from Sherman tanks, the patrol saw a band of civilians braced to defend themselves with submachine guns. In a reflex action, Captain Garrido loosed a short burst from his weapon. One of his three bullets struck a civilian in the stomach. Then a soldier in Garrido's patrol imitated his commander, wounding the same man in the abdomen. As the man writhed on the floor in agony, Garrido suddenly realized who he was—Salvador Allende. "We shit on the President!" he shouted, and pressing hard on the trigger of his machine gun, riddled him with bullets.

The commander of the attack on La Moneda, Brigadier General Javier Palacios Ruhman, followed by Captain Garrido and his patrol, marched into the Salón Rojo, and leaned over Allende's body. Turning to Garrido, General Palacios gave orders: "We must seal off this room. Don't let anybody else in. No one is to see the President's body. Put me through to headquarters, to General Pinochet."

"Attention Post One! Attention Post One! Combat Unit Alpha One here. General Palacios requests to speak to General Pinochet."

Palacios took the radio microphone and reported in a dry precise voice: "General Palacios to General Pinochet. Mission accomplished. Moneda taken. President dead—"

"How is the body? Don't let anyone see it. Wait for instructions."

It was then a few minutes before 3 P.M. on September 11, 1973. At 6 A.M. that morning, the high command of the Chilean armed forces had mobilized some hundred thousand men and launched an all-out attack on the economic, political, social, and administrative centers in the country. No less than three thousand leading laborers, farmers, office workers, and politicians were murdered on September 11. Also, some six thousand people were arrested throughout the country. Many prisoners were taken to military headquarters, subjected to brief but pointed interrogations, and executed immediately afterwards. The list of their names had been in process of preparation since November 1972. Its compilation was a joint effort of Chilean army, navy, and air force intelligence in close affiliation with the intelligence departments of the U.S. Southern Command in the Canal Zone. Also participating were members of the Brazilian Embassy in Santiago.

The rebel generals believed that the operation could be completed on the afternoon of September 11, but the people's resistance surprised them, and the struggle continued through the night. Around noon on September 12, the workers' scanty munitions gave out and mass murders in the Santiago labor housing section finally stopped most of the resistance.

It was only then that the generals felt confident about announcing the achievement of the first part of the coup, Operation Alpha One. This was the "suicide" of Salvador Allende Gossens.

For half an hour they discussed possible means of suicide, and it was finally agreed that Allende's head should be destroyed with bullets from a submachine gun resting under the chin. The body would then be dressed again to prevent witnesses from seeing the other wounds. The body also had to be moved to another, more appropriate location, for the Salón Rojo was half-destroyed. They chose the Salón Independencia, the President's private office for resting and receiving visitors. There, SIM [military intelligence] men, overseen by General Javier Palacios Ruhman, divested Allende's body of the bloodied turtleneck sweater he had worn throughout the siege. They also removed his blue trousers, which were perforated and had bloodstains around the abdomen. They dressed him in dark-gray pants, scavenged from one of the cadavers inside La Moneda, and replaced his gray turtleneck, the stains being covered by a gray tweed jacket fastened by the bottom button. (Allende had removed the jacket during the battle and left it on his worktable.) Then the SIM men propped him against the back of the sofa. Because the body was already stiff, the SIM men had to use force to straighten the President's legs, leaving them wide apart to stabilize it. The arms were left hanging slightly apart from the torso. They placed the machine gun he had been using almost an hour and a half earlier in his hands, and pressed the trigger just once. Allende's head split in two—part of his brain, blood, and pieces of hair flew upward and stuck to a tapestry more than three yards behind the sofa. Now the scene was set.

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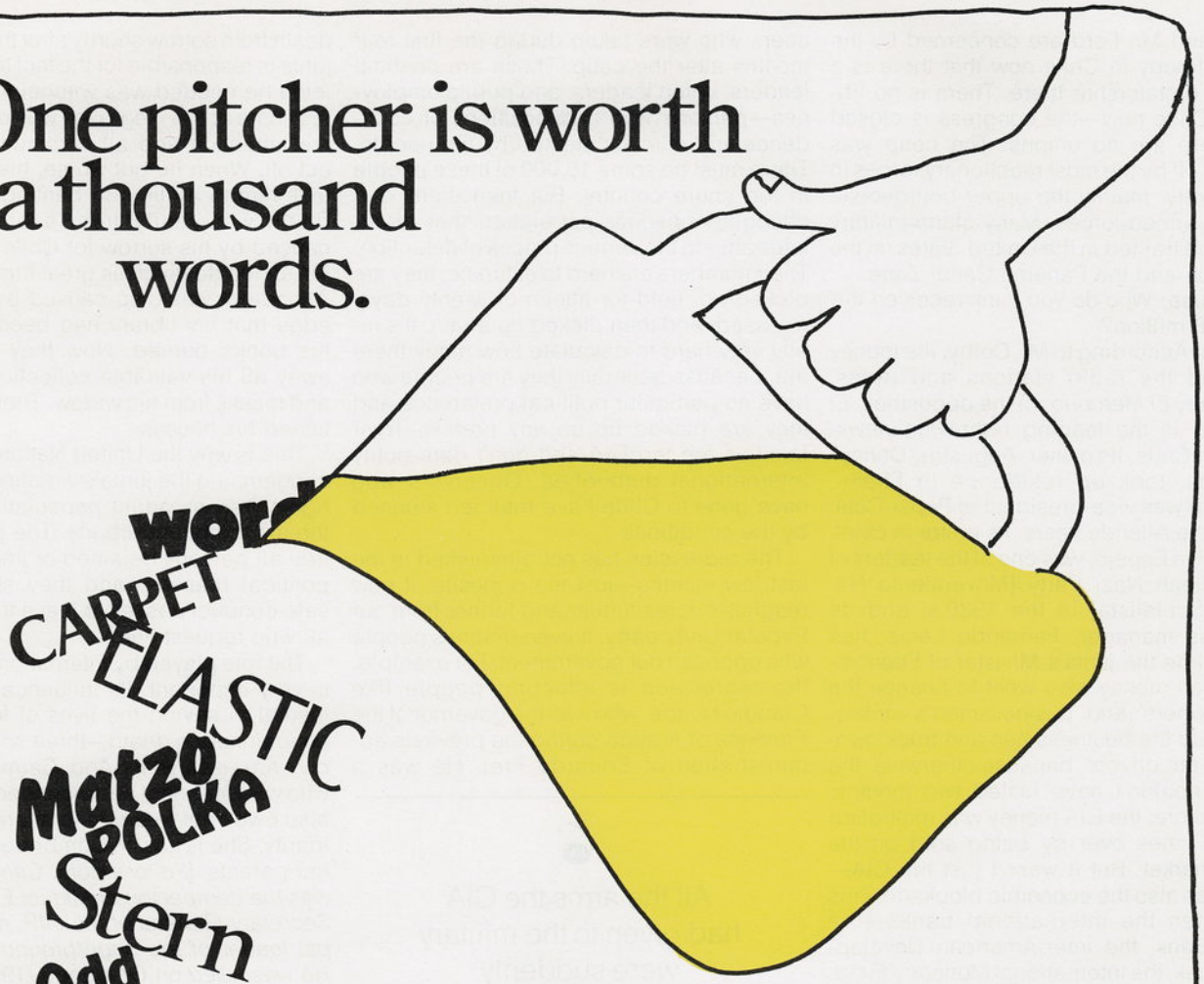
One pitcher is worth a thousand words.



Needless to say, no ordinary pitcher would be worth anywhere near 1,000 words, let alone such good ones as "pentadactyl."

But this is a pitcher filled with Jose Cuervo Margaritas, better than which you will find nowhere in the whole world, including Kansas.

You can make such a pitcher by combining ice, 2 cups of Cuervo, 2 cups of Triple Sec and a cup of lemon juice. This will give you 10 Margaritas and one Harold.

Well, that's about it.
Aren't words fun?

JOSE CUERVO® TEQUILA. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY © 1975, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

singer and Mr. Ford are concerned by the lack of liberty in Chile now that there is a military dictatorship there. There is no liberty in Chile now—the congress is closed and there are no unions. The coup was brought off by the most reactionary forces in the country, mainly the upper bourgeoisie and the armed forces. Many of the military men were trained in the United States, in the Pentagon and the Panama Canal Zone.

Penthouse: Who do you think received the CIA's $8 million?

Allende: According to Mr. Colby, the money financed the radio stations and press, especially *El Mercurio*, of the opposition. *El Mercurio* is the leading right-wing newspaper in Chile. Its owner, Augustín "Donny" Edwards, took up residence in Miami, where he was vice-president of Pepsi-Cola, during the Allende years. Its editor in chief, René Silva Espejo, was one of the leaders of the Chilean Nazi Party [Movemiento Nacional Socialista] in the 1930's; and its business manager, Fernando Leniz, has been made the junta's Minister of Economics. Much money also went to finance the truck owners' and businessmen's strikes. They paid the businessmen and truck owners, not the drivers, because otherwise, the strikes couldn't have lasted two months. What's more, the CIA money was multiplied several times over by being sold on the black market. But it wasn't just the CIA—there was also the economic blockade. This was when the international banks—the World Bank, the Inter-American Development Bank, the International Monetary Fund, etc., on which the dependent countries *depend*—cut Chile's credit so that we couldn't count on sufficient means to develop a normal economic policy.

Penthouse: There have been some charges that your government's mishandling of the ultraleft Movement of the Revolutionary Left [Movemiento Instituciones Révolucionarias, MIR], rather than the CIA, was responsible for the fall of the Allende government.

Allende: The problem of the MIR is a problem that any democratic country which allows all political forces to express themselves would face. This would never have led to the overthrow of the government and it is very naïve to say so. The Chilean government relied on the maturity of the proletariat and on its great democratic tradition. With respect to the mismanagement of the government, I have to differ fundamentally. Any government, faced with the artificial difficulties we faced, that was able to increase its electoral support from 36 to 44 percent—which we won in the last election—wasn't mismanaged. Chilean political parties usually *lose* rather than gain support in off-year congressional elections. What's more, no power in the world would intervene in another country if they believed that that country's policies alone would lead to its downfall. The United States had to intervene in Chile because it knew otherwise.

Penthouse: What is the current situation of the political prisoners in Chile?

Allende: There is a permanent body of prisoners who were taken during the first four months after the coup. These are political leaders, union leaders, and public employees—persons who had positions of confidence and officials elected by the people. There must be some 15,000 of these people in the entire country. But then there is a changing prisoner population that circulates among the various places of detention. Their numbers are hard to estimate; they are picked up, held for fifteen or twenty days, released, and then picked up again. It's really very hard to calculate how many there are, because generally they are people who have no particular political preference and they are picked up on any pretext. Their families are terrified and don't dare notify international authorities. Observers who have gone to Chile have returned stunned by the conditions.

The repression has not diminished in the last few months—just the opposite, it now reaches circles further and further from our Popular Unity party. It even reaches people who opposed our government. For example, the repression is affecting people like Claudio Huepe, who was the governor of the Province of Arauco during the previous administration of Eduardo Frei. He was a Christian Democratic deputy—a member of the *opposition*. Huepe has been held for several months now. His house was destroyed and he was taken away to an unknown location.

> All the arms the CIA had given to the military were suddenly turned against the people —to kill us.

Then there's the case of Laura Allende, President Allende's younger sister. She is over sixty years old and suffering from advanced cancer; yet she was taken from her house, along with her daughter, to some unknown location. She was interrogated, without a trial, in connection with an accusation that was ridiculous—they said she was a *terrorist*. How could a woman of that age, and with such an illness, be a terrorist? I have asked the wives of the UN Secretary-General and the President of the General Assembly, to send cables to the junta interceding for her life and they have done so. [*Editor's note: Laura Allende was set free in March 1975.*]

Penthouse: Did the junta have anything to do with the death of Pablo Neruda, the Nobel Laureate poet and the Popular Unity government's ambassador to France?

Allende: Pablo Neruda suffered a double death—a physical death from cancer and a death from sorrow shortly after the coup. The junta is responsible for the fact that the medicine he needed was withheld from him at his home at Isla Negra; he was denied medical attention and all communication was cut off. When he got worse, his wife finally took him to a clinic in Santiago. His other death was really from a broken heart, caused by his sorrow for Chile and, above all, for the death of his great friend Salvador Allende. It was also caused by the knowledge that his library had been destroyed, his books burned. Now they have taken away all his valuable collections of shells and masks from his widow. They've requisitioned his houses.

This is why the United Nations resolution condemning the junta's violations of human rights is so important, especially in cases of threats to life and liberty. The junta should free all persons detained or imprisoned for political reasons, and they should grant safe-conduct passes to leave the country to all who request them.

The role played by international solidarity is very important. Its influence was instrumental in saving the lives of four persons condemned to death—three soldiers and a civilian—last year. And Carmen Castillo, who was pregnant and wounded in one arm, also owes her freedom to international solidarity. She is now in Cambridge living with her parents. [*Editor's note: Carmen Castillo was the companion of Miguel Enriquez, the Secretary-General of the MIR, and a principal leader of the underground resistance. He was killed on October 5, 1974, and she was wounded and captured. Carmen Castillo's father had been rector of the Catholic University before the military occupied the universities; Enriquez's father was a cabinet member who has been under arrest since the coup.*]

This international solidarity is broad and deep. For example, there was a two-day strike of the stevedores of the world last September, during which they refused to load or unload any cargo going to or from Chile. The same position was taken by dockworkers in San Francisco. The Australian unions have refused to refuel airplanes from Chile so long as they know that the conditions of Chilean workers remain as they are. And the fact that Mexico, for example, won't sell oil, fertilizer, or other products to the junta is a great aid to us. The Federal Republic of Germany has cut off all credit—all economic aid—to the military junta, and we hope that the American people will take a similar position. I appeal to the conscience of the people of the United States to apply pressure for cutting off all financial and military aid to the military junta—especially that there be no more sales of arms. The very fact that the junta has decided to free a hundred political prisoners, including Jaime de Tohá, the Minister of Agriculture and brother of the slain Minister of Defense, shows how important international pressure can be, because the junta wants to improve its image. The opinion of the United States and the world is crucial.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

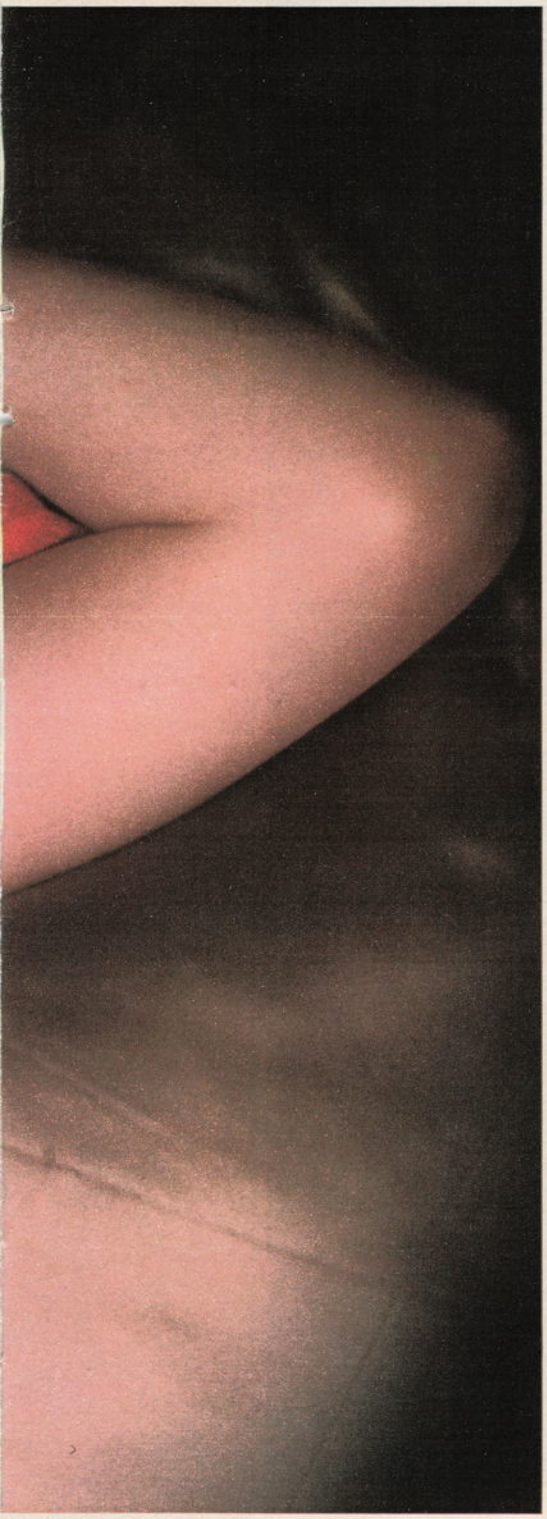
ANNE

SWEDISH MODERN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

Rumor has it—at least in certain quarters—that the Swedes are a little too cool and levelheaded, and perhaps—especially in the depths of those long, hard Scandinavian winters—even a little morose. But Anne Peters paints a brighter and more perceptive picture: "Just because we're Nordic," says Anne in impeccable English, "people tend to believe that 'melancholy' rubbish. In fact, we're just like anyone else. There are cold-blooded Italians, warm-blooded Englishmen, and morose Americans, but they don't represent anybody but themselves."

"I'm totally warmhearted, and a completely free and independent spirit. I do what I want whenever I want to do it.



I function more by mood than by method—by the whim of a moment—and I suspect it would have been the same even if I'd been born in Iceland!"

In just such a mood, at just such a moment, Anne left Sweden three years ago to live in London, where her natural endowments (36-23-36) and her freewheeling manner led her quite naturally into modeling and television commercials. "I wasn't the least bit worried about finding my niche," says Anne, "and I found it on my own terms and in my own way—just as I find the men in my life."

Those terms are pretty specific

just the same. "I like a man to be intelligent above all. Men who really enjoy the art of conversation are usually equally well-versed in the art of copulation. I like that. We Swedes are supposed to make love with absolute freedom, and we don't particularly care for convention in the bedroom."

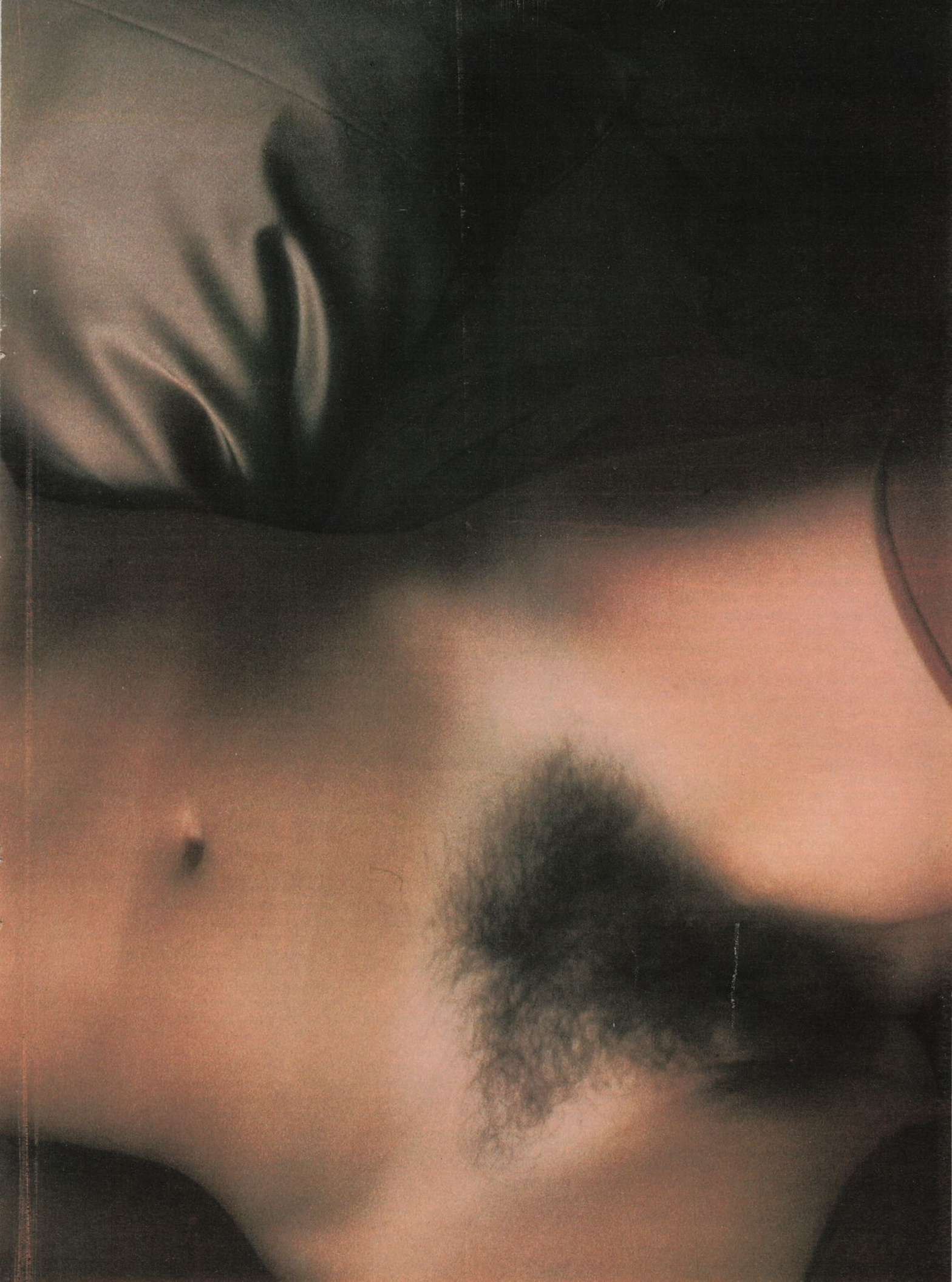
Or anyplace else, if Miss Peters is any yardstick. She loves to travel, and at

twenty-four she has no thoughts of being tied down. "There's too much to do, too many places to see—a world full of wonders to seek and to find." Immediate plans? "I'd love to live in the States for a while. There's something about big cities in America that makes them more exciting than their European

Wardrobe by Biba of London

counterparts. Maybe it's the pace of life there—the constant mobility that makes so many Americans keep on going until they find just what it is they're looking for." Future plans? "I'm too busy with the here and the now to think *too* far ahead, but when I'm older, I'm sure I'll settle down somewhere," says Anne. "I'll want a big house with a lovely garden, and first and foremost among my creature comforts will be some *young* lovers. I have to admit that I'm attracted to men younger than me even now—I really get turned on by being the seductress instead of the seduced. In my fantasies, I see myself in the role of the older woman, wise and worldly and irresistible to the young men who come into my life. And if I have a vice, it's in wanting my lovers to satisfy *me* first, in every way. Then, of course, I take very special care to satisfy them, as only a woman who loves loving can." If that's a vice, Anne, it's one that a lot of young lovers we know would give a great deal to be gripped in....

MISS ANNE PETERS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



ALLENDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

Penthouse: What do you know about the killing of General René Schneider? [*Editor's note: General René Schneider was commander in chief of the Chilean armed forces at the time Allende was elected. Before Allende was confirmed by the Congress, Schneider, a constitutionalist who supported Allende's confirmation, was—according to Allende supporters—assassinated on October 22, 1970, by a group of right-wing terrorists. These included General Viaux, who had earlier led an abortive uprising against Frei, and Juan Luis Bulnes Ossa, nephew of a National Party senator. Viaux was arrested, tried, and convicted, but Bulnes Ossa fled to Argentina and then to the United States. The conspiracy having been exposed, Allende was confirmed with the support of the Christian Democrats. General Schneider's successor as commander in chief was General Carlos Prats, who was forced to resign his post a few weeks before the coup as a result of pressure from conservative generals. He was succeeded by Augusto Pinochet. After the coup, Prats lived in exile in Argentina until he and his wife were assassinated by a bomb blast on September 30, 1974. Bulnes Ossa, who had previously returned to Chile, had been in Buenos Aires just a few days earlier, with other members of the paramilitary group "Patria y Liberdad" (Fatherland and Liberty).*]

Allende: I think there was a close relation between the most reactionary forces—the fascist movement, "Patria y Liberdad," who were mainly responsible, and the National Party—and certain pro-coup officers such as General Viaux. The fact that Bulnes Ossa has returned to Chile and was acquitted goes to show how the court system is compromised by the military.

The same thing happened with the murder of General Carlos Prats. The junta blames Argentine terrorists, but we have evidence that the junta itself ordered the murder of General Prats. General Prats had written several letters to me and my daughters in which he condemned the military coup and accused Pinochet of covering Chile with blood. Prats was a patriotic, democratic general, who belonged to no political party. He wanted the army to play a constitutional role—not to belong to the dictatorship which exists in Chile today.

Penthouse: What is the status of resistance to the junta in Chile now?

Allende: Our struggle is long, hard, and difficult. There is a broad resistance movement, an anti-fascist front ranging from Christians, Marxists, and non-Marxists to many people in the Christian Democratic party who now know that they were mistaken. You have to understand that clandestine work, under the conditions created by the military, is very difficult. The resistance consists of sabotage, work stoppages, and slowdowns. For example, there was a nitrate workers' strike and there was the workers' flooding of the coal mines at Lota. There's also the sabotage of the Hawker-Hunter jets. I believe the resistance is creating a multiparty program in which the fundamental aim is to attack fascism on a broad front—to attack the common enemy: military fascism. On the eleventh of each month people make a "pocket strike" and refrain from buying at stores. The junta was further isolated when a meeting of twenty-eight bishops in Santiago condemned them and above all, their economic policy of making the rich richer and the poor poorer.

But the free and democratic peoples of the world must also be aware that every dollar or gun given to the junta increases terrorism and crimes against the Chilean people. We don't pretend that those of us abroad can create some great liberating army to free the Chilean people. We believe the Chilean people will seek their own way. They need international solidarity—the support of the international community. And, as I've said, we want this to take the concrete form of denying aid to the junta, denying them credit and military aid. The junta couldn't last without international support; there isn't any magic supporting their government—only the power of arms. From the moment that all military aid is withdrawn, the junta will begin to fall.

> President Allende never wanted a dictatorship of the proletariat . . . and he didn't expect another country to unleash its might against Chile.

Penthouse: What impression of the people of the United States have you gained from your current trip?

Allende: There has been much disgust and shame in the United States over the action in Chile. Everywhere there have been impressive acts of support for the Chilean people—in churches, universities, unions, theaters, and on radio and television.

Penthouse: During the three years of the Allende regime Chile had the highest rate of inflation in its history. Many observers thought that civil war was threatening the country, and the middle class in particular was very unhappy. Weren't these conditions as responsible for the coup as the actions of the United States?

Allende: No, I don't think so and I'll explain why. We had a high rate of inflation, but wages and prices were adjusted to accord with rises in the cost of living so that the mass of workers never lost their buying power. Just the opposite, in fact—never had so much been sold in Chile. Now, the middle class was unhappy, but not because they lacked anything. They had the buying power to accumulate things; their houses were full of all kinds of things, but they were defending their class interests. Moreover, they had foreign support. The Popular Unity government did not fail; there would never have been a coup without foreign intervention. North American imperialism, the CIA, and international companies like ITT and Kennecott Copper are the principal parties responsible for the coup in Chile.

Penthouse: What is the present economic situation in Chile today, under the junta?

Allende: The junta has been returning everything that had been nationalized—that is, compensating or returning the mines, the monopolies, the landholdings. There is a very high rate of inflation, which the junta has been unable to control, and a high rate of unemployment, reaching a million persons. Some 500,000 public employees are threatened with the loss of their jobs by the decision of the junta, which says that they will be absorbed by private industry. But there are no new major investments in industry—*none*. A visiting Italian businessman recently described the Chilean situation very well when he said that the prices are on a par with Frankfurt, the salaries with Saigon, and that in addition there is great unemployment.

Penthouse: Why do you think the junta cracked down in such a repressive manner after the coup?

Allende: Because General Pinochet and the rest of the Chilean military is unable to govern. We could only compare it with the Nazis. In fact, I think that in Chile, *proportionally*, the massacre has been more bloody.

Penthouse: Did you know Pinochet?

Allende: Very well. He was frequently at the home of Moy de Tohá. They had very good relations and she helped him in many ways. When, for example, the council of generals, in which he had the second position, called for the retirement of certain colonels, he asked her to find positions for them in the government. He was connected with José de Tohá in the Ministry of Defense and they later became personal friends. That is why we were completely astonished at his treachery, which, as Carlos Prats said, has no parallel in the history of Chile.

Let me further explain this by recounting what happened in the last change of cabinet at the beginning of August 1973. A group of army generals, admirals, and generals in the air force went to President Allende, and told him that the military would be very pleased if José de Tohá were to become Minister of Defense because they had great respect for him and he had gained their affection. But, according to Pinochet's own declarations, the coup had already been planned at this time. Because of this kind of treachery, I can't believe anything he says—neither now nor earlier. A person who lies systematically obviously isn't going to change overnight.

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Penthouse: Every socialist government in history, in its first stages, has had to make an effort to consolidate the army and to form a centralized government. Some of Allende's critics have said that he put humanitarian sentiments above socialism, and they say that Allende's fall is proof that socialism cannot be elected. What are your reactions to these criticisms?

Allende: President Allende was well aware of these opinions when he took office. But he never attempted to transform the government into a dictatorship of the proletariat. He was elected on the basis of a program, and he fulfilled that program. He was preparing the people to advance to socialism. And he didn't expect that a foreign power would unleash its might against his government. The term "destabilization," as it is used by the CIA, by Mr. Kissinger, and by others in the United States, is quite accurate—although it would never have occurred to me to use the word "destablilize" for "overthrow." Our government *was* stable. It relied on the maturity of the proletariat. It was a government that counted on an army that called itself constitutionalist. I don't see, then, from an internal point of view, that the Allende government committed any error. Some people keep trying to apply a pattern to the Allende government—they say it was a Marxist government. But it *wasn't* a Marxist government; it was a government composed of some Marxists and of other progressives who supported it but were not Marxists. I think this is an error of international magnitude, one that is commonly made by our enemies. Instead of looking for the errors outside, where they really were, they place them inside. Of course, we had difficulties. How could we avoid them when we weren't receiving credits from abroad, when we were trying to incorporate hungry people into the system of consumption? But despite all this, the electoral support for the Popular Unity party grew at each election, and this was what made our foreign enemies desperate. It was obvious that to get rid of Allende they were going to need something more than an economic conspiracy. They needed a conspiracy of arms and the support of a foreign power in order to commit this crime.

Penthouse: Do you believe that your husband committed suicide—as the junta has stated?

Allende: I wasn't there, but I can tell you that my husband wasn't a potential suicide. Perhaps the best way to remember President Allende is as surrounded by his most loyal supporters, defending, with machine gun in hand, the self-determination of his country. He was honest about this—at the National Stadium in November 1972, in a speech broadcast to the entire country, he said, "They will have to take me out dead if I don't finish my term."

Penthouse: Some people have suggested that the government could have been saved had the working class been armed. Were any decisions made, that you know of, on this subject?

Allende: Don't forget that our government was a legal and constitutional one. The Chilean way to socialism was a legal process, in accord with our constitution, and we would never have permitted the development of a force parallel to the armed forces. In a word, arming the people was a *legal impossibility*. Instead, an arms-control law was approved, allowing the military to search for arms. This was very unfavorable for us because with such a pretext the military could search the factories. This law was approved by the congress—you mustn't forget that we had an opposition majority. The law permitted the armed forces to invade the factories—sometimes destroying machinery and even killing workers, as happened at the Austral Wool industry in Punta Arenas and in other instances. So this law was completely contrary to our interests and we were very unhappy about it, but we were helpless. This was the campaign the right wing had launched; they said that the people were arming, and they continue to spread the same myth. The military junta keeps "discovering" arms caches, but they always show the same arms.

Penthouse: What are the principal lessons to be drawn from the Chilean experience?

Allende: Well, we believed that, given our traditions, the forms of political participation, and the existence of a workers' organization in Chile, ours was the only country in which there could be a legal road to socialism, the so-called Chilean way. But unfortunately, I have to say now that it isn't enough to win with votes—it isn't enough to win the elections. One also needs an army at the service of the people, because the professionalism of the military, to tell the truth, is a myth. And it isn't enough just to win victories in elections, one also needs a congress at the service of the people, *really elected* by the people and not, as happened in Chile, bought with money and influence.

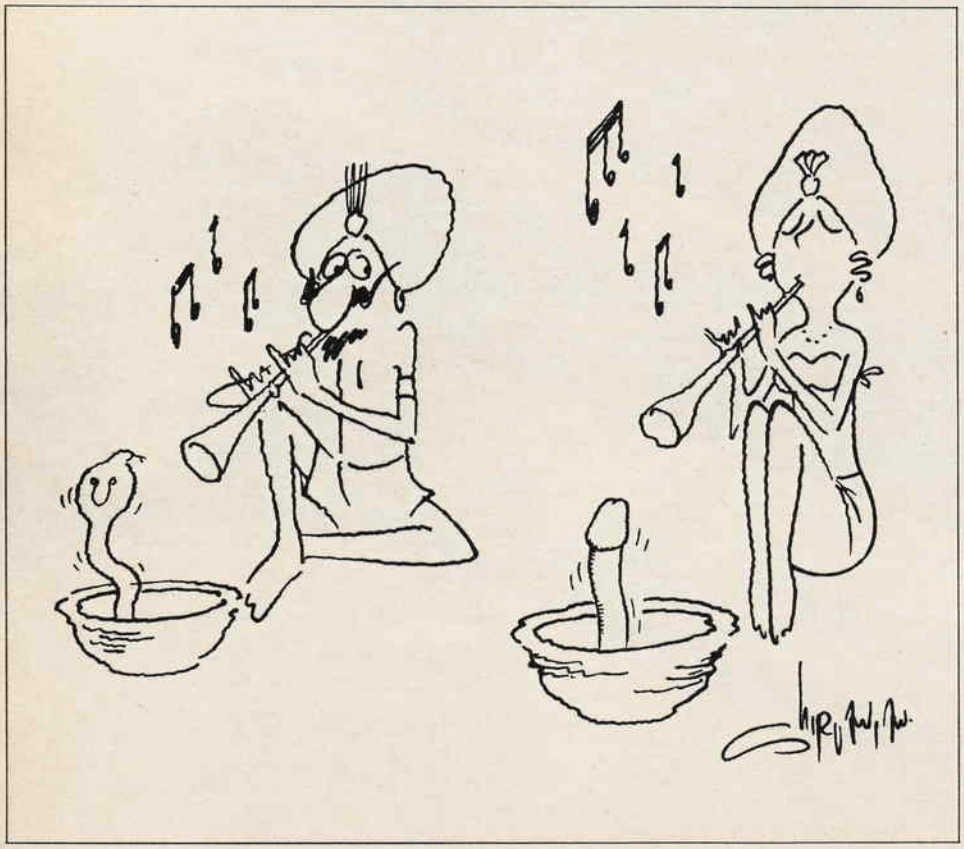
Also, I don't believe that the self-determination of peoples exists—nor do the codes of international law, of international rights. All these formulations that they talk so much about in the international organizations are *theoretical*, even though they are supposed to govern relations between nations. The reality is rich countries and poor countries—and the rich countries always end up dominating the poor countries, whatever their politics may be.

Penthouse: Do you think that the junta will remain as it is, or do you think that it will make some effort to appear less brutal?

Allende: It will depend very much on the position taken by the American people. They should stop the arms flow to the junta. The damage done by Mr. Kissinger and the CIA is already done, but now you can prevent it from coutinuing. These are the goals that Americans mustn't lose sight of.

Penthouse: Do you think back with much bitterness on the past two years?

Allende: Well, one has to draw distinctions. I, fortunately, am unable to hate—which isn't to say that this is right. I have only one desire and I would die happily if I could see it fulfilled: I want to see the Chilean military live our own martyrdom. My great satisfaction would be to see them wander around the world, just as the Nazi torturers did, ashamed of their identities, ashamed of the historical role they played, anonymous, hiding themselves in the shadows of a night which they themselves created.



VESTED INTEREST

THE WOOL VEST
IS BACK—
SOLO OR SUITED FOR
DRESSING AS MODERN
AS TOMORROW.

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

Dimitri for Monroe's/Stern at Carson, Pirie, Scott in Chicago

Photographs by Alberto Rizzo

A man's wardrobe for fall '75 has all the elements we've been waiting for—it's fashionable, practical, and in good taste. If one look is to be singled out from all the possibilities, it's the vest. This fall's vest is special indeed, either worn solo or with matching trousers—in addition, of course, to the customary three-piece suit or sportcoat-and-vest ensemble. These vests have a slimmed-down look that is perfectly suited to wear under the bulkier coats, overshirts, and knitted sweater-jackets that are essential to the fashion scene this season. It will also be a significant season for classic wool fabrics, particularly as quality and wearability are most important right now. *Penthouse* recommends these intrinsic values of wool when shopping for vests, coats, and sportswear to make certain your clothes will stand the test of time. You might call it in-vest-ment dressing.

Wool "shooting" overshirt (at left) with suede shoulder patch ($50) worn with wool vest ($50) and checked pants ($65); ensemble from Polo by Ralph Lauren. Polyester shirt is Givenchy for Chesa. Camel's hair overshirt with suede elbow patches (about $75) and wool-knit sweater vest (about $40), both by Franklin Bober for Arthur Richards Sport. Checked wool trousers ($60) from Trousers by Barry. Shirt by Philippe Venet for Parkeley. Diamonds on black-face watch by Longines.

Wool vest ($35) and pants ($60, previous page) worn with full-shaped, muted-plaid tweed coat ($250); ensemble by Dimitri for Michaels Stern. Polyester shirt by Giovannelli.

Polo overshirt and Arthur Richards Sport at Bloomingdale's, New York. Polo vest at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York.

Lord Jeff at Martin's, Brooklyn. Pendlefon at Baskins, Chicago. McGregor at all Bamberger's, New Jersey.

Virgin wool cable-weave cardigan sweater-jacket (at left) with convertible collar ($60) by Lord Jeff. Wool herringbone vest and pants by Country Britches. Nylon shirt by Giovannelli. The wool-knit fisherman's cable cardigan sweater-jacket ($37.50) by Pendleton. Worn underneath is Shetland wool sweater-vest ($14) by McGregor. Chalk-strip trousers ($65) from Polo by Ralph Lauren. (Below) dark-green wool vest ($25) and pants ($30) by John Pomer. Wool gabardine double-breasted trench coat ($180) by Dimitri for Malcolm Kenneth. Patterned tie from Giovannelli.

Naty Abascal's wardrobe by Giorgio Sant'Angelo. Her hair styled by Jim Jasmer of Xavier's. All neckwear by Giovannelli.

For information on buying merchandise featured, see Retail Fashion Finder, page 148.

John Pomer at Abraham & Strauss, Brooklyn. Dimitri for Malcolm Kenneth at Barney's, New York.

WINDWAGEN

VW'S NEW SCIROCCO WAS NAMED AFTER A WILD WIND, BUT THIS SUPERCOUPÉ IS TURNING INTO A TOURING TORNADO.

BY JOE OLDHAM

You'd expect Volkswagen to create a highly unusual model to replace its long-of-tooth Karmann Ghia. After all, a company that is synonymous with the Beetle (a car designed in 1935, and admittedly one of the ugliest on the road) wouldn't be expected to come up with anything like a Wolfsburg version of the Chevy Nova.

But would you expect the same company to design and produce this wedge-shaped road machine that looks like a GT supercoupé? What will all the Beetle enthusiasts in the world say? What will they do when they go to their VW showrooms looking for the cars with the bulbous profiles that were fashionable when zoot suits were in vogue? What will happen when they are confronted with the Scirocco?

Well, before lunging for their checkbooks, they might thank Rudolf Leiding (the former chairman of Volkswagenwerk AG) for opening the garage doors and letting some fresh air into the design studios of Volkswagen. In one fell swoop Leiding blew away the cobweb-covered standards in the VW lineup. And in just a few short years he replaced them with such gems as the Dasher, the Rabbit, and VW's top-of-the-line Scirocco (pronounced shi-rock-oh with the accent on the rock).

The mourners for the old models will be few, especially after the faithful have driven the new steeds. As the GT coupé in the lineup, the Scirocco packs enough performance and handling in its taut torso to kick sand in the faces of other supercoupés such as Chevy's Vega GT, the Opel Manta Rallye, and the Capri V-6. Despite what VW may have claimed for the old Karmann Ghia, it was less a sports car than a Beetle with a sporty body.

VW has taken a familiar engineering route since the Scirocco was created by rebodying the Dasher/Rabbit. The difference is in the foundation. The Beetle's rear-mounted, air-cooled engine and antiquated chassis design just didn't give the Karmann Ghia much to start with. The Dasher/Rabbit foundation, on the other hand, is a gem of modern engineering, and all kinds of lovely things happen when you wrap it in a fast and flashy Giugiaro-designed body.

Aha! You *thought* the Scirocco looked Italian—and you were right. Volkswagen went directly to the hottest designer around for its new series of cars. Giugiaro, the same man who conceived of the Pantera, a number of Maseratis and other beauties. VW's design studios refined some things in the wind tunnel, but the wedge shape—Giugiaro's trademark—is strong and crisp. And if you notice the resemblance to VW's Dasher, it's because the Scirocco is really a Dasher chopped and channeled. Giugiaro cut two inches from the roof height, cleaved seventeen inches from the length and, *voila*, instant GT out of family sedan.

But as we've said, the Scirocco is more than just a keen-looking Italian body. Beneath all that wedge-shaped aggressiveness there's a modern chassis, drivetrain setup, and a smooth interior design. Volkswagen's efficiency experts just wouldn't have it any other way.

Even if you look closely, you won't find anything radical either under or in the Scirocco. No engineering miracles. No secret space age technology. Instead VW engineers and designers have taken what was previously perfected and somehow improved upon it.

For instance, there are a number of front-wheel-drive cars now on the road, but only the most efficient have the engine mounted transversely to drive the front wheels. This layout allows for maximum interior room—and that's what VW gave the Scirocco. There are plenty of GT coupés around, but only the most efficient have a hatchback for ease in loading luggage and parcels. The Scirocco, naturally, has one. All new cars have protective bumpers that can take a 5-mph shot without being harmed. But only the most efficient cars have them designed into the body structure, not merely hung on. The Scirocco's are designed in.

Likewise, the engine and the suspension don't look like much on paper. Very conventional, really. The suspension has a coil spring at each wheel with struts up front and trailing arms at the rear. And the engine is an in-line, four-cylinder, overhead-cam unit that displaces 1,471cc and pumps out 70 horsepower at 6,000 rpm.

But this is one of those instances where the whole is really greater than the sum of the parts. Driving the Scirocco proves the point. The engine not only feels like it's about twice as big as it is, but it also seems to generate twice as much horsepower. The Scirocco keeps up easily with other supercoupés in its class, and it's faster than a couple of them. Despite the unfashionable long stroke of the engine, it seems to want to rev forever. You have to keep an eye on the tach needle lest you find yourself with a piston coming through the hood, marring all that gorgeous sheet metal.

And despite the 0-to-60-mph times of under twelve seconds, you'll still find you're getting great gas mileage. No matter how hard you flog it, you're going to get between 20 and 25 miles per gallon out of a Scirocco. And if you really drive 55 mph on the highway, you're going to get over 30 mpg easily. An outstanding 38 mpg at a steady 55 miles per hour on highway driving has been reported already.

It's that high efficiency quotient at work again. The Scirocco, weighing in at a nimble 1,892 pounds is one of the lightest machines on the road. So each horsepower the engine generates has to work less to push the car along. The light weight, slippery shape, and efficient engine form a package that delivers both brisk performance *and* far out gas mileage—a combination seemingly almost impossible to attain only a few years ago. Yet it all works absolutely heavenly in the Scirocco.

Ditto for the suspension. As we said, there are no engineering miracles here. Just attention to detail and a fine honing of springs, shocks, and wide-profile, steel-belted radial tires. The Scirocco grips the road tenaciously, as a real GT should. The ride is firm and sporting, but with no harshness or stiffness. You can push the Scirocco through corners with aplomb and still maintain your pace through any road or climatic condition. It's the kind of suspension that gives you the confidence to push on.

That confidence derives partly from a happy marriage of front-wheel drive and rack-and-pinion steering. Unless you push the car beyond its—and your—limits, you'll never know it's a front-wheel-drive machine. It has all of the tractive advantages with none of the torque-steer and wheel-fight disadvantages. The steering is tight and precise, and the response is immediate. You always know you're driving a sporty machine. It never drives you.

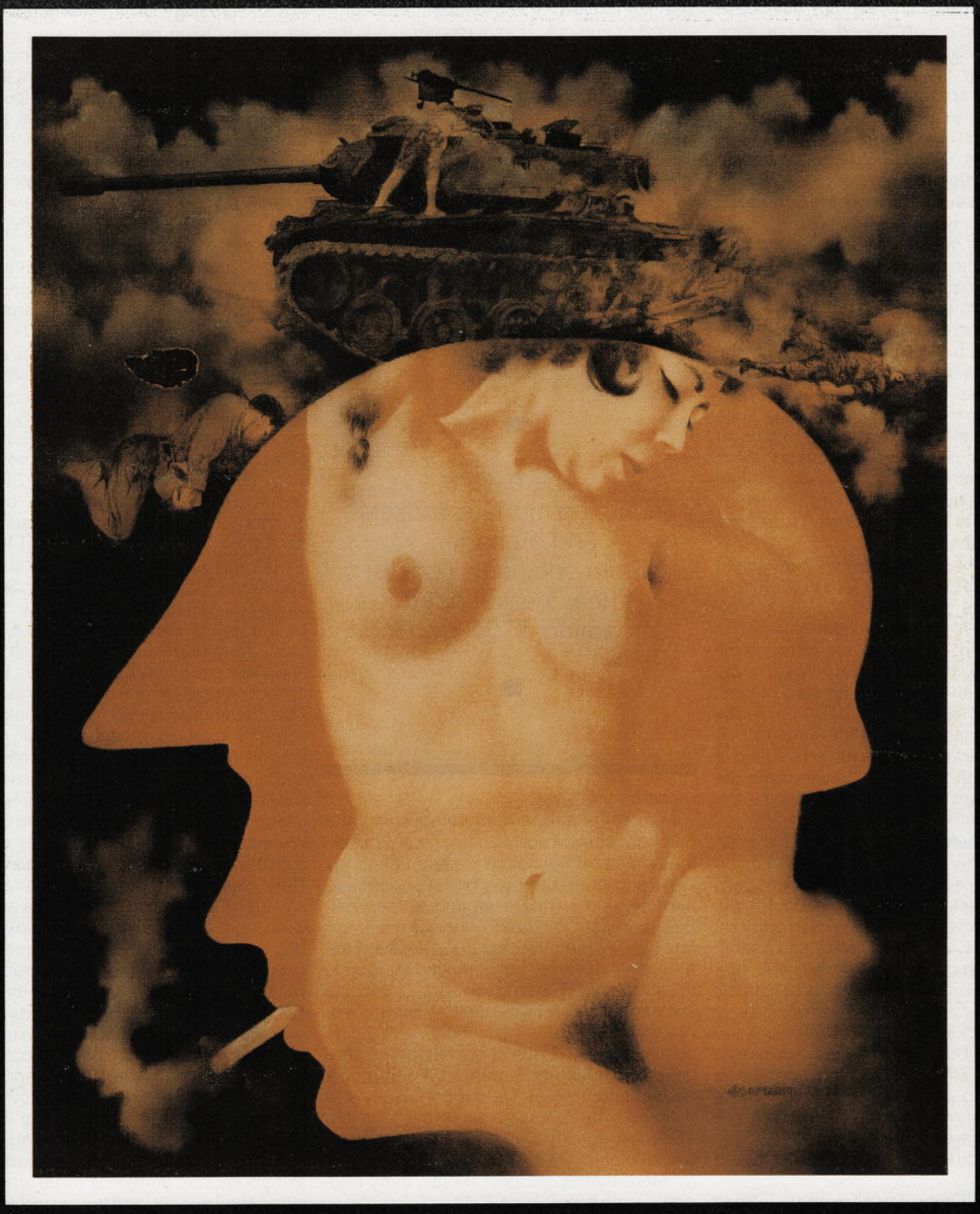
Economical interior packaging is what you might expect of a sporting two-plus-two. And that's all the Scirocco is. If you need room for the wife, kids, camping gear, three dogs, and a parakeet, don't consider the Scirocco. There just ain't enough room in there, Jack.

If, on the other hand, your life style allows you the luxury of motoring about with one traveling companion (preferably a leggy and nubile female) you'll find that the Scirocco has all the amenities you'll need. There's enough front seat headroom to fit you and your companion in comfortably, even if you're both in the top 2 percent heightwise. Your luggage, tennis rackets, and the lady's makeup case will fit comfortably too. The backseat is good for holding small souvenirs purchased along the way, and the hatchback will let you get it all in and out without resorting to classic expressions of anger and dismay.

For the free-swinging life style of fast, efficient, comfortable, sporty traveling, the Scirocco is tailor-made. It's a freewheeling, free spirited kind of car. And if you're a freewheeling, free spirited kind of guy, your wheels await you. O+

THE VIETNAM VETERAN

FIREFIGHT



Suoi Cut was a point on a map in the middle of a rotten war. It was no place to die.

Fiction by Larry Heinemann

New Year's Day in South Vietnam was a truce day from six to six. That night half of my platoon took their turn on the skirmish line outside the remains of the village of Suoi Cut. On the map Suoi Cut is not the width of a finger from the Cambodian border. When the battalion arrived there three days earlier a cart trail split the clearing, but there wasn't the least sign that anyone had ever lived there—not one hooch mound, not one stick of cut wood. Slowly and calmly, with each season of rain, the jungle gathered the village in, like a spider binds up a trapped fly. Suoi Cut was just a circle on the map—a ragged circle.

But by New Year's Day Suoi Cut looked completely different. There were truck trails, sandbag bunkers, and stacks of 105 and 155 rounds; trucks were parked here and there; bare-chested men carried rifles and flak jackets; and the ground was thick with dust. The ambush squads came in. Relief for the listening posts (LP's) went out. The second half of the recon platoon dropped off the line; they had been filling in for some of the Alpha company armored personnel carriers, or 'tracks' as we called them. The resupply chopper came to the landing zone and set up on the road nest with C rations for the grunts, makings for the artillery mess tents, and ammo for everyone. Each flight was escorted by Huey and Cobra gunships that circled the perimeter of our laager just above the trees.

My track, the seven-four or Cowcatcher, pulled in among the First Platoon's tracks in a ditch by the road. Akins, the track commander, was a guy I knew from basic training. There were only two other dudes on the track: Moody, the driver, and Wrye, a tall skinny kid with big eyes and bad nerves. The Cowcatcher, with Quinn, Dewey, Teddy and me, was assigned to the Second Platoon; the seven-two and seven-one pulled in on my left with the Third Platoon down the line. We loaned some claymore mines to the bunkers on either side of us.

The night before, the four of us had celebrated the New Year with a little smoke and ghost stories, and since January 1 was New Year's Eve back in the world, we decided to celebrate all over again. So, while Teddy sat in the hatch, Quinn and Dewey and I sat in back smoking our smokes. It was well after dark and Dewey was telling us all about the last New Year's Eve party he'd been to.

"I got so fuckin' ripped. Wound up passed out under the buffet. Next morning I woke up on the porch without a stitch on, and this fat pig of a broad was lying on the floor next to me. I don't know what happened, but she had a big shit-eating grin."

"Don't ya know if ya got laid?" asked Quinn.

"Fuckin'-A, Quinn. I don't even know how I got my clothes off."

"Ma' man, ya gotta grow up. Shit." And just then a claymore exploded. Quinn and I shot our heads up through the hatch.

On the left of us a couple guys were belly down behind the bunker looking around like crazy. Then the voice of our second platoon leader came blaring over the radio.

"What was that?"

"Two-six, this is two-eight," came another voice. "Never mind. Just somebody getting one off for the New Year," he said with exasperation.

"Send that man to my location!"

We sat back then, and I laid my head back against the waterproof duffel bags and started to nod out. Then a moment later the second platoon listening post came on the air. The guy spoke in halting whispers, giving each word its own breath. "Lima . . . Papa . . . Two. Got . . . movement." I looked up at the red light on the radio. There had been murmurs, light whispered laughter, and hushed noises in the camp, but then it got quiet.

"Lima Papa Two," he whispered again. "Count six, eight bodies coming your location."

"Roger," said the platoon leader. "Eh, seven-three? Gimme about a hundred rounds recon-by-fire."

> "There were incoming mortars, rockets, and grenades. From behind us I could hear the wounded screaming, 'God, my God.'"

I gave him a roger and climbed into the hatch, pushing Teddy up and out. I put on the command helmet so I could talk to my crew and the rest of the battalion, cocked the fifty, and swung it around to the front. Beginning ten meters in front of the wood line I squeezed off a long burst, walking the rounds up to chest high. I moved the gun to the left and fired, then to the right. I swept the area and fired. A long burst. A short burst. Another long burst. The hundred rounds were gone and a pile of hot fifty brass-and-links was scattered around the gun mount and around my feet. I reloaded quickly and listened. The LP came back over the air, speaking quickly, this time giving it in one breath.

"More bodies. At least twenty, thirty boocoo. Can we pull back?"

"This is two-six. Negative."

Down toward the road, toward the seven-four, the firing began. Fifties and M60's and grenades and RPG's (armor-piercing rocket grenades). Then there was more firing on the south side of the laager by Bravo Company, and over by the grunts. Quinn and Teddy moved behind their guns, and we started right up because there they were. First the muzzles and sight blades, then the khaki fatigues and the black cloth web gear and the straight black hair. Dinks, a whole squad of them, maybe more. It all happened at once—machine guns and AK's and grenades and RPG's coming in, hitting somewhere, spraying ice-blue and red-and-white shrapnel. Quinn began throwing grenades back, and Dewey helped me reload and clear away the brass. I picked out a silhouette, or shadow, or shirt, and pulled off rounds with both thumbs on the butterfly trigger. Long bursts and short bursts. And Quinn and Teddy took turns lobbing grenades, pulling the pins with their thumbs, tossing the pin rings back over their shoulders, and the grenades up and over the canopy. If they were lucky they got an air burst. The noise was like cackling and throaty rattling, like a junk box poured out on the ground, all clatter and jangle and screams.

The three batteries opened up at once, firing at will, sailing high-explosive rounds into the jungle. Shrapnel came back into the laager, whizzing hotly and banging against the gun shields with a clang. Then the word was passed that air strikes were coming in, so we slacked off and waited. The Phantoms came in low over the treetops, one after another, dropping canisters of napalm with each pass. Then somebody said that they were calling in the eight-inch and 175mm guns from Katum and Suoi Dau. Someone else said, "There's a break in the line over by the grunts and they're doing it hand to hand. Romeo get ready to pull off the line and move over." And I said, "Yeah, I can dig it," and Quinn laughed, but we never did. The Phantoms kept coming, shrieking and screaming out over the clearing, setting fires with each pass. The 50's and M60's and gunships and miniguns and small arms kept putting out rounds. The dinks kept coming up to the wood line, out into the clearing. We could hear volley after volley of eight-inch and 175's coming in, getting air bursts. They could set the fuse for time, and they had the time down right. The 155's and 105's were squeezing off canister rounds point blank and there was screaming and yelling. Quinn and Teddy lobbed grenades and worked the M60's. I could hear the Alpha Company CO screaming bloody murder over the air, and I never moved so fast in my life, tearing open ammo boxes, cocking and firing and cursing, sweated up and squinting with the rest. Fire teams moved back and forth behind us trying to find the good spots. There were more incoming mortars and rockets and chi-com grenades, and somebody said there was a 105 crew blown away, tube and all, and then gunships came around again. "God, my God," I could hear the wounded screaming, some behind us, some in the woods, and some down front. The medics came up to the track on our right and dragged off two dudes. One was screaming nonsense at the top of his lungs, "Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you." There was a

rattle of straight-pipe mufflers, and everybody was trying to talk on the radio at once. We kept putting out rounds and the Phantoms came again, more and more yet—every Phantom in war zone C, and there was a constant sputter of the miniguns spraying tracers; it was like pissing on a fire. The green tracers of the AK's going up, and heavy incoming, hit the LZ and battalion operations.

"Jesus," somebody shouted over the air. "Jesus," he said. "There they are. Get 'em. Get 'em. Kill 'em. Get down and get them." And the rattle started all over again. There was a call for medics and litters and extra hands to report to the LZ, but we just put out rounds and watched the silver-and-black light from the 105 illumination rounds swinging the shadows back and forth. Then there was another bunch of dinks off to the right, the dude in front with a pistol and the guy behind with an RPG launcher, locked and loaded. Then there was a blast of gray, curling smoke. When the smoke cleared they were gone. That's when I remembered our mines—we still had a dozen mines out. The gunships fired long bursts, br-r-r-r-r-r-rap, and the eight-inch and 175's and 155's and 105's came in volleys, ca-rack, and thack, thack, thack, as the shrapnel tore through the woods. The medics came back for three dudes in the bunker on our far left and the air strikes settled in on the Bravo Company side of the perimeter. I saw three mo-gas fires from the tanks of the tracks, and another blew while I was looking straight at it, black and gray and scarlet. It was a brilliant black and fiery orange mushroom, and one guy flew off the back in flames. The El-tee came over the air to ask if the first half of the platoon was all right and I was the first to pipe up, "Fuckin'-A bet yer tooties, El-tee." The seven-one and seven-two answered right after that, but we couldn't raise seven-four. Dewey wanted to go down and see, but I grabbed him by the shirt and told him to stay put.

We went through box after box of hundred-round belts, grabbing the fifty with both hands, shoulders hunched and tense, and rolled out twenty-round bursts. The sound, the feel, the thick smell of gunpowder and gritty sweat and burning 30-w oil mixed with the scent of fear—a sweet, sticky ooze—and hate, and the sheer physical joy at the noise the 50 made as it tore into faces and bodies. The 50's recoil worked its way up my arms until it was an aggravating, overpowering ache in the small of my back that dragged me closer, nose to nose, to the sputtering gun flashes and a senseless, rhymeless, fluid madness. But it was not what you would call panic. No, it was never panic. Panic couldn't explain the crackle in the air. It amounted to a spark arcing between my thumbs. My body was all used up, it was all screams and gasps and migraine ache. The white-hot barrel smoked and stank, so I poured some 30-w on the barrel and feed tray, and it steamed and smoked and smelled of grease. We ran out of grenades and claymores and one of the pigs

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hanged fire, so Quinn wound up with the shotgun and I used the .45, squeezing off well-aimed shots, just like on the range.

Suddenly the sun rose over the trees. I stood behind my gun, leaning against the armor shield. My mouth was dry and thick. I couldn't work up any spit. I stared at the trees and wood line grass, and only when I saw a movement, a gesture, a flak jacket, did I understand that the fire fight was over. I had a loaded magazine in one hand and the .45 in the other, and when I moved to get down a pain shot through me. Then I saw the bodies, and the litter of ammunition boxes and the brass, the dud chi-com grenades, and firefight junk. Dewey and Teddy sat inside drinking from a canteen cup. Quinn stood in the crew hatch with the shotgun out in front of him and his head on his arm. As I climbed down I touched Dewey on the leg and motioned for him to get into the hatch. I walked out the back and down toward the seven-four.

There was a pain in my thighs. There was a cramp in my thumbs and palms and wrists. My body was hot. I walked down the line of tracks in a fog of gunpowder and morning mist. In the trampled grass, between the tracks and the jungle, were groups and gangs and ragged lines and files of dead. Six or eight or ten here, three or four behind a fallen barkless tree limb, ten or so over there, and blood trails leading into the jungle. One dink leaned up against a tree with one hand on his stomach and the other on his chest, sitting in a pool of blood. A guy from Alpha Company said that he had watched him crawl there. The dink died sometime around dawn; he wasn't sure, didn't really know, couldn't care less.

The seven-four was parked in the ditch facing north with the fifty barrel pointing to the sky. I looked inside. There was nothing but empty ammo boxes, brass cartridges and links, grenade pins, rifles, loose ammo, bloody shirts and flak jackets, and the RPG holes—one on the right side and the other in front of the driver's seat. There were opened and unused ammo boxes and grenades hung on hand straps, and somebody's leg, boot trouser and all, and the revolting smell of blood as thick as river ice. Moody and Akins and Wrye must be dead. I turned on my heel and leaned against the armor, looking out toward the wood line and the high crown of the road and the shallow ditches. Last night, all the yelling and slamming of bolts, all the calling for medics, had come from here. Just in front of the seven-four, along both ditches and the edge of the trees and low wet bushes, were the bodies. Thirty, fifty, more. Their khakis nicked with shrapnel and bullet holes and streaked with grass stains, the web gear soaked through, lying among the AK's and thirty-round magazines and chi-com grenades and dud U.S. grenades and blood trails that trickled back to the jungle and the frayed ends of claymore wires and dud claymores and chunks of trees blown out of the canopy and a soft film of dust. The gray faces shone with sweaty grease and dew, laid out in grotesque clown postures with their screams frozen on their lips, chalky dust clinging to their curled fingers and filthy nails. Some had been dead all night; some had lain there and struggled and died; some had crawled off to die in the forest; and some were close enough to the seven-four to reach up with their hands and touch it. And among all this, the detail from the second platoon moved back and forth. They were dressed in flak jackets or olive drab T-shirts or bare-chested because they couldn't find shirts. They looked just like the bodies on the ground, dust-covered, and wild-eyed. They tallied the count, then they stripped the bodies for the clothes, sandals, silver web-gear buckles, and cash. They stared at the faces and hands and blood, saying among themselves, "Yeah this is the dink." And, "I shot this one here; watch out for that dud there, Franny." And, "Shit, will ya look at this one." The bodies lay in odd groups, some on top of each other, or staring back at the onlookers, but none twitched the slightest twitch.

> Then they'd do a John Wayne with their feet— all hunkered down and cannibal—waiting for the gook hordes.

Quinn walked up behind me with the web belt .45, the shotgun, and a canteen cup of C-ration coffee.

"It's fuckin' garbage, but it'll help get that taste outa yer mouth," he said. "And the El-tee wants to talk to ya. He's over there some fuckin' place. Call if ya need me."

When I found the El-tee he was asleep on a bench with his hands thrust between his thighs. Wrye sat on another bench, his elbows on his knees, his hands around a canteen cup of steaming coffee. There was a filthy tan bandage around his chest, tied tight with two thick knots. He stared down at the cup, or maybe his hands, or his stocking feet, or maybe the dusty floor.

"Hey, Wrye? You okay?"

"I don't . . . I. . . ." His hands shook the cup. "Dosier, don't look at me. They just . . . We had. . . ." Then he took a breath. "Akins just kept killing them. I saw them die. . . . The way the heads exploded, the bellies. . . . They just kept coming at us, shouting. And the whole time Akins bleeding from the legs, and Moody . . . Moody's boot sat on his seat the whole time. God, Dosier we had to do it. Didn't we? A grenade hit me on the side of the face. I'm s'posed to be dead, Dosier. I should be dead, shouldn't I?"

Then the El-tee sat up. "Ronny, listen up, Ronny. Gimme that coffee, and you lay down, hey. I'll get Stepik to give you some more Darvon. It's okay, Ronny. You're not going to have to do it anymore. Akins did not die. Moody is going to be all right, you'll see." He took the cup out of Wrye's hands, pushed him down, and put a blanket under his head. "Come on, Dosier, we can talk outside."

"What I want is for you to move over and take up seven-six's position. There's more ammo and shit comin' in this afternoon, so no sweat about that. They're bringing in more companies as soon as they can get here. Now go on, Coop will show ya where to set up. Wrye's goin' home. Alpha Company put him and Akins and Moody in for Silver Stars. Alpha Company says the seven-four counts for thirty-some bodies."

"Yes sir, I know. I had a look."

The perimeter on the south side was thirty meters back from the wood line. Just back of the line, between the two burnt Bravo Company tracks, lay the seven-six in puddles of shining aluminum-alloy armor plate, and whole pieces were scattered around, rounded and warped by the heat and soft-looking. The gun mounts, the deck, all four sides, everything but the steel plate on the floor had burned. All the rubber on the tread cleats and road wheels was burned away, and the treads lay slack. There were ashes of rags and unopened ammo boxes that had been cooking off all night, and everything was covered with a greasy, shiny soot. The stink of burned rubber and gunpowder and iron was thick and heady. Shivers, the TC, had third-degree burns and lost an arm. Temple and Meyer, the gunners, had been burned some and cut up some.

Dewey brought the Cowcatcher around and pulled on line. The four of us stood around the seven-six looking down at it. The bottom of the driver's seat still bolted to the floor, the oily ammo boxes twisted and exploded a hundred times by the cooking ammo. Heat rose in waves, and there was the scent of rubber. And then I saw it: the ridge of a temple, an eyehole, finger bones at an arm's end, the tips and ridges and hollows of a pelvis among the ashes and the engine parts too hard to distort by fire and the corners of metal ammo cans. The body. Covered with that rubber and that cloth smudge—like a carcass picked clean then brought in with an oil slick tide—half in, half out of the sand.

It could be a trick. I was so tired. My eyes and fists and thighs ached. I stared down at it. The eyehole, the hip, the small bones of the thumb.

"Dewey," I said, "go get the El-tee. That's Dano. Go get the El-tee and Stepik and a poncho."

He was looking down. His mouth opened and he took a breath. Then he looked at me.

"Get a fuckin' poncho or a body bag and

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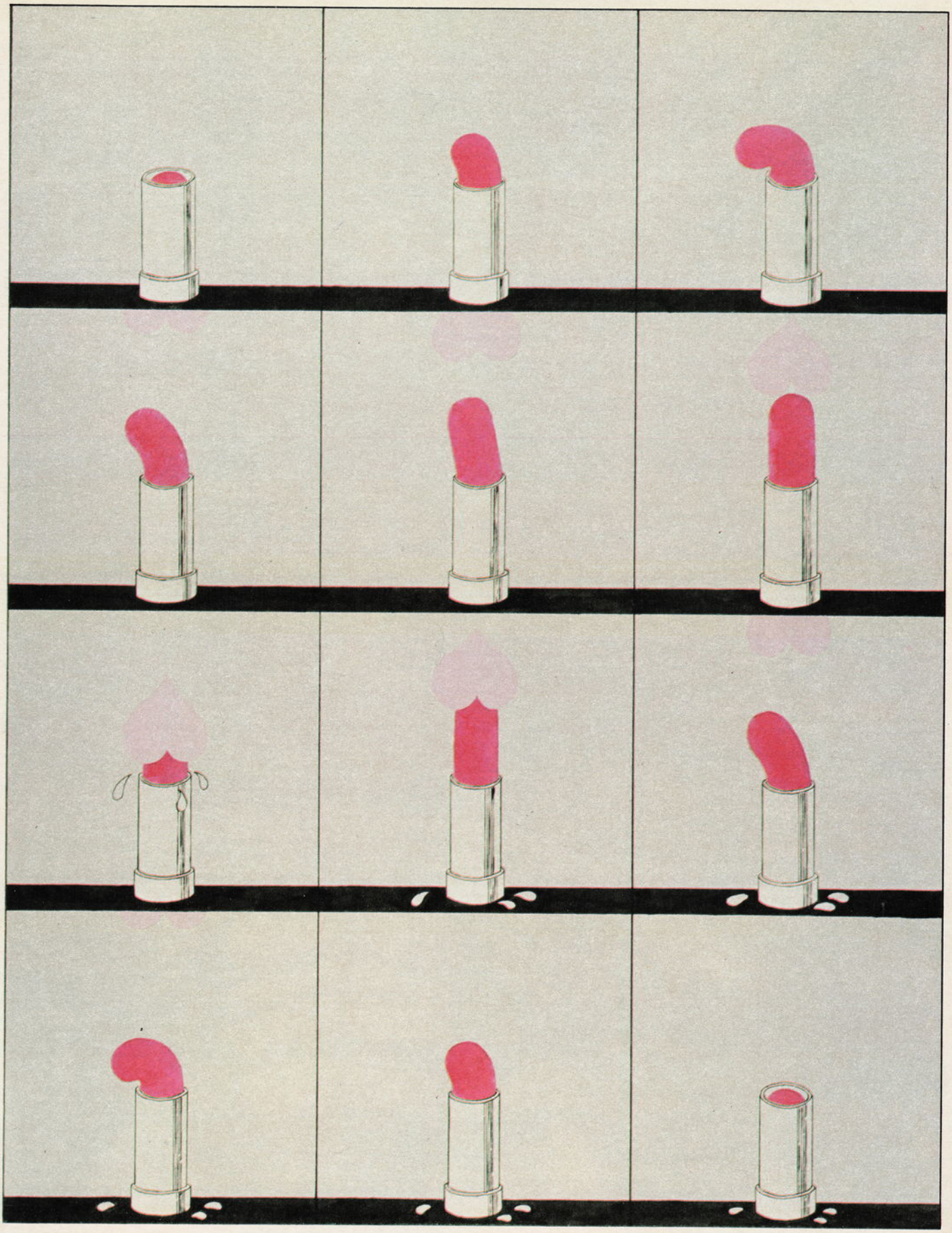

Paul Psorakis

Illustration by Paul Birkbeck

OUT OF THIS WORLD

Robert Monroe has the canny squint and artless smile of a small carnival owner. He doesn't look like a man who has been popping out of his body and mapping the psychic universe.

On a fall evening in 1958, Robert Monroe, a forty-three-year-old radio and television producer, stretched out on his bed with his arm hanging over the edge of the mattress and pushed his fingertips through the floor. Nothing broke, because Monroe had not moved his physical hand. His consciousness—or what nineteenth-century psychics used to call the astral body, the physical body's double, which can live on after death, a glowing shadow that some spiritualists claim weighs two and one-half ounces—had, Monroe claims, slipped from his flesh as easily as a slick sliver of soap can slide through wet fingers.

"I discovered that I could leave my body and enter Second State worlds by accident," Monroe says. "There were no preliminaries to the experience. This type of thing was at that time not an interest of mine. It was totally new and quite alien. I was just a businessman, minding my own business."

He had recently left a vice-presidency at the Mutual Broadcasting System in New York City, returning to his own production company and buying radio station WAAA in Winston-Salem, North Carolina; and he could not afford to waste time in occult "fantasies." But they refused to vanish. He would find himself floating on the ceiling like a forgotten circus balloon, staring down at his physical body, which was lying peacefully in bed. Or he would fly through space, a spectral Superman, to homes of friends and to other more exotic and sometimes sinister spots, such as the edge of the solar system, parallel worlds, or Busby Berkeley versions of heaven.

Once, Monroe claims, he visited a friend while out of the body and, since he was invisible, pinched her to prove he had been there. A few days later, when Monroe asked her if she'd been molested by any ghostly hands over the weekend, she pulled up her sweater and showed him two black-and-blue marks. There are, it seems, lewd possibilities in journeying outside the body; and, although Monroe resisted the temptation to turn into an astral Peeping Tom—that postpubescent dream of strolling invisible into the girls' high school locker room—he has enjoyed astral sex, a casual frictionless flash

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BY DAVID BLACK

like an electric spark snapping between two wires, a general excitation of the whole being, rather than a localized genital orgasm.

In September 1963, in some random out-of-body dimension, Monroe stumbled across a group of astral inhabitants who formed a line, and as he walked from one to the other, stepped forward and zapped him with astral sex—an experience not unlike bopping through one of those late-1950's line dances. Monroe describes astral sex as a merging of energy fields, "an invisible, rigid state of shock," a fizzy blending of two substances like shooting carbon dioxide into water to make club soda.

Ever since the early part of this century, when William James studied a Harvard University colleague's astral flight and Pierre-Emile Corneiller hypnotized a woman in Paris and sent her lurching out of her body, psychologists have tentatively admitted that there is at least an authentic subjective experience of temporarily having your consciousness organized from a point of view outside your physical body. However, as though words have a magical ability to tame odd, wild experiences, psychologists usually dismiss the out-of-body phenomenon as simply being autoscopy, the projection of a consciousness unable to accept responsibility for particular experiences, a narcissistic hallucination that denies the power of death. Otto Rank, one of Freud's early disciples, described autoscopic hallucinations as the product of autoerotic longings. Carl Gustav Jung, who experienced out-of-body episodes, more generously described them as moments when you dive into the pool of the collective unconscious, leaving your ego like a forgotten bathing suit on the shore.

Recently, as a result of post-psychedelic interest in alternate states of consciousness, some researchers are very uneasy about accepting the out-of-body experience as exactly what our senses tell us it is—an occasion when the consciousness takes a vacation from the cage of the flesh.

The following doctors have all studied the phenomenon, and all admit that to some degree out-of-body experiences are objectively real: Robert Morris at the Parapsychology Research Foundation in Durham, North Carolina; John Palmer at the University of Virginia; Karlis Osis at the American Society for Psychical Research; Putoff and Targ at Stanford Research Institute; John Lilly, who pioneered communication experiments with the bottle-nose dolphin; Stanley Krippner at the Maimonides Dream Laboratory in Brooklyn; and also Edgar D. Mitchell, the Apollo 14 astronaut.

"This idea of externalization, which I prefer to call it, or astral projection, or out-of-body experience has been reported so often that we mustn't discount that as being the reality, the correct hypothesis, however hard it may be to explain," Mitchell said in the Palo Alto office of his Institute of Noetic Sciences, which is diagonally across the street from the local Church of Scientology.

In November 1973, Putoff and Targ (the two Stanford Research Institute scientists who two years ago studied Israeli psychic Uri Geller, who toured the U.S. that year bending keys apparently through psychokinesis) conducted fifteen days of successful out-of-body experiments. But until one of these researchers finds conclusive proof of the objective reality of astral travel, anyone who wakes up floating over his bed and staring down at his sleeping body will understandably be shaken.

"He tried to have himself committed before realizing what was happening," said Bill Whitehead, Monroe's editor at Doubleday. "For a long time he didn't want to make public what was happening to him because he thought his business and family might suffer, people might think him crazy. But he's not, of course. He's told me how to bring about the experience, and I have tried. I've come very close to having one. Very, very close. I began to have that vibrating experience, and I felt a definite pulling away from myself."

"There are basically two theories to explain out-of-body experiences," said Dr. Charles T. Tart, a psychologist at the University of California at Davis, who has experimented with both Monroe and a woman who seemed to be able to control her astral excursions. "The first is that we have a second body, and consciousness resides in it. This fits the experience well, but people don't like it. The second theory is that the out-of-body experience is like a dream; and, since people often give you information from a distance, this theory would say out-of-body experiences are dreams plus ESP."

Tart was hesitant to wedge Monroe's experiences into either theory, however. He admitted only that whatever is happening to Monroe is unusual, although he tended to accept the experience as authentic.

"I'm inclined toward the theory that there is a 'something' that consciousness goes with and that 'something' leaves the body," said Tart, an open and friendly person, who wears a green gambler's visor around the office and looks like a young Ed Wynn. "I think a lot of our religious views are outgrowths of out-of-body experiences. I think the whole concept of the soul didn't arise because a bunch of theologians were speculating about Greek words for air. People have always been having out-of-body experiences. They usually have a profound effect on the people who become convinced that they survive death."

During eight experiments at the University of Virginia Hospital from December 1965 to August 1966, Tart found that Monroe's electroencephalogram (EEG) patterns often did not fit into any accepted waking or sleeping state. Monroe's alpha frequencies, the most common electroencephalographic wave form that seems to be associated with nerve signals from the eyes and which usually get longer and more regular when the eyes are closed, varied from eight to thirteen cycles per second.

"Most people have fixed alpha frequency," said Tart. "If it's ten cycles per second, it never deviates more than nine and one half to ten and one half."

During sleep, Monroe produced theta waves—a wave form related to emotion, both pleasure and frustration, and to the functioning of the portion of the brain called the thalamus—with amplitudes of 150 to 200 microvolts, which Tart reports is 100 to 150 microvolts greater than he has ever seen before. Although scientists are still unclear about the meaning of electrical activity in the brain, whatever is happening to Monroe is not in the category of table rappings in dim rooms. Monroe's mystic double betrays himself with enough weird waves and spindles on an EEG recording to convince most rationalists that something unexplained is lurking in the synapses of Monroe's brain.

Monroe, tall and heavy, has the canny squint and artlessly cynical smile of a small carnival owner or of LBJ in a David Levine caricature. He drives an old Valiant from his cablevision company, the Jefferson Cable Corporation, to the site of "Green Meadow," one of three suburban developments being built around Charlottesville, Virginia, by his construction company, Process Builders Corporation.

He ambles around the five houses already plunked down on the bulldozed red dirt in the development, his hands thrust deep into his pockets as he chats with the carpenters. He does not look like a man who has been popping out of his body for the past seventeen years and mapping the psychic universe into which his Second State body has stumbled. No aura surrounds him. And he has never cultivated any mysterious mannerisms.

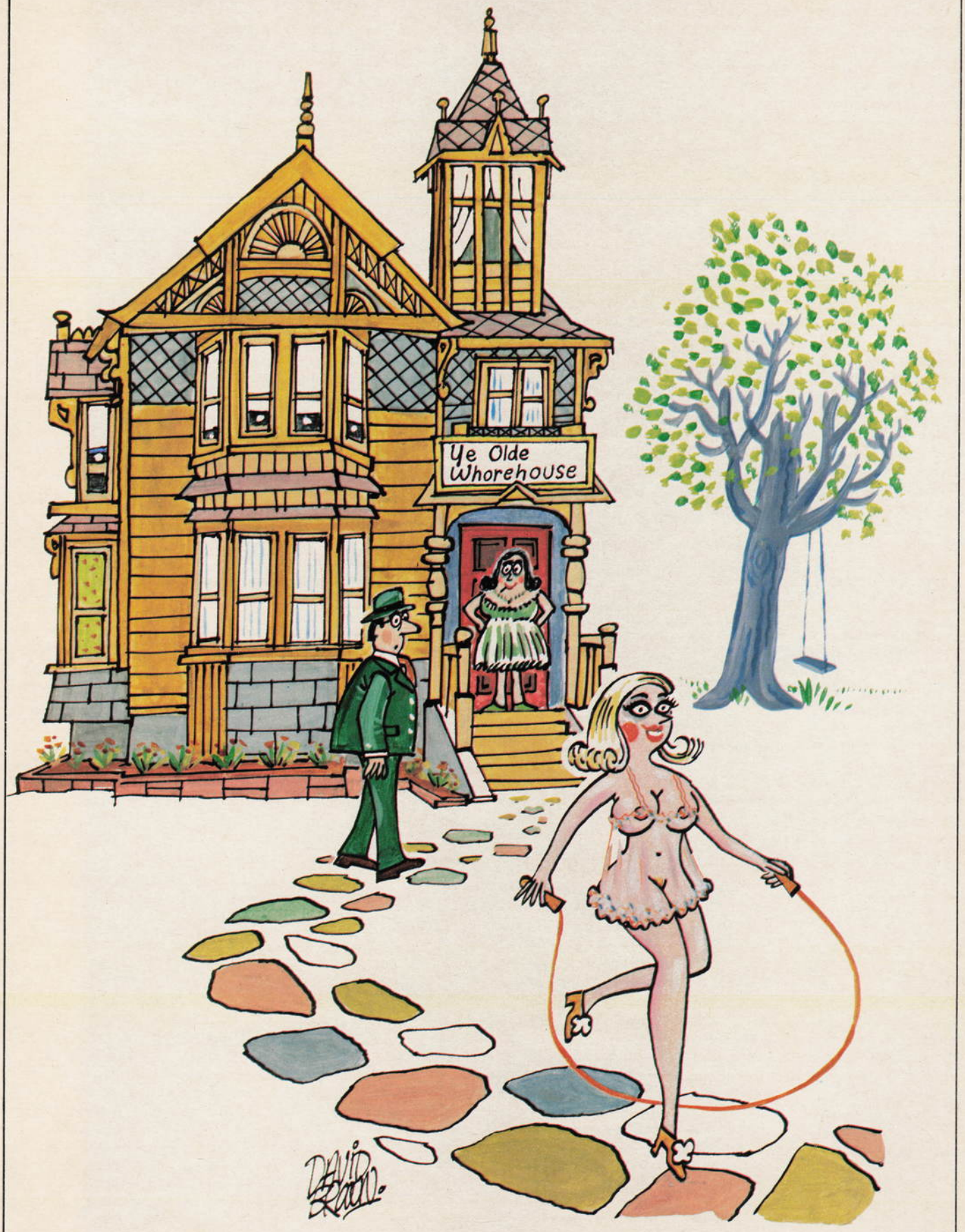
Monroe is slyly aware of his position in a society that tries to keep psychics, sensitives, and astral travelers out of the scientific big top and in the side show; and he attempts to disarm skepticism by hinting at what his critics might be thinking of his claims. After mentioning that his family lived in Columbus, Ohio, he makes the casual connection to James Thurber, who grew up in Columbus, and continues the association to include Thurber's Walter Mitty.

But Monroe is not a Walter Mitty. His life has been reasonably exciting. He has raced cars, sailed boats and gliders, scuba dived, and bobsledded. When he was producing radio shows in the early fifties, he hobnobbed with George Sanders, Peter Lorre, and Madeleine Carroll. His out-of-body experiences are not an attempt to inject glamour into a frustrated life. In fact, he quit show business to escape from glamour, which is not only romance but illusion.

"One of the things that turned me away from production and directing," he says, "was my feeling that it was nonreality and that reality was taking place outside that studio somewhere."

By slipping out of his body, Monroe feels that he is not withdrawing from reality, but cracking through the material shell into a greater reality, the same transcendental outback being explored by Carlos Castan-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 139



". . . a penny a kiss, a penny a hug, I'm gonna save my pennies in a big brown jug . . ."

MELANIE

Only nineteen and just one year out of high school, Melanie Sutherland has some pretty definitive ideas about what separates the women from the girls. "If a woman wants to be a plumber, she should *be* a plumber," Melanie says—with the air of a person who knows exactly where her nuts and bolts are. "I think that women are just as conscious of the power of personal accomplishment as men. To deny this would be like saying that the pleasures of sex are meant for men alone."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Having plumbed some of those pleasures, Melanie knows better, and she is equally definitive about separating the men from the boys. "No question about it, I like my men to be mature. It takes the kind of intelligence that only the years bring to be able to deal with me. And when it comes to sex, well it's the older man who knows where it's at—so that's the kind I concentrate on. I don't play the field. I prefer to live with one man and give him everything I've got." Which includes a good deal more than her 36-25-36 framework....

"Drive me out to a lonely beach. Lay on a bottle of good champagne and some

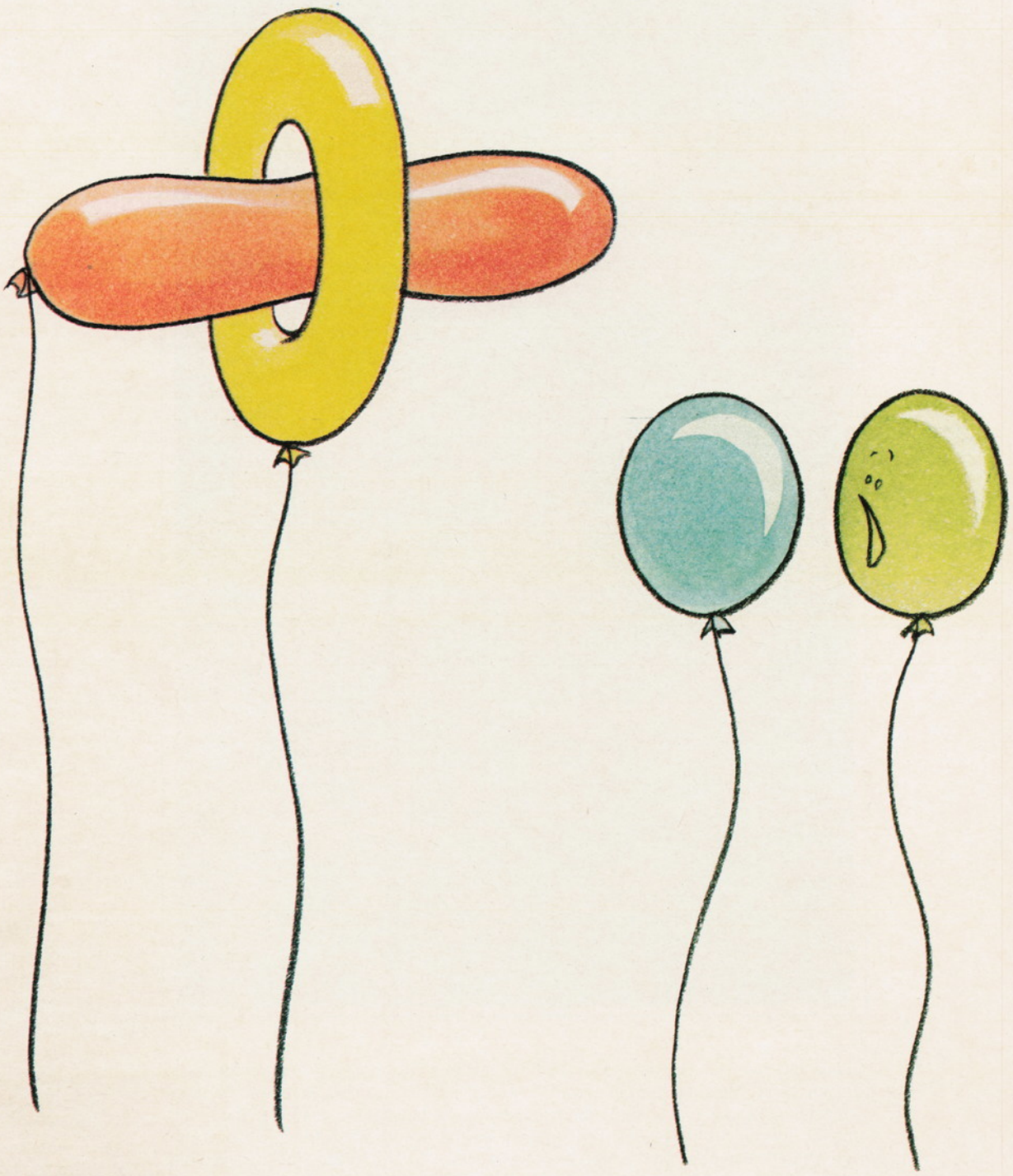
Wardrobe by James Reva of Beverly Hills; nails and eyelashes by About Face, Northridge, California.

peace and quiet, so that I can focus on the pleasure of his company—the way he feels, touches, and tastes. Or burn me down a freeway on a Honda 750. What can be more intimate than clinging to a man's shoulders—knowing that life and death depend on his control, feeling his tenseness and urgency as the speed and vibrations build up? That's the kind of emotion I'm into. Whatever pleases him will please me, but naturally I expect the same consideration in return."

All things considered, Melanie, plumbing's not for you. Maybe you should consider other pastimes where the right speed and vibrations can really make things flow....

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Those two were made for each other."

FIREFIGHT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

the El-tee and a fuckin' medic." But he did not move. "Do like you're told. Git!"

A moment later the El-tee and Stepik came, stumbling over clods of dirt and sandbags and junk, coming fast.

"Where is he? Where is he?" they said as they came. I pointed to the remains of the body, the cooked-off ammo, the ashes, the sooty chunks of junk. Dewey came running back with the long-handled spade and his brand-new poncho.

"Go ahead, Dosier," said the El-tee. "Get it. Get it quick. You there, lay out that poncho. And you, Dosier, you dig."

I stepped closer and put a foot up. The wreckage was still very hot; it would have smoked if it could. I grasped the shovel tightly until my knuckles turned white, and with the blade end pushed and scraped aside the boxes. The body was charred black, the flesh burned away. The skull was torn and snagged with pieces of shrapnel and fifty-caliber slugs, and the ashes of his clothes hung on the bones like blackened scabs of muddy matted hair. I worked the shovel under the pelvis, pushing and pulling until I could pick it up. As I lifted him out and set him on the poncho, flakes of ash fell off in the breeze. There was flesh still clinging around his pelvis and the short length of backbone that came with it. I put it down quickly and turned to look for more. I shoveled out a belt buckle and shards of bone and pieces of shrapnel and fingers and boxes. Then I threw down the shovel. Stepik started bending down to pull the corners of the poncho together, but I pushed him away.

"I'll do it all." I drew the corners together and Stepik pulled from his pocket a roll of wounded tags—the ones with wire strips, like shipping tags. We filled in the information the best we could, and then Stepik twisted the wire around the poncho.

The three of us walked back to the six-nine. The poncho banged against my leg as I walked, and everyone we passed turned and looked at the poncho and knew there was a body in it, a body light enough for one man to tote. The bones and blackened flesh and shrapnel and poncho rubber made soft crunching noises each time they hit my leg, and I walked fast, trying to hold the sack away from me. The wounded tag flapped against my wrist and the wire cut into my hand. I reached the El-tee's track and set the poncho in the shade, and turned away rubbing the wire cut on my palm, spitting on it and working the spit into the cut with the other hand. The three of us stood there looking down at the body until Cooper reached into his duffel bag and came back with a bottle of back-in-the-world gin his father had sent him too late for Christmas. He broke the seal and took a swig, then passed it to me. I raised it to my lips and closed my eyes. I don't like the taste of gin, but I took three quick sucking mouthfuls. My eyes teared and I choked before I could take the bottle away from my lips. My throat, mouth, and head burned. I wanted to leave that place. I wanted to go someplace quick and squat down and put my head between my knees and throw up. We passed the bottle back and forth until it was empty, and then I walked back to the seven-three.

Dano had been one of the new guys. He wore a gun glove and we used to laugh at him because he didn't want to get callouses on his gun hand. Once we were called out in the middle of the night and I watched him running down to the motor pool with his flak jacket and grenades, pulling that glove tight on his hand, trying to keep his balance with his shoulders. But none of that meant anything anymore, because the poncho didn't weigh twenty pounds.

There were bodies all over, even though the detail had been working the better part of the morning. They were mutilated with canister rounds and claymores and point-blank fifties and grenades and a crack across the face with a two-by-four, wrapped around trees or hunkered together like books or sprinkled along the ditches. An entire Vietnamese platoon got caught on the road a hundred meters from the camp; they were laid out to a man by Phantoms and gunships. Bodies lay in groups, and the detail could hardly make a dent in getting rid of them. There were AK's and chi-com grenades and blood in the deep grass. In the mass grave each tier of bodies was covered over with quicklime and dirt. Then the detail would go back for more bodies. One trooper on each arm, if there were enough arms, and shuck it down—field gear in one pile, rifles in another, personal shit in the third. Then they'd heave-ho. Sometimes their heads would meet, hard enough to raise a lump and a migraine.

And Bravo Company just digging the hell out of it. Going through the gear looking for the silver belt buckles with the embossed star and the little pouches of smoke and the cash, the Ho Chi Minh tire-track sandals and letters from home scribbled on Victory Newsletter tissue paper, signed Ma or Sis or You-Know-Who. I took an AK and a sackful of thirty-round magazines and let it go at that.

The collage of death poses, the pale gray skin, the curled fingers scraping the grass and dirt. Some sticking their tongues out, some with bloody black mouths, one dude with his head sheared off at the jaw with his black tongue laid out on his lowers, looking for all the world like somebody took his head off with a swipe of a hand. Eyes tight, lips open, laugh lines and frown lines, and blood down to here from the mass of shredded junk hanging from the chest—the dude caught a claymore fair and square. And the dudes behind him hanging on to one another. The dead leading the dead, all in line, all laid out. Another dude fell on a trip flare and it burned and burned, so he got buried with the ass end of it sticking out of his ribs. Thousands and thousands, the parade of dead men keep coming. You get so tired of

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watching, like a boring ball game. We found bodies in the jungle for a month, leaning against trees with their pith helmets and AK's, and the skin drawn tight and humming with jungle bugs.

Cooper came around and told us that Westmoreland was coming out to see for himself, but later that afternoon we had some incoming rounds, so I guess he called it off. They wanted us to clean up a little anyway, but we kept smoking and took turns trying to nap, and looked for flies.

There was more incoming down along the LZ where the mo-gas and ammo and C's were stacked, and very quickly there was firing all up and down the line. The observation posts didn't even come over the air to ask us what was happening, they all just squeezed down into their foxholes and froze. All the gunners—and me among them—kept it up until the guns smelled of 30-w oil and burnt fry pans. The gooks were back; they were there by the thousands. It was almost like an echo, you could hear the loud sloppy smacking of lips as dudes were bending over to kiss their assholes goodbye. Then they'd do a John Wayne with their feet—all hunkered down and cannibal—waiting for the gook hordes. Quinn and Dewey and Teddy and I looked the hardest because they had burned the seven-six to a black crisp the night before and I was too young to die. But it never happened. We had air strikes for three days solid. That night the ground shook with a B-52 strike, and later in the morning when it was still dark we had two more and nobody got any sleep. It was that way for a week. The ground began to stink that jungle stink. The dirt was saturated with a death stench and flies buzzed hotly. It got in our clothes and eyes and food, and it clung to our skin like the dust.

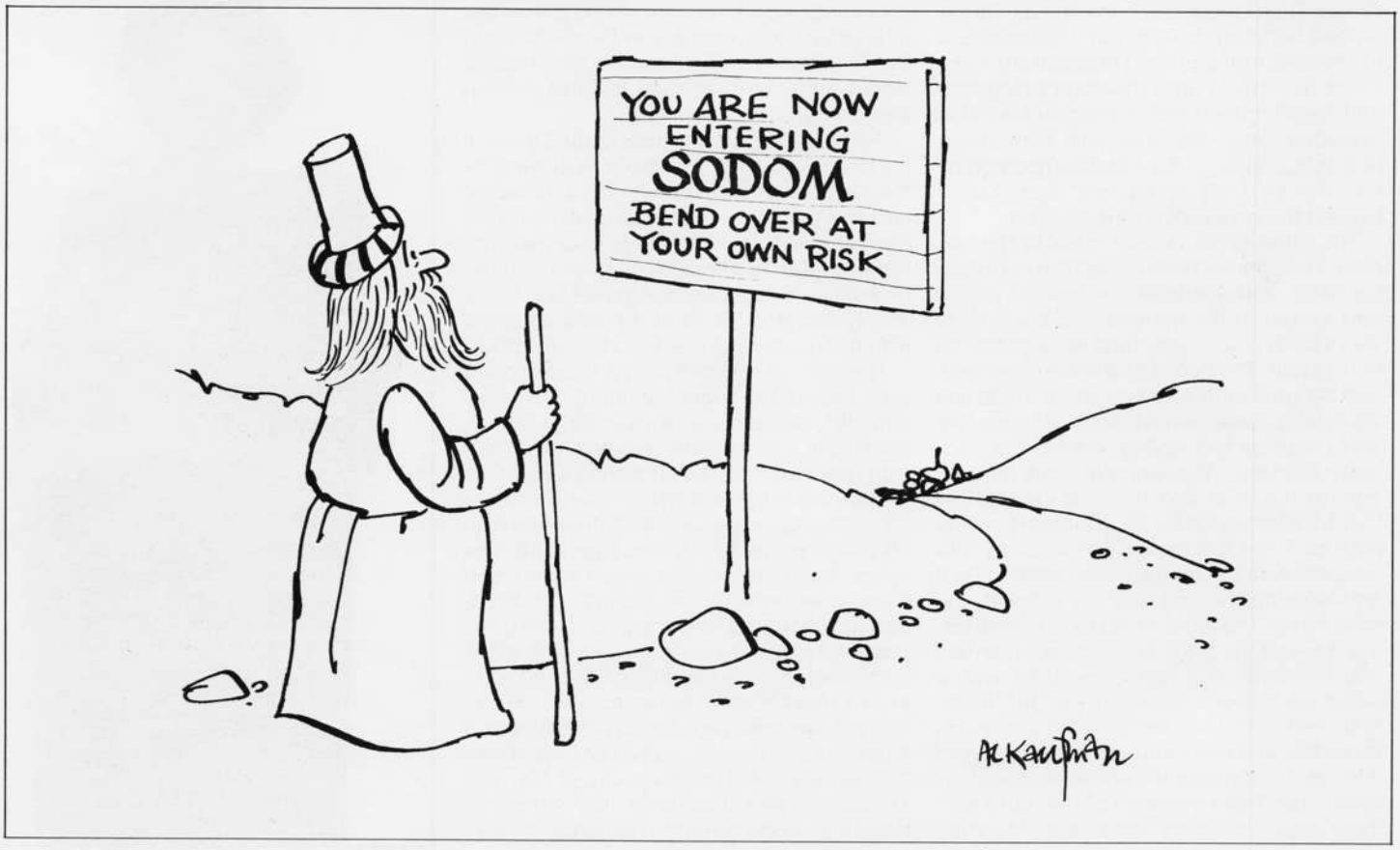
We left the perimeter and pulled sweeps during the day and sat on laagers at night, and had incoming every night but one. One afternoon we drove up to a buffalo and a cart and I blew away the buffalo with a quick burst. We cut him away from the cart and sent the cart in with the resupply that night. Headquarters Company CO set it up in front of the orderly room with a sign: CAPTURED BY FULLBACK ROMEO SEVEN-THREE. The next day we were out rolling along a trail looking for rice caches and finding them when we surprised three dinks taking a break in place, leaning back against an ant hill. We blew them away as they ran for the woods. And the rice, something like a couple tons, I guess, we poured gas on it and burned it right then and there. It burned slow and popped, and was still glowing late that night. Then another afternoon we stumbled on a base camp and found two bunkers crammed with bicycles. Three-speed Ho Chi Minh bicycles, so we took the afternoon off and got a little higher, and dicked around with the bicycles till dark. Quinn found a GI waterproof with gook shorts and a couple of dress shirts, and cross my heart and hope to die, two powder-blue medium-size sweat shirts with short sleeves and a manufacturer's tag that said MADE IN HANOI.

Another afternoon we were sent out to scrape up an ambushed grunt platoon. When we pulled up to them they were in the tightest perimeter I've ever seen. There were four dudes back to back: the wounded in the middle and the KIA outside.

We loaded them up and pulled back because the El-tee said he was calling in an air strike. I came over the air and said, "See if you can get them to burn this whole fucking woods."

We kept moving around. Up near the border. Back this way. Move and sit the night and move again. I made a deal with Stepik for some Darvons. I'd sit the last guard, then pop a couple Darvons with my coffee, do a smoke, and we'd break camp. We would ride through the woods with Deadeye leaning back against the armor shield, humming some catchy little tune, and jacking his jaw with Dewey on the crew phone. And then it was the middle of the month of February all of a sudden and the whole can of worms was ordered back to camp. There was a make-do crew on the seven-four and the bulldozer dug a hole for the seven-six and buried it. We drove south along the road, down past Suoi Tre and Fire Base Brant and Suoi Dau and hit the convoy road, but the seven-three finally gave out and we had to be towed the rest of the way. We found out later there was shrapnel in the gas line. Our part of the convoy didn't hit the Dau Teing gate until something like nine that night. We had to park on the camp perimeter because there was something about an attack, but we just sat around and stayed high.

The next morning it took two minutes for the platoon to pull into the motor pool and shut down and when the sounds finally died, when I pulled the CVC off my ears and brushed the dust from the day before out of my hair, all I could think of was rest. Jesus H. fuckin' Christ. I got to take a fuckin' nap.



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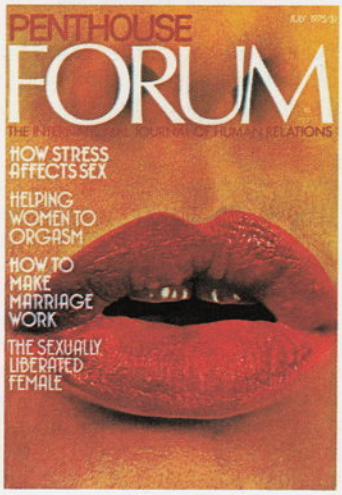

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IN THE OCTOBER FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

THE JOURNEY NOT THE ARRIVAL COUNTS

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One of the most candid articles you'll ever read about how men actually make love to each other.

SEX AFTER A HEART ATTACK?

The latest medical findings are reassuring—a heart attack does *not* automatically mean the death of sex.

WOMEN AND ACUPUNCTURE

From menstrual cramps to weight problems, women are now turning to the "cure of the thousand needles." An exciting report from Lilian Africano.

SEX CLINICS: AN UP-TO-DATE REPORT

When to go—
Where to go—
What to expect—
Plus:
A Nationwide Directory To Sex Clinics

The whole platoon straggled up to the mess hall in a gang, one foot in front of the other. Nobody bothered to unload the fifties or sixties or take off their flak jackets or change into clean fatigues—nobody had clean, anyway—and we lined up last of all at the mess hall. The stink and jungle junk followed us up, and even the dink KP's had to hold their noses when we crowded in. Akins was there with his legs bandaged; he hadn't seen Moody or the others.

I want an egg and some bacon. Fuck the bread. Fuck the apples. Fuck the Kool Aid. There was tepid powdered milk and the ass end of scrambled eggs, and Haskins, even Haskins, whose head did not fuck easy, mumbled something, and I told him about the seven-four and the seven-six and the bicycles and the sweat shirts. But he didn't laugh or even crack a smile. The Romeo TC's sat at one table filling it with guns and elbows and mess kit tablespoons and tin trays, still dripping wet with soap. It soaked into the eggs and they tasted bitter and slippery. And the Housecats—the Looey's and senior NCO's that had more brains than to go to the field—asked us to eat outside, we were smelling up their mess hall.

"Listen buddy, if ya don't like the way I eat, blow it out yer ass. I just got back from thirty days on the border, countin' fuckin' gooks, and if ya can't dig it—if ya can't fuckin' dig us comin' inta yer mess hall—write yer fuckin' Congress. Otherwise, kiss my long wong. I'm takin' a break. Go shuffle yer papers." We stayed and stayed until Haskins finally came around and bought us off with a couple smokes and we left.

Back in the motor pool we took up money for beer. Quinn and a couple others left for town to get some smoke, and that night we had a high old time. The party stopped when the El-tee came in with the mail, looking a little mellow himself. We sat around and played blackjack. I went out front when I lost the deal and watched the camp dogs fighting over C-ration leftovers, and some guys playing bayonet mumblety-peg.

Around midnight I went back into the NCO tent to sack out, but I couldn't get comfortable: the canvas felt odd; the blanket scratched my arms; the rats under the footboards would not get quiet. After a while I gathered up my shotgun and flak jacket and went down to the motor pool, and pulled out my hammock and crawled in. I lit a smoke, looking up at the base-camp stars and listening to the base-camp traffic and flicking ashes with a quick gesture. The smoke dropped to the floor when I nodded off.

The next day, Dewey went to Bien Hoa to pick up a replacement for the seven-six—he was going to be the new TC.

A couple days later the platoon went back to doing convoys. Out in the morning, back in the afternoon, parties every night. I slept in the track. I just could not sleep in the tent. I didn't feel right, the cot gave me an itch, the rats kept me awake. At night the armor was still warm and I could light the stove and read my letters, and get high and swing in my hammock. I would get up when the platoon came down to the motor pool for the move out, and eat breakfast on the fly. I was getting short, down close to going home.

The dinks started playing convoy games, pulling logs across the road, digging shallow trenches, making dirt castles. The first couple of times we found the castles we dismounted and checked them on foot, but that got old awful quick. After that we just hung back some and pulled off a burst of fifty and if there was a mine it would blow. A couple times they did. Every day it was some hard-core puppy shit: an ace of spades, goofy religious symbols, dead goats, junk like that. Lots of puppy shit.

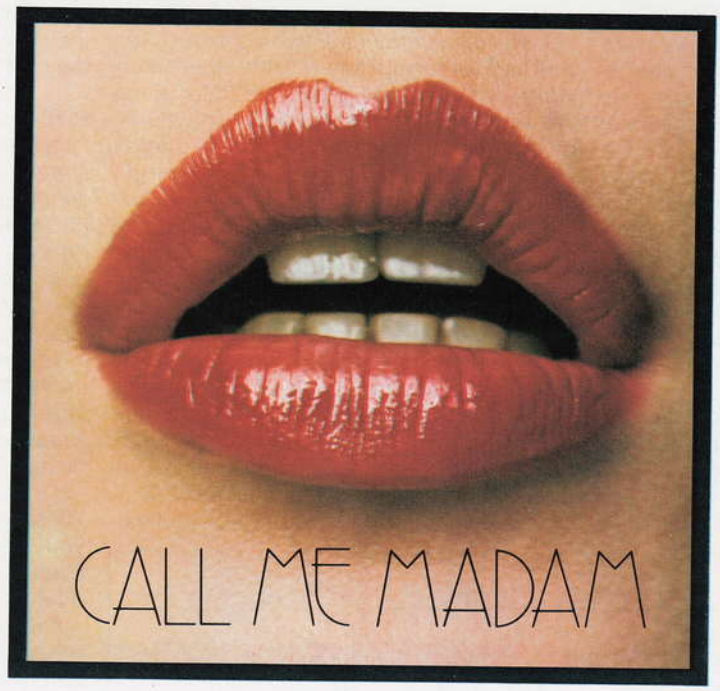
"I wish'd they'd cut the games and just do it," Quinn said one afternoon. And then they did. It was just the other side of Charlie Papa Golf—RPC's, automatic weapons, the whole nine yards. We pulled into the ditch on the ambush side and opened fire. Thirty machine guns going at once, not waiting for the gun flashes or the heads or the sounds. We drove out of the ditch and rolled at an idle right up to them and fired down on their heads. Then the El-tee said there were air strikes coming in, so we had to back off to the other side of the road, with the 50's reaching over the high crown, watching for dinks that might turn and run. The Phantoms came in low along the ditch with napalm. Tumble, tumble, crash, splash. One Phantom would do the napalm, the other would strafe, starting from a couple thousand feet and coming straight down with 20mm, moving the rounds into the bull's-eye, one dink at a time. They buzzed the ambush for the better part of half an hour, making the bomb runs, coming straight down for the strafe. We just sat there and watched from the road.

When the Phantoms left we found fourteen corpses. We dragged them out to the road and laid them out. We stripped the bodies for souvenirs, and stood around looking at them. Quinn stood at the head of one body, heaving his chest and laughing a little to himself, and then he clenched his jaw.

"You goddamn . . ." He swung the AK around and clubbed the body across the face, sputtering and swinging. Everybody else jerked their heads around, and stood still as he kept swinging, cracking the butt plate across the ribs and pounding on the stomach. The El-tee walked away so he could say in truth that he had seen nothing, in case he was asked. Finally he shouted, "Mount up and move," from around the back of his track. But Quinn kept grunting and swinging. The El-tee shouted louder and we began to move. Quinn turned and walked off, but turned on his heel and shouted, "Ga-a-a!" and clubbed the body one more time, then dropped the bloody rifle and walked away. We left the bodies on the road and drove back to camp. The cook who served that night had heard about the count—everybody had heard about the fourteen count. He wanted to talk about it, but we went through the line just like always and said, "Yeah, a fourteen count," and moved on. The next morning when we drove out, the bodies were gone. O+

"Small penises are great for oral sex. You don't have to be Linda Lovelace to get them all in."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER



XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

For the first years of our marriage, my husband and I had many sexual problems. For almost a year we did not have intercourse at all. We thought that having satisfactory intercourse was the only way to have satisfying sex, and intercourse was definitely unsatisfactory for both of us. I never once had an orgasm during intercourse, and of course I was very, very frustrated. I blamed my husband for everything that went wrong with our sexual relationship. From the very beginning he had premature ejaculations, and I can now see that the pressure I put on him to perform well probably made his problem worse. When I felt angry and frustrated, I would tease him about his unusually small penis. His erect penis is no more than three inches long and not very big around. I really thought that his small size was one reason I had never experienced an orgasm during intercourse. Of course, the things I said to him concerning his small penis didn't do anything to help his already low self-confidence. Our sexual relationship deteriorated to the point where we simply stopped having intercourse.

I began masturbating a lot, using a vibrator with a soft plastic cover so that it resembled a large erect penis. I derived a great deal of pleasure from humiliating and punishing my husband, whom I continued to blame for my lack of sexual satisfaction. It would take me much too long to give you all the details from this period in my life, but I need only say that I sought sexual satisfaction in all the ways that a woman in my situation would.

Finally I realized that what I really wanted was a good sexual relationship with my husband, whom I still loved. After reading your column, Xaviera, I came to realize that having satisfactory intercourse wasn't necessary for having satisfying sex. Since we had so many problems concerning sexual intercourse, we decided it wasn't necessary for us to have intercourse to have a good sexual relationship. There are other ways to obtain the sexual satisfaction which we both want. We decided to substitute oral sex for intercourse. We've now been having sex in the "sixty-nine" position for a short time, and it seems to be working out very well. My husband is learning to postpone his ejaculation, and we have none of the other problems we experienced with intercourse. My husband's small penis makes a good mouthful for oral sex. You see, I don't have to be a Linda Lovelace to take all of it into my mouth at once. It still takes me quite awhile to come, but I've started having orgasms during our mutual oral sex—and I love it! By now we both feel there is absolutely no need for us to have intercourse anymore, and oral sex is such a great form of birth control.

Xaviera, I'm not just writing to tell you about my experiences. I'm also hoping you might have some suggestions for techniques to employ when performing oral sex. My husband still has a great deal to learn about what to do during oral sex. I don't have a very prominent clitoris, and my husband does have some difficulty reaching it with the tip of his tongue. I know it must make his tongue sore to lick my clitoris for as long as it takes me to come now. Luckily, he seems very willing to learn.

Can you please give us some recommendations for any good positions for mutual oral sex other than my lying on top of my husband, our genitals by each other's heads?

I've heard people say it's wrong to replace intercourse with any other form of sex. For my husband and me, however, mutual oral sex has saved our marriage.—L.L.

I must praise your inventiveness. Without the help of a psychiatrist, you have come to a very good solution. All I can suggest are a few techniques to improve matters. First, I must confess a definite preference for having my sexual partner eat me out while I perform fellatio on him. Nothing beats that combination of clitoral and

Photograph By James Moore

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

psychological orgasm of mutual oral sex.

However, I will recommend a few variations concerning positions. The easiest and most convenient position is not the one you recommend in your letter. Try lying on your side with your husband lying on his side also. Prop a pillow under your head and one under his head, or try leaning your head on top of his thigh. This way no one gets tired or starts weighing too heavily on the other.

Even though your husband's penis is rather small, don't give up on intercourse. Remember never to demand or expect too much. Sexual matters generally take care of themselves.

ADJUSTING TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

I dated my husband for three years prior to our marriage. Because I was afraid of becoming pregnant, we only had oral sex. We had no regular sexual intercourse.

When we married, about four months ago, we began having intercourse in almost every possible position, but I received no pleasure from the experience. How can I get used to having intercourse? I feel very depressed and don't even feel like having sex anymore. What can I do?—J.D.

Your hang-up probably stems from your fear of pregnancy. I'm very surprised that any woman would not be knowledgeable about the many available birth control methods. Were you afraid to screw before marriage because you were afraid of pregnancy, or were you simply interested in remaining a virgin?

All I can recommend now is that you combine oral sex with regular intercourse. For instance, use oral sex as foreplay. Either your husband climaxes in your mouth and you in his, or you both go to the point of no return and he quickly inserts his penis into your vagina. I guarantee you'll both love it.

SCORING A DOUBLEHEADER

Have you ever heard of—or experienced—two men entering a woman's pussy at the same time? I am thirty years old, and last week for the first time my six-and-three-quarter-inch husband and his eleven-and-three-quarter-inch friend both fucked me at the same time—in my pussy.

Although I've had four kids, I am quite small. Any woman can do the same thing. One man lies on his back, the woman gets on her knees straddling the man, and the other man mounts her doggy-style. Both can enter at the same time.

People can talk about their vibrators, blenders, enemas, vacuum cleaners, and one-legged friends, but two cocks in one bush is worth all those other things in one hand.—C.M.

Yes, I have experienced "two in the bush" as well as one man up front with the other entering from the back. I prefer the latter since this way two different erogenous zones are being simultaneously excited: the vagina as well as the anus. It is, however, psychologically exciting to know that two men are having a ball—same time, same place. For the men it can also be a great turn-on and somewhat of a competition. Men who have experienced "two in the bush" have confessed to me afterwards that the feeling of their own penis touching the other's was extremely nice. The friction of both penises going in and out of my vagina made their already hard cocks even harder, and they both tried to hang in there longer until we all three would explode simultaneously.

This technique does require some flexibility and the average woman will most probably have trouble maneuvering her body to accommodate two men.

"Here comes the bride!"

GETTING IT ON WITH MY GIRL FRIEND'S INDEX FINGER

My girl friend is a firm believer in simultaneous climax. Before intercourse, I'll have her come two or three times through oral stimulation. But when I've put my penis in her, she is ready to come again in two or three minutes. She is so hung-up on my coming with her that she reaches up and sticks her finger in my asshole. Whenever she does this, I climax immediately. Even in the shower she'll do this while she's blowing me. Up goes the finger and out comes the come. I'd like to know what's up.—P.F.

There is a gland called the prostate, and when stimulated it usually does cause immediate erection—and frequently ejaculation. Prostitutes often use this trick when their customers are taking up too much of their time. Relax and enjoy.

PUT IT WHERE YOU WANT IT

I am twenty-one years old, and still a virgin. I find my sexual release in masturbation, but I'm quite concerned over what I have found myself doing for the past few months: I have become interested in stimulating my asshole. I jack off with my right hand while I play with my rectum with my left hand. I use a lubricant and it feels pretty good.

The thing I'm worried about is whether or not I'm turning gay. I don't like men sexually, and I love being with girls. Does this new "method" indicate anything new about my desires?—J.C.

I think you're just mind-fucking yourself. So you feel like putting a finger—or maybe even a dildo or a banana—up your ass. It doesn't mean you are a homosexual.

I've known many straight men who really enjoy having their anus stimulated. Unfortunately I've also met men who were sensitive about their desires and were afraid to confess to their enjoyment. Like you they were afraid of being called homosexual. Just do what comes most naturally to you.

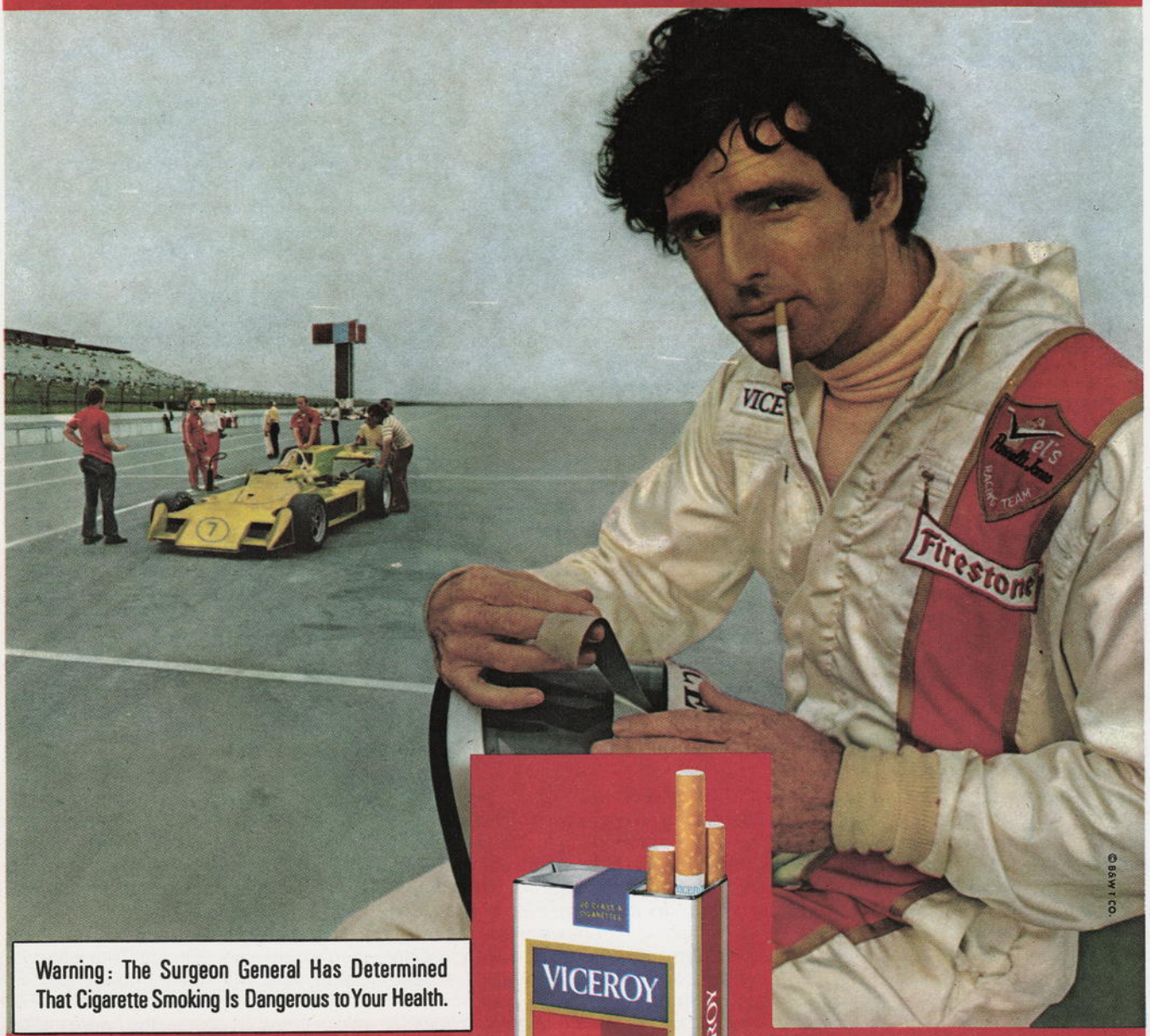
I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU

I get my kicks in a strange manner. A few nights ago my wife and I were fooling around and she accidentally kicked me in the knee. My knee naturally reflexed and the urge to ball her without any foreplay came over me. As a child, I would get immediate erections at the doctor's. I tried to suppress the embarrassment created by my funny knee.

At parties my wife will try to arouse me by giving me karate chops on my knee. She usually misses, but when she hits I get a big erection.—R.I.

So you need a kick on the knee to get an instant erection? You are not the only one. I know two other men with the same kink. None of these other men complain. Actually they love it and just wait for the right chick to

"Why Viceroy? Because I'd never smoke a boring cigarette."



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We are making available through your local pharmacist educational material on the value of prophylactics in the prevention of venereal disease and "A man's guide to preventing pregnancy."

come along and hit them on the kneecap.

So what if you get an instant hard-on. Don't forget there are thousands of men who get instant hard-ons just looking at a pair of great legs or boobs. Of course, if this happens at the doctor's, then it might be embarrassing. But how often are you examined?

YOU DO THE BLOWING AND LEAVE THE DRIVING TO US

My girl friend and I were driving one night when she started to give me a blow job. I was so sexually aroused that I temporarily lost control of the car and drove into a ditch. When we hit, my girl friend's teeth bit into my cock and I bled for about an hour. It hurt so much, yet I was too embarrassed to see a doctor with an injured cock.

Now I'm afraid to have intercourse or get a hard-on. What can I do?—Severed

Try hiring a chauffeur.

On occasion I have sucked off my lovers while driving home or returning to the city from a weekend or a day in the country. I must say that each and every man reacts differently: some keep their eyes on the highway and hit the gas when approaching orgasm; others start to shake and can hardly control the wheel; others abruptly stop the car, grab my head and jam it all the way down on their cocks; and there was one man who was so casual about the whole experience that he continued driving with his knees while he fingered me with his right hand and caressed my nipples with his left. In your case you got rather carried away, and this surely must have been the most painful orgasm you've ever had.

With regard to the injury, obviously the bleeding has stopped. From then on it is just a matter of being more careful for the next few weeks. I'm sure you'll be driving again soon. This time, however, stop the car and enjoy your sexcapades to the fullest.

SLIPPERY WHEN WET

I experienced an embarrassing situation this summer while attempting to screw a chick in the water. It was a hot summer day and I was swimming around the local pier in my hometown when I decided to take the boat out and do some fishing. There were a few girls on the pier, and one of them was quite fine. Only thing was, the third finger on her left hand was weighted down with an enormous diamond. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. So I started to lay my most devastating line on her. I kept trying, and eventually she came out with me in the boat. After about an hour in that sun I was ready for a swim and charged in. She soon followed. We were in about forty feet of water so I duck-dived and came up behind her. I grabbed a handful of beautiful left tit, spun her around, and kissed her. Of course we both sank like stones and surfaced looking like drowned rats. She then looked at me and stuck her tongue in my mouth. I had my trunks off in three seconds and she wasn't far behind.

Now I don't know if you've ever attempted it, but when you are trying to tread water, get the cock in, go through the appropriate movements, and keep both of you above water, all of this activity has a tendency to deflate your cock. Anyway, I turned bright red, and this girl called me every name in the book and demanded that I get her back to terra firma.—J.V.

Water does have a tendency to shrivel up the penis. Also, even if you manage to maintain a hard-on, the water will make it twice as difficult to enter the vagina. Water tends to tighten up the vagina and makes the entrance rather dry.

I once attended a nudist camp where the men would joke, "Oh look, the water is *that* cold!" and with their fingers they would measure from an average six inches to a tiny two or three. Of course, they were indicating how their cocks reacted to the cold water.

The next time you want to make it in the water, forget about the lake or sea. Instead try screwing her in the bathtub. With the aid of the warm water, some bath oil, and a good bar of soap, you shouldn't have much trouble. You just have to be a bit of an acrobat to find the right position. She can always place herself on top of your penis while you lay back like a pasha. Let her do the pushups; keep her in shape. ○+□

Illustration by Dennis Luczak

Sex is better if there's some risk of being seen. People need to put a little danger back into sex.

TEN GREAT PLACES TO HAVE SEMI PUBLIC SEX

BY CRAIG KARPEL

Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 6 (UPI)—A female toll collector who was fired for reportedly making love with a truck driver in a collection booth on the Pennsylvania Turnpike cannot get back pay for the time she was suspended, according to a court ruling.

The woman, identified in the court opinion only as "Ms. X," was allegedly observed with the trucker at about 4:30 A.M. on November 25, 1972. She was fired for "behavior unbecoming an employee."

She later was reinstated but was refused back pay.

It was not until I was halfway across the lounge of the small hotel I was staying at in San Juan that I saw the naked couple on the couch. She was on top of him. They were dancing cheek to cheek with their eyes turned away from me. The lady was the color of a boiled lobster except for white string lines across her back and buttocks. Their clothes were strewn on the floor. They showed no sign of life, but I was sure they were okay because people don't usually take off their clothes and get on top of each other before going into a coma.

The following morning I was on the beach trying to sustain first-degree burns over 100 percent of my body when a girl came over to me. She was built like the deluxe model inflatable woman.

"Hi," she said. *Eye contact*, I told myself, *not tit contact*. "My name's Sheryl."

"Hi, Sheryl," I said.

"Say, I owe you an apology," she said.

"You do?"

"About last night."

"Oh. Well! No apologies necessary! I mean, quite the contrary—there's nothing I like to see so much as two healthy kids enjoying themselves."

"In a hotel lounge?" she said. "At one o'clock in the morning?"

"Sure," I said. "Why not?"

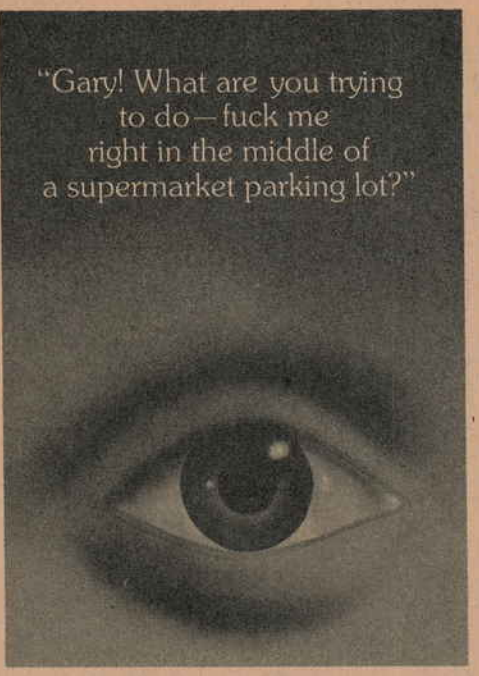
"I mean, don't you think there's something *wrong* with that?"

"Do you?" I said.

"Well—you see, it's a *thing* with me." She sat down next to me and adopted a confidential tone. "It started when I was fifteen. My mother and father were on a vacation and I was home alone, so I had my boyfriend come over every night. This one night we were making love when—*bam!* The door to the master bedroom flies open and there's my mom and dad with their suitcases!

"Anyway, after that I became frigid. Even after I moved into my own apartment I always had this inner fear that I was going to be discovered whenever I was making love.

"One day I met this guy at the beach. He was a highway patrolman. He told me he wanted to show me something. He took me by the hand and led me into this grove of pine trees. Then he pulled down his bathing suit and held his cock and balls in his hand and said, 'Here—this is what I wanted to show you.' Then he more or less raped me and I was really terrified, not because of what he was doing, really, 'cause he was kind of cute—muscular and tanned—but of



someone walking by and *seeing*.

"All of a sudden I heard this rustling sound, and there were two young women with toddlers walking through the grove. I could have died! I was thinking, maybe they won't notice us, but they did. They grabbed their kids and did they ever make tracks. But the strangest thing is—when I heard them, I felt a hot flush all over. And when I saw them see us, I *came*—did I ever come.

"Anyway, ever since then I've always had a thing about making love where there's at least a chance of being discovered. You don't think it's weird, what I'm telling you?"

"Sure I think it's weird," I said. "But what's wrong with weird?"

"Whew! I was worried you were going to complain to the management. I was afraid we'd screwed up the whole scene."

"What whole scene?" I asked.

"Well, I guess I can tell you. You see, this hotel has become sort of a meeting place for people who like to make love in semipublic places. Most of us try to cool it while we're here, though. The management has gotten wind of what's happening to its very respectable hotel and thinks the whole scene's kind of kinky. Boy am I relieved!"

I told Semipublic Sheryl that I was a writer and would be curious to meet other members of the "whole scene." She made me promise that I wouldn't use last names or identify the hotel.

"Oh, there's plenty to write about the people who come here," she said. "There's these two kids who like to do it in the most outrageous places. Like they ball in construction sites for high rises, the kind with peepholes in the fences. They'll be fucking away after the workmen have knocked off for the day, and what turns them on is when they see the looks on the faces of the sidewalk superintendents who look through the holes.

"There's a guy who's a rock 'n' roll sound man who does it under the temporary stage they put up for rock concerts in sports arenas because it gives him a charge when the kids in front lift up the drapes that mask the front of it.

"There's one girl—an assistant banquet manager of a big hotel in Chicago—who does it with her boyfriend, who's married and can't see her after work, right in the middle of the grand ballroom when it's not being used. 'Balling in the ballroom,' they call it. I'll introduce you to some people I know who are staying here now—I know they'd love to talk about it, once they're sure you won't think they're perverts or something."

Over the next few days I met several of Sheryl's friends who were taking advantage of their vacations to meet others similarly disinclined to sexual privacy.

Gary is a skinny guy in his late twenties who designs computers for a living. His hobbies include stamp collecting, cross-country skiing, and semipublic sex:

"Susan and I have this thing about balling in sort-of-public places. We've been married for nine years and about three years ago it began to seem like the fun was going out of our sex life. I began to have episodes of what I thought was impotence, and one night when I couldn't get it up at all, I told Susan I was sorry and she said, 'Aw, that's okay—I haven't been able to come myself lately. I've been faking it, to please you.'

"Well, one Saturday afternoon around this time we went shopping for groceries. On the way back to the car I was carrying all the bags, naturally, and Susan was flouncing along about thirty feet ahead of me. She was wearing a tank top and short shorts and her ass was twitching back and forth as she walked. When we got to the car she opened the trunk and I handed her the food. As she bent over to arrange it I finally couldn't stand it any longer, so I slid my finger between her thighs from behind and slipped it right into her pussy.

" 'Gary!' she hissed. 'Not in a supermarket parking lot!'

"Suddenly I discovered I was getting a hard-on for the first time in about three months. Then I decided it was going to be now or never.

" 'Susan, let's get in the backseat and make out,' I said.

" 'Let's *what*?' she said.

"I took her by the wrist and pulled her into the back of the car. It was broiling hot so I rolled down the window. She protested for a moment or two but she let me kiss her and hold her—until I stuck my hand in her pants.

" 'Gary, for Christ's sake!' she whispered, tugging at my hand. 'The windows are open! There are people walking back and forth! What are you trying to do—fuck me right in the middle of a supermarket parking lot?'

" 'Yup,' I said. 'Exactly.' And I pushed her over and unsnapped her shorts. She wasn't wearing any underpants.

" 'But what if someone *sees* us?' she said.

" 'Just keep quiet and we'll stay low in the

seat. People don't go around parking lots staring into other people's cars. They're too busy trying to remember where they left their own,' I whispered. I moistened my cock with saliva and shoved it in. I never felt so sexed-up in all my life.

"I asked Susan how it felt. She just mooned at me with these big glazed eyes.

" 'Don't stop!' she said from the bottom of her throat. At which point I heard footsteps right behind me. Then I heard paper ripping, bottles breaking, cans rolling.

" 'My God, Blanche! What happened?' I heard this voice say. Meanwhile my balls were about to burst and Susan was clawing at my ass like a tigress in heat.

" 'Marty!' said the woman's voice. 'Come here. Quick!'

"Next thing I knew I felt *four* eyes burning holes in my backside. Strangely enough there was something very sexy about the idea of all those eyes on my ass, and it was all I could do to keep from shooting my shot.

" 'That is the most repulsive spectacle I've ever seen in my life,' said Marty, definitely—but I didn't feel him looking away.

" 'It's disgusting!' said Blanche. 'It's so horrible I dropped my groceries!'

"Susan was looking right at me with a cross between holy terror and ecstasy. Also, she didn't want to look at good old Blanche and Marty.

" 'You there,' said Marty, and obviously he was talking to me. 'You made my wife drop her groceries and I expect you to pay for the breakage.'

"There was only one way to get Blanche and Marty off our case, I figured, so I started in humping for all I was worth. Susan began to moan uncontrollably. So did Blanche and Marty. But then they started walking away. Then Blanche yelled, 'Marty, the *groceries*! What about the *groceries*!' and Marty yelled, 'I've got to get another bag. Don't follow me! Stay by that car and don't let them leave without paying you back for the Tropicana!'

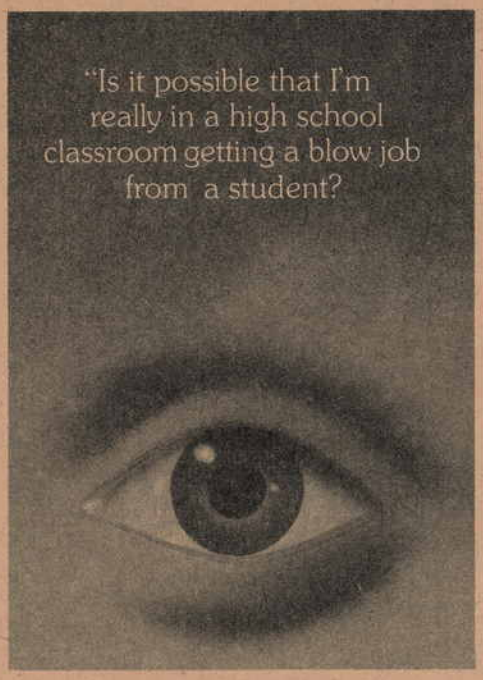
"So we were fucking and fucking and finally I couldn't hold it in anymore and I just *exploded*—you know how it is if you haven't come for a long time? But my cock stayed stiff and I kept going at Susan even though it sort of hurt a little, but soon she clenched her teeth and the air whistled through them and she dug her claws into my ass and I felt the muscles in her vagina pulsating around my cock.

" 'Come on,' I said. 'Let's get out of here before Marty comes back. So we sat up and we were all sticky and gooey but we managed to put ourselves back together. But as we got out of the backseat, up ran Marty, huffing and puffing, carrying a big paper shopping bag.

" 'Okay,' he said. 'Now you give me fifty-nine cents or I'm going to report this!'

" 'To who?' I asked.

"Marty opened his mouth to answer and then closed it—he was gonna report it, but he didn't know to who! I went around to the trunk and opened it and it so happens we had just bought a bottle of orange juice and I pulled it out of the bag and closed the lid



and presented the bottle to Marty with a big flourish. He looked at it like I had just handed him a hockey puck.

" 'My way of saying thanks,' I said to him. 'The two of you are the best thing that's happened to our love life since the invention of KY.' Then we jumped in the car and backed out of the space, with Blanche and Marty looking at us like we were from Mars.

"Since then, every so often we make a point of screwing in places where there are people around who might see us. We've tried doing it where there's hardly any chance of people seeing us—like out in the middle of a big pasture—but frankly it's better if there's some risk of being seen. That's the whole point—what with the liberalization of obscenity laws, the Pill, and so on—to put a little danger back in sex."

Then there was Ruthie, who looks like every stewardess you ever made a pass at—who looked at you like you were a creep, a degenerate, and what's worse, a coach passenger:

"It began one night on a flight from Rome to New York. I had to take a wicked leak and I opened the lavatory door and—there was a man inside! He'd forgotten to lock the door, and when he heard the door open he whipped around. He'd just finished peeing and he had his cock in his hand. I turned red as a beet and excused myself and was about to shut the door when he smiled this real twinkly smile and motioned me inside with both hands. He was one of these slim Italian boys with real broad shoulders, no waist, a silk body shirt, razor-cut hair, and a deep suntan. I looked down at his prick—it was so hard it was throbbing up and down with his heartbeat. We had finished the meal service and I figured, 'What the hell,' and squeezed in with him. He closed the door and stepped out of one leg of his pants and these little bikini underpants he was wearing. I wriggled out of the stupid double-knit jump suit the airline makes us wear. He wet his thing down with some spit and eased it into me. I held on to the handle on the wall and swung my hips around in a sort of oval. I slipped my fingertips between our bellies. He had the most delicious hard stomach and I stroked it and he put *his* fingers down between our bellies and rolled my clit between his thumb and forefinger. Then he licked his fingers and touched one of my nipples and turned the little air nozzle in the wall toward it and when the stream hit me it chilled the nipple and gave me goose flesh and I came—*subito*!

"But my lavatory lover hadn't come yet, and he kept fucking me and fucking me. At first I wanted to push him out because I felt raw inside, but I began to feel like I was going to have another orgasm so I put up with the chafing. Finally he came. His whole body was twitching. Then he started to pull out, but I grabbed his ass and held him inside me because I was going to explode with pleasure and pain any second. Now it wasn't so much him fucking me as me fucking him. I was just about to go when, lo and behold, *the door opened*! Son of a bitch not only forgot to lock the door before I came in, he managed to forget to lock it after!

"I turned around instinctively and it was this gray-haired businessman in a three-piece glen plaid suit, looking like he just saw a ghost—or a stewardess balling a passenger in a 747 toilet. But did he close the door? Did he look away? No! He just stood there and stared. So I grabbed the door and pulled it closed. But he yanked it open again and said, 'This is the most disgusting display I have ever had the misfortune to see.' So I figured I'd blown it already, what more did I have to lose, so with him standing there and everything I started pushing my pelvis at my Italian as hard as I could. Somehow or other the fact that this guy was watching made me feel all vinegary inside and I came almost instantly. Then I grabbed the door and pulled it shut and locked it.

"Me and my Italian washed ourselves in the sink and put ourselves back together and composed our faces and walked out. I can't tell you how strange it was to see all those passengers talking and sleeping and reading, oblivious to what had gone on just on the other side of that partition.

"You know, that guy in the three-piece suit actually complained to the airline. I got called on the carpet by my supervisor. 'There's been a very serious charge against you, Ruth.' I thought fast and said, 'I'll bet it was from a guy on the Rome–New York flight on such and such a date.'

" 'Why yes,' she said.

" 'That was this guy who brought his own pint of Four Roses on the plane with him. I asked him please not to pour from it because it was against regulations. He snarled that stewardesses were all sluts and had no business dictating the morals of passengers. So nothing he said about me would

surprise me. He probably has me having sex in the aisle with the pilot!

"My supervisor furrowed her brow, closed the folder, and said, 'On second thought, I guess we made a mistake taking this crank seriously. His accusation is so outrageous we should have known better.'

"That incident turned me on to the sexual possibilities of air travel. Now when I see a cute boy I whisper to him, 'Go to the lavatory and leave the door unlocked.' I'd say about half of them stiffen up and just sit there swallowing hard and turn their eyes away whenever I walk by. But the other half—the other half *lives*. We end up doing the hucklebuck in the water closet and at the last moment, just when I'm about to cream, I flip the lock open and the bright light goes out and it's *much* more romantic. But the main thing is the sense of danger."

Lisa is in her early thirties. She's a public relations director for a symphony orchestra, with a build like a ballet dancer—you know, boobs with muscles in them:

"One night our air conditioner broke down and our bedroom got so hot it was like a sauna. Opening the window didn't help at all. We started to fuck, but Richard's cock just wilted from the heat. We were swimming in sweat so he says to me, 'I can't stand this anymore. Why don't we do it on the fire escape?'

" 'My God, the whole world'll see us!' I said. 'I couldn't do it out *there*!'

" 'At midnight?' he said. 'You think the world has nothing better to do than watch our fire escape in the middle of the night?'

"And he grabbed me and more or less pushed me onto the fire escape. I lay down and the metal felt cool against my skin—that was a relief, anyway. Richard slipped into me, and all of a sudden the noises of the city swelled up very loud and I thought, 'Wow! Listen to everything! I'm out fucking in the *world*, instead of hidden away in some lousy closet.' It wasn't just Richard fucking me, it was like lying outside and getting fucked by the whole energy of the city.

"I realized that sex with Richard had become almost like washing my face or blowing my nose—it was so goddamned *sanitary*. Where was the sense of experiencing forbidden pleasures? In our bedroom, sex was nice, but there was no *adventure* to it. But out there, hanging over the street, we were exposing ourselves. We were fucking stark naked while bus brakes farted in the night and people shouted and car doors slammed and horns blew.

"We flipped over—I wanted to sit on Richard's cock so I could see what was going on in the street. People would walk along and look right up in our direction and not see a thing. Every once in a while someone would do a double take as if they thought for a moment they saw a nude woman rocking back and forth on a fire escape, but then they'd shrug and keep on walking.

"That whole week we fucked on the fire escape while the air conditioner was in the shop.

"Then they couldn't fix the old air conditioner so they installed a new one. But I still pulled Richard out on the fire escape to ball every night for the rest of the summer. He'd say to me, 'At first I had to drag you out.' And I would say to him, 'Yeah, that's 'cause it was hot inside the room. But I've discovered that *I* get hot *out*side the room.'

"That's why we're in Puerto Rico—so we can do it somewhere else besides our bedroom—no fire escape fucking this time of year. We've been making love on the roof here. You can get a beautiful tan, and the sky is so blue and there's a beautiful sea breeze. Yesterday a matron in the condominium next door went out on her terrace to water her plants and saw us flopping around all covered with sweat. But did she march right back inside? No. She stood there and shook her head and wagged her finger at us for five minutes. When I came I tried to come for her too—she probably needed it. I didn't tell Richard I saw her—he likes to do it out in the open now too, but if he thinks he's being watched he goes limp. Like he enjoys it, but he feels guilty about it, even though he claims he doesn't feel he's doing anything wrong. Which is really terrible because the very thought of being discovered makes me tingle all over."

But my favorite semipublic sex maniac was Vince, who was sure he enjoyed what he did, but seemed unsure that he enjoyed *doing* what he did:

"I'm a high school math teacher. For the last six months I've been having an affair with one of my students, a junior named Fran. She's really a brilliant girl, which is how the whole thing began, really. She used to stay after class and ask me questions about calculus, which we don't have a course in but which she was studying on her own. One day I showed her an elegant shortcut for solving a differential equation and she said, 'Mr. Moore, you've got such a beautiful mind I could kiss you.' And before I knew it she was kissing me full on the mouth. I'd always wondered what I'd do in a situation like that. I decided that if the girl was unattractive I'd remain aloof. If she was attractive, I'd let it go as far as possible. My luck: in eight years of teaching, five girls have made advances to me—all dogs.

"But Fran—Fran had a slim body, and always wore tight blue jeans and a T-shirt one size too small and no bra. She was very pale and had long auburn hair, a young-looking face, a face like a teenage Virgin Mary in a medieval painting, with a straight nose and gray eyes and pale thin lips. She was really a cute kid, with a chirpy voice that had a brittle edge to it. And she was always wisecracking. So I figured it was now or never, and I put my arms around her. She reached her hand down to my crotch and my cock swelled like a balloon filling with helium. She grabbed it hard and started jerking me off right then and there.

"Just when I was about to come in my pants she backed away and took me by the hand and said, 'There's no class in here next period. Nobody's gonna come in here for the next forty minutes, are they?' And I said, 'They don't come into classrooms when they're *supposed* to.'

" 'Do you have to be anywhere?' she asked.

" 'This is supposed to be my lunch hour.'

" 'Never mind about that,' she said. 'I'll give you something to eat.'

And she took my hand and led me to the back of the room and got down on her knees and pulled down my fly. She pulled out my cock and looked very seriously at it. Then she looked up at me, smacked her lips, and started licking it with the tip of her tongue—from the base to the tip.

"I pushed her shirt up and she had round breasts that stood right up, and little firm nipples like a boy. I stroked them with my fingers and she grabbed my head and pushed it against her pubic bone. I pulled down my pants and pushed my penis in just a little way, then all the way out, a little further in, all the way out again, still further in, all the way out, and then in again until I could feel her cervix with the top of my glans. I began to feel really strange—like I was fucking a child. I don't think I was ever so excited in all my life—her being so young, her body so unwomanlike, the idea that just a few feet away from us there were all these kids raising their hands for permission to speak. It was all so different from what I was used to. I had all I could do to keep from popping off prematurely. I mean, I felt like I was on Venus fucking a member of another *species*—when suddenly I heard the door open! Somebody had walked in!

"All of a sudden Fran starts moving her hips. I'm thinking, 'My God! *Now?*' But it's like her pussy is moving on its own, sucking at my cock. And I came—boy, did I come.

"I lay there mentally and physically exhausted and I didn't care what happened next. I heard the chair move again, footsteps, and the door closing. I was in a daze. I pulled out and was about to get up but she pulled my head down to her and I began to tongue her again—this time with my semen dribbling out and down her thighs. Soon she began to shiver all over, harder and harder, almost like someone getting an electroshock treatment, until she arched her back and pushed her box up into my face and put both hands down there and rubbed her clit so hard the veins stood out on her hands. When she came my tongue was inside her and I could feel her cunt tighten around it again and again.

"I got up and pulled my clothes together but she just lay there, breathing like she'd just run the four forty. Finally I said, 'Come on, Frannie. Get up before the next class walks in.' And she got up and put her pants back on and walked up to me and kissed me on the cheek. On the cheek!

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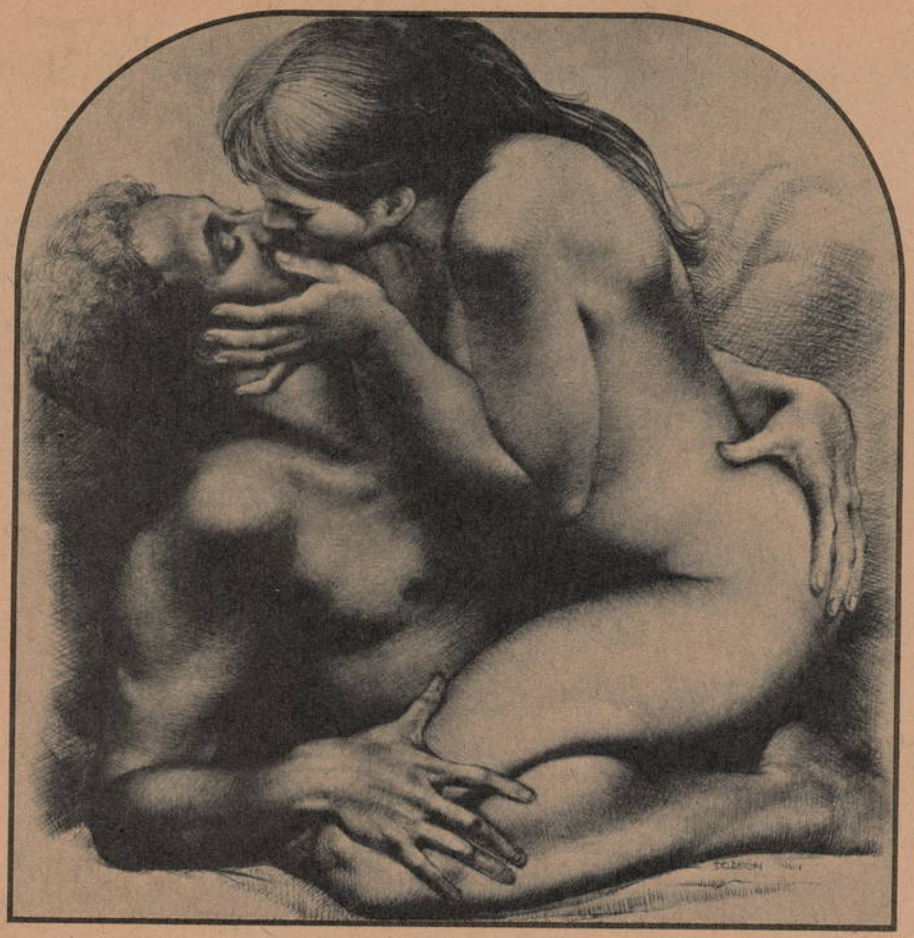


Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

COUPLE OF THE MONTH

Ted C., 25, 6'3", 190 lbs. Blond hair, brown eyes. Ted is a mechanic. Maggie D., 21, 5'5", 110 lbs. Brown hair, blue eyes. Maggie stays at home.

TED'S STORY: "Maggie and I have been living together for almost three years, and we're getting married in another month or so. Our parents wanted us to talk to you before we 'do anything rash.' We've been having some problems that ended up with me breaking both my legs and twisting my back in a auto accident, problems which have to do with our sex lives, which is why the folks thought you could help.

"You see Maggie feels that I'm too rough with her. This is maybe true, but it's not totally my fault. It may help you to understand if I give you a little background on our relationship.

"Sex with Maggie has always been fantastic for me, since I met her, the Christmas after I got back from Vietnam. I was in the Green Berets for three years and won a Bronze Star.

"As soon as I got back I enrolled in a small college in Illinois where I did very well first semester. I had a steady girl named Suzanne. We had sex fairly often, and I never had reason to feel that there was anything wrong with my technique. She was really dynamite, at least until I went home to Massachusetts for Christmas and met Maggie.

"That was on New Year's Eve, 1972, I'm pretty sure. My father had given me a Corvette as a homecoming present from the army. That car was the one thing in the world I truly loved—next to Maggie, of course. After party hopping all night I was in no state to drive it. I got a ride from a friend whose mother let him drive her Mercedes, and we wound up at a party in Arlington (a few minutes out of Boston). It was a big bash in an old mansion, lots of good liquor and women.

"Then I saw Maggie. She was dancing to *The Midnight Hour* and wearing these skintight gray flannel

pants that left nothing to the imagination. As soon as I saw her moving like that I knew I had to have her. She looked like Ali McGraw with a thirty-nine-inch bust. She was wearing a tight maroon sweater, and you could see those big luscious melons bouncing around like weather balloons in the wind.

"I asked her to dance a slow one with me, and it was pretty obvious that she, too, had had a lot to drink. I was a little wary at first. She couldn't have been more than eighteen and was pouring bourbon down like W.C. Fields. About the middle of the dance I slipped my hand under her sweater and there were those beautiful tits, bare as a baby's bottom and a double handful on both sides. She just smiled at me, nice and innocent, and I brought my face down and stuck my tongue right in her mouth.

"By eleven fifty-five I was holding her close, grinding myself against her. We were both pretty hot. I said, 'It'd be nice if we could come together on the stroke of '72.'

"She narrowed her eyes and looked up at me, then cocked her head to tell me to follow her. We were in a finished basement, and there was a bathroom off the back with a metal shower stall. She shut the door and shucked off her pants and panties, then looked me right in the eye. My eyes were glued to her beautiful little fuzzy puss—chestnut brown. To me there's nothing so nice as chestnut brown pussy. My mouth was watering.

"When we went into the shower stall she pulled the curtain and undid my zipper. My cock popped right out in her hand. I'm a lot taller than she is. She drew my face down to her and gave me a deep kiss with her arms around my neck; then she hopped up, wrapped her knees around my waist and it was just all the way in. I can tell you, she didn't wait till midnight to come, and there was no problem about my being too rough that night. It was incredible. We went at it for a half hour, with the shower stall thumping like a drum.

"We spent the night in one of the bedrooms on the third floor, and she was the best lay I'd ever had. I assumed it was her house, and I was damned surprised when we got kicked out next morning by some old battle-ax with a hangover. The buses weren't running, it being New Year's Day, so I walked her to her house in Cambridge and kissed her good-bye. I was driving back to Illinois and Suzanne the next day, so that should have been that. But I couldn't forget her.

"I had a fight with Suzanne as soon as I got back. Strangely enough, it was about some guy she'd been with over Christmas. I started screwing off in class. I couldn't sleep, and when I did I dreamed of Maggie. It was like that until the middle of February break when I got in a fight with a bartender and threw him through his mirror.

"I didn't dare go see my parents. I knew they'd be mad as hell about my leaving school. I was living like a bum, sleeping in the 'vette in a parking lot down by the river.

"It took me two days to find Maggie, though she really found me. I was walking through Harvard Square about nine o'clock Sunday morning when this bunch of jerks pulled up to the curb on motorcycles and Maggie was with them. I was happy to see her, but also mad that she was wasting her time with that bunch of macho fairies. Still, when she introduced me, I tried to be polite and shake hands.

"The guy she was riding with gave me a look as though my hand was dirty. We had a few words, and one thing led to another. From anger or reflexes or whatever, I hit him with a roundhouse kick to the ear that knocked him right off his bike. If he hadn't been wearing a helmet, I'd have kicked his head in.

"We went back to the car and I gave her the keys and curled up in the passenger seat to sleep. When I woke up, Maggie was running her tongue up the underside of my cock. She sucked the head until it was good and wet, then blew on it softly, as though she was trying to dry it. It sent shivers up my back. She kept doing that and rubbing the shaft up and down until I ejaculated all over the dashboard and windshield.

"We were parked in the driveway to Maggie's father's summer place on the Cape. I was knocked out, because my father is by no means poor, and it was three times the size of his year-round house. Maggie put me in the master bedroom and I sacked right out. I hadn't been in a bed in a week. She woke me up later climbing into bed naked, carrying a tray of sandwiches and a bottle of vodka. I felt like I'd won the lottery.

"When we finished eating, we were both pretty drunk. My dick was hard so I pulled Maggie on my lap and slid into her. She was sopping wet. Her voice was all husky and she was tense and excited.

" 'You want to give it to me in the rear?' she said.

"I was surprised. I have a really big dick, and I've had hookers say 'no way' when I've asked for that. I'm pretty much always up for buns when I can get it.

"Maggie ran across to the bathroom for a tube of jelly. Squatting on the bed, she squeezed it up her ass. Then, turning around, she spread her ass open so I could see her pink little hole shining with the jelly, and her puss gaping under it, wet and hungry for me.

"I slid into her vagina first, to prime it a little. Then I eased myself into her rear, ramming in the rest of the way as hard as I could. She screamed as if I was killing her, but my dick slid in like a trooper. I could feel her muscles tighten and release as though she was trying to force me out. Then we started grinding. We couldn't keep that up for long and I came in about five minutes.

"Now, I think it's significant that at this time there was no talk about my being too rough in the hay. If she enjoyed it like this then, I naturally assumed that this was the way it was going to be. I'm not a mind reader, and I can't be expected to know about a change in mood unless I'm told.

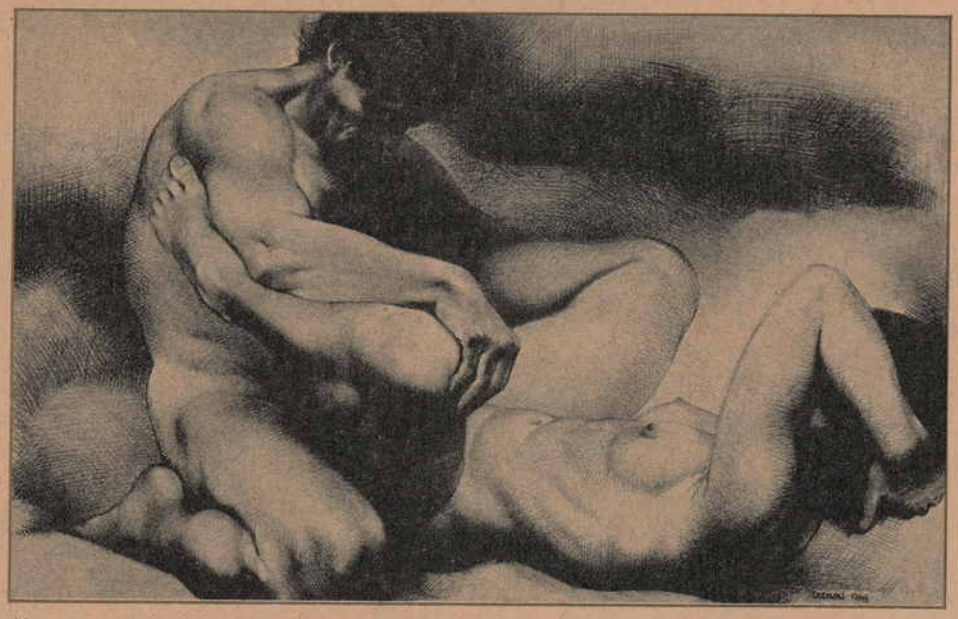
"We spent three or four days on the Cape, enjoying the off-season and screwing like crazy. It was all pretty much like I described it. I'm not into S & M or anything, but when I'm horny I don't waste time on preliminaries. Maggie had a thermal sleeping bag, and some days we'd go out on the beach and screw, not a soul around but the gulls.

"After a few days I got to thinking I'd better go see my parents and face the music. I thought that when they met Maggie, they'd understand why I'd done what I'd done. Was I ever wrong about that!

"When we got there, my father was half drunk. The school had reported me missing and the bartender was hurt and trying to sue. Anyway, my old man started off on the wrong

foot by calling Maggie a whore.

"Maggie turned to him and said, 'No damn truck driver calls me a whore.' My father *owns* the trucking firm and you never saw anyone get so mad. Maggie stood there and faced him right down. The upshot was that either I go back to school or get the hell out. Naturally, I stayed with Maggie.



"She borrowed money from her father and we took an apartment in a low-rent area of Cambridge. Maggie's father is a good guy, and he was very helpful to us when we were first together.

"I started working as a mechanic in a motorcycle shop and Maggie stayed at home. Her father was always after her to go to school, but she didn't want to go. It was about now that Maggie started alluding to 'our' sexual problems, but she never specified anything. After a while, when I'd come home, this kid named Tommy would be always hanging around. It sort of annoyed me, but I thought he was gay, and Maggie liked talking to him.

"One day I walked in and they were fucking in the dining room. I nearly killed him. Maggie started a blow-out fight and she said I made love like Attila the Hun. I told her to be out by the time I got back, and took off in the Corvette. I went driving like crazy down Memorial Drive, going as fast as I could get away with in the middle of the day. I turned off into a side street hugging the shoulder, a cleaner truck pulled out, and I hit him broadside. It totaled my car, and so I wound up in a wheelchair.

"I came to in the hospital. My parents were there and so was Maggie. Both my legs were in a cast and they'd put a brace on my back. Everyone was standing around looking worried. My parents hadn't spoken to me in a year, and Maggie thought I was trying to commit suicide over her.

"Later we talked, and this was the first time she told me I was too rough when we made love. She just needed me to be a little more gentle. 'Try a little tenderness.' And this was her big problem. I nearly had to get killed to find out what was with her! Well, if she wants me to be gentle, I'll be gentle—it's no big deal. I thought she liked it rough.

"She also said she couldn't stand living the way we do, the poor neighborhood and all. She wants me to go back to school or something, try to better myself. I can dig that, but I think I'm a little old for school. We'll talk about it more.

"Well, they let me out for the first time, in a wheelchair, about a week ago. We went for a walk along the Fenway (a park in Boston)—Maggie and me and an attendant.

"We were under some willows by the pond, and Maggie suggested the attendant split for a while. The guy's about nineteen and thick as a brick. He said no, he couldn't.

"Maggie said, 'Come on, the dude's been laid up for a month. Let me alone with him.'

"The attendant gave her a big grin—now he's got the picture—and he split.

"Maggie took me in her arms and kissed me like I haven't been kissed in months. I was horny as hell. She slid her hand under my coat, tickling the hair on my belly and around my legs, not touching my cock until I was going crazy. Then she wrapped her fingers around me, and lifted my coat so she could get me in her mouth. She nibbled the head of my joint as if it were an ice-cream cone, and I came all over her face and hair before she could get me down.

" 'I have to taste your pussy,' I told her. She was wearing a little plaid skirt, and she hiked it up and pulled down her panties so I could see her delicious cunt. 'How can I taste it?' I said.

"She thought for a moment and called the attendant. 'Do you think you could lift me?' she asked him.

" 'Easy as hell,' he said. He was a pretty big guy.

" 'All right,' said Maggie, 'now, don't look,' and she dropped her panties on the ground. This dumb guy held her up with her knees open while I ran my tongue between her cunt lips. She must have been as horny for me as I was for her, 'cause she was really churning. That was the weirdest thing I've ever done. The son of a bitch looked, too; but what are you going to do? He was nice enough to hold her. He's going to be a doctor anyway.

"So, I guess everything's going to be all right. Maggie's agreed to marry me and not to fuck around anymore. I'm going to be more gentle with her, and try to get something together so we can move. There's no reason sex should be much of a problem. Maggie says it's better already."

MAGGIE'S STORY: "Ted tends to talk as though sex is our major problem, but it's the result of the problem, not the cause of it. Personality and background are, I think, at the root.

"I am not a monogamous person by nature, and I come from a very liberal family. It's hard for me to fit into Ted's conventional Irish Catholic way of living. He has, I feel, a very macho attitude about women. He sees us either as whores or virgins. As I'm his *wife* image, I guess I'm also his *virgin*, but how he can know me and see me in the role is beyond my comprehension. If I'm as close as he can get to a virgin, God help him!

"My father is the dean of Oriental studies at a New England college. I grew up in a big house in Massachusetts, and I lost my virginity at the age of seventeen to a twenty-nine-year-old associate professor of archaeology. He was one of my father's closest friends, and though they didn't know about it at the time, I'm sure my parents didn't mourn the passing of their daughter's cherry.

"It happened like this. It was a dreary Sunday in April. I was home in my room reading. I'd been lounging around in my p.j.'s all day, resisting the idea of getting dressed. About four o'clock I went downstairs. I could hear the television in the study, which surprised me 'cause I thought I was alone.

"John, the professor I told you about, was in there, stretched out on my father's leather couch, watching a movie called *Blue Lagoon*. I curled up next to him to watch the movie.

"Looking down at John's leg, I saw a large, interesting bulge at his crotch. Trying to be very cool, I touched it, allowing my hand to linger a little longer than it would have if my intentions had been innocent.

"John slid his arm around my shoulder and drew me to him so I could feel his cock rub stiff against the cotton that covered my cunt. That was the most exciting moment I've ever experienced. Very gently, John slid his hand under the top of my p.j.'s and began to stroke my nipples. I arched my back so he could pull my top off, and hurried to unfasten his shirt, to feel my breasts

against his chest.

"The only time I felt any tinge of modesty was when he removed my panties. I crossed my legs so he couldn't see my pubic hair. But he moved over me, and his hands were gentle and firm. They parted my legs, and his tongue was soft and wet on my clit. I found myself grinding as hard as I could against his chin, while his tongue dipped deep where only my fingers had gone before. That was when I came for the first time with a man.

"When I saw the size of his cock, I was frightened. I knew it would hurt and it did, terribly. I remember watching fascinated, as the head penetrated my vagina. My hymen broke pretty easily, and I did get to enjoy it before he came.

"I've told you this because it excites me to remember, and so that you will understand the way I am in these matters. I hope that you will not try to judge John. He was the best, most gentle, most persistent first lover a girl could have. He taught me a lot, and he taught me well, and there is nothing sick or sordid about our affair. It lasted right up until I moved in with Ted. If I ever have a daughter I'm going to take her to John and say, 'Teach her as you taught me.'

"I soon took a number of other lovers, mostly around my own age. I went to a very progressive school where most of the students were very sophisticated. This was something I'd realized only when I'd met students from other schools whose vocabularies, for instance, were sufficiently less advanced as to cause a rift in our relationship. My cousins, for one, made terrible fun of the way I spoke, and it was all because they didn't know what I was talking about.

"One special boyfriend was Chris, whom I met in Harvard Square. He was eighteen, and had just graduated from high school in Washington, D.C. He'd won a high school body building contest, and he was really a beautiful looking man. Like a blond Tarzan. He wanted to be a folksinger, and was living with his older sister in Cambridge for the summer.

"The first night I met him we went walking together in Longfellow Park and I sucked him off in the moonlight. His cock was long and soft, but it grew thick and hard very quickly beneath the caress of my tongue. I wanted to feel him in my cunt so badly I nearly pounced on him there and then.

"He took me to his sister's the next day, and fucked me in every conceivable position in her bed. After a while she walked in on us and kicked us out. I was frightened of her at first, but she took me aside down in the kitchen and said, 'Did you let him come in your cunt?' She was being very motherly.

"By fall I was pretty sure I was pregnant. I spoke with my mother who took the whole thing very well. My father arranged for an abortion at a good hospital. He also had a long talk with Chris which heralded the end of our affair. What a drag; I never even got to say good-bye to him.

"My parents didn't put me through anything too heavy after that. My mother got me birth control pills and life went on. I still was seeing John maybe once or twice a month. These were pretty much the important things that happened to me up until the time I met Ted.

"I graduated from high school in May of 1971, and I just didn't want to go to college. My marks were all right; I could have gotten in. But what for? There was nothing special I cared to do. I just wanted to hang out for a while. I've wasted a lot of time, but I really don't regret my decision. There's still nothing much I want to do, unless it's get out of that dump we live in, but that's Ted's responsibility.

"That's really where Ted and I are diametrically opposed. He is very happy to do some stupid crappy job that pays him nothing, and live in a slum. I don't understand it. His parents aren't particularly cultured, but they're not savages. They live well. I'm afraid that Ted is what my father calls a deadbeat. I thought that was a little unfair when he first said it, but now I see what he means.

"Ted is a very rough lover. He's very fast which is exciting at first, but impossible as a steady diet if you don't supplement it with something. I never expected to wind up living with Ted. He was in college out in the Midwest somewhere and I thought I'd never see him again. Then he showed up a month later and beat up a guy I knew who was the leader of a motorcycle club. He was a very strong fighter himself for that matter.

"As a child, my image of men was highly intellectual; my father, John, et cetera. So when I started spending a lot of time with boys I was very attracted to the opposite of these. Hence Chris, and the cyclist, Roger, and Ted, and a number of other men. I was fascinated by the tremendous physical power in their arms and chests and in their cocks. At the same time I've always held them a little in contempt like big dogs on a leash. I know that not one of them could achieve the kind of power men like my father have; but God, I love to feel their cocks driving into me. A hundred and ninety pounds smashing into my quivering little ass, pumping me full of hot come.

"So I was very impressed when Ted beat up Roger, who was a pig really. No manners at all. And I'll give Ted that much, he knows how to behave.

"Ted also has a Corvette—*had* a Corvette! I was impressed with that, too, until I got to realize he reacted to me the same way he reacted to that car. He expected to stick the key in and drive it, and when he was finished he'd lock it up in the garage and expect it to say there. I do not work that way!

"We spent about a week in the middle of February at my parents' beach house on the Cape, then we came back to Boston. Ted wanted to smooth out the situation with his parents. He'd apparently left school to come back east and hadn't informed them. They were very rude to me and I don't have to tolerate ignorance from anyone. They've tried to make up for it recently, but I doubt I can ever forget what they said to me.

"They ended up disowning Ted. I don't know what it was all about. A lot of nonsense, but it ended with Ted asking me to live with him. I fancied myself madly in love with him, and borrowed five hundred dollars from my father so we could set up housekeeping.

"I hated the place we moved to from the beginning and sex with Ted became just damned painful and boring. He wouldn't even make my cunt wet; just jam his prick into me as though I were a rubber doll. Sometimes he'd tell me what he'd do to anyone he ever caught fucking me. It really happened eventually and it was pretty bad.

"The first time I was unfaithful to him was with an old college friend of his that came to stay with us. His name was Jim and he was not very tall, but well built in a rangy sort of way. He played soccer.

"Jim was very excited by me. I knew it the moment I met him. Of course this is all news to Ted. It would never occur to him that a friend of his might find me attractive.

"Jim slipped into the bathroom while I was showering one morning. We both ate and fucked each other under the warm stream of water. I was so hot for variety after six months of Ted, I couldn't leave him alone. I think I drove him out of the house, because every time Ted's back was turned I was caressing his cock or biting his ear. Ted's a ferocious fighter. He can really hurt a person. I don't think Jim wanted to deal with that.

"Then I had Tommy, who is my best and dearest friend. I can talk to him when I feel depressed in spirit, and I can fuck him when I feel depressed in body. It was Tommy that Ted walked in on. With my luck I should have known. Tommy is small and beautiful. I was afraid Ted would kill him.

"That was really the straw that broke the camel's back. I was determined to leave him at that point, so Ted went out and tried to kill himself. Ruined a three-thousand-dollar automobile!

"I suppose I expect a lot. I've been having an affair with Ted's hospital attendant who is two years younger than me. His name is Michael and he's going to be a doctor. He's also very uninhibited sexually. I spent the night with him two nights ago, and he showed me photos that he'd taken at an orgy. I'd love to go to an orgy. I've never had more than one man at a time.

"A week or so ago we had Ted out in the wheelchair and I asked Michael to hold me up so Ted could eat me. It was incredibly exciting, knowing Michael had come in that same cunt less than an hour before. And as long as I feel that way, I'm not sure that I can settle for any one man—yet."

DR. CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

I don't think I have encountered before in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

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APOLLO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

call to party hardy. Kool & the Gang chanting "get down, get down" and dreaming about "Hollywo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-ood, Hollywood Swinging." California Slick, as practiced by the Hues Corporation, is something else entirely: headbands, fringe, white bell-bottoms, all sunshine smiles and Malibu moves. The members of the Main Ingredient dress like flashy junior stockbrokers, three-piece white linen suits, floral ties, brown and white high-heeled shoes—Gettin'-Over-Slick—winning the ladies with silver-tongued harmonies and 14-karat pelvic gyrations. Gladys Knight and the Pips are so sedate by comparison that they qualify as Boojie Slick—their aura of middle-class respectability that enables them to play the Waldorf as well as the Apollo.

Black baroque attention to detail is at the heart of Slick, no matter what shape it comes in. Vocal lines adorned like Christmas trees. Performers decorated in eye-popping frills. Every body movement as gracefully unnecessary as a curve where a straight line will do, the whole thing synchronized to within an inch of superhuman ability.

Whoever called it the Apollo Theater was right on target. As the temple of Slick, this hall would have done the old Greek god proud, representing as he did the ideal over the real. Not that Funk—straight-from-the-gut feeling and body-grabbing music—doesn't have its place here; even the slickest of the Slick have got to get *down* to appeal to this audience. It's just that unadorned Funk, the closest thing to the spirit of old Dionysus, seems too bare for the Apollo stage. Even Aretha Franklin, First Sister of Soul, payed homage to Slick last time she played here, dressing up in show girl spangles and attempting a Vegas dance routine. Show time at the Apollo is a celebration of rituals as corny as stage tinsel and as serious as black pride—a celebration of a common heritage, individual talent, and the fruit of sweat and hard work and paying dues.

It's only fitting that the First Family of Slick—the Pips, which consists of Gladys Knight's older brother Bubba and cousins Ed and Red—got their first big break here at the Apollo by winning the theater's amateur night contest. Even a partial list of the weekly competition's famous finalists reads like a history of jazz and R & B. There were classic stylists like Billie Holiday and Billy Eckstine who made their mark when most singers were considered much less important than the big bands that played behind them. Over the years, stars like Sarah Vaughan, LaVern Baker, and Maxine Brown, as well as former group singers Clyde McPhatter, Ben E. King, and Jackie Wilson also started out by appealing to amateur night audiences. Setting the style for vocal groups for decades to come were the Ink Spots and later, the Orioles. At their peak in the mid-fifties, Sonny Till and the Orioles generated the kind of hysteria which made women in the Apollo audience rush the stage, tearing at their panties and yelling "Ride my alley, Sonny! Ride my alley!"

Every Wednesday night, following the regular shows, hopeful amateurs still huddle nervously backstage, lured by the big payoff, a week's engagement at the Apollo for anyone scoring four first-place finishes. Risking humiliation at the hands of an audience filled with hecklers and the popgun disapproval of a knobby-kneed dude in a fright wig and a John's Bargain Store minidress, for good luck each performer rubs what looks like a thigh-high wooden totem—the "Tree of Hope," all that's left of a chestnut tree which once served as a meeting place for Harlem's entertainers and booking agents offering gigs. Its charms must still work. Several recent amateur contest winners are now celebrities, including Stephanie Mills, star of Broadway's *The Wiz*.

As long as the Apollo stands, it offers a living link between black entertainment's past and present. Where else can B.B. King request a special matinee so he can explain the blues to an audience of school-age kids who've never really listened to the down-home lyrics and guitar licks that shaped today's music? Even the R & B hits of a dozen years ago are prehistoric sounds to the teenagers who gather in the Apollo's front rows today. On the same SRO bill as Gladys Knight and the Pips, the Persuasions are gratified by the loud applause given their glowing a cappella renditions of rhythm-and-blues classics. Back in their sweaty dressing room, the quintet's tenor, Joseph "Sweet Joe" Russell, talks about their attempt to keep the a cappella tradition alive. "There used to be a bunch of guys singing on almost every street corner," he recalls. "But the Man would chase us into the hallways. Then heroin came along and put an end to those groups. The only way my kids know the old songs is from those greatest-hits collections they advertise on TV."

Sometimes the show-biz past can be an embarrassment to the Apollo's audience. When Little Richard last appeared here a few years back, he had to follow a rousing performance of "The Ritual," a series of songs, dances, and skits built around the theme of black consciousness. Poor Richard Penniman, his face caked with makeup, his hair in a pompadour, his manner that of a black Liberace on speed, was the last person the crowd wanted to see. Through a constant barrage of abuse, he kept pounding away at his grand piano, playing his greatest hits, and pausing only long enough to let his hostile listeners know that "I was the first black star!"

Despite its ongoing tradition, the Apollo's future is far from secure. These days it can barely keep up with the competition from TV, nightclubs, and huge concert halls. "What keeps us going," explains Bob Schiffman, the Apollo's owner and operator, "is the loyalty that so many performers have for our audience. Aretha Franklin can earn $35,000 in one night at Madison Square Garden. She doesn't make that much in a week at the Apollo." But for every star who helps support the Apollo by appearing on its stage, there's another who'd rather get big bucks elsewhere. The success of performers who cut their show-biz teeth here has made it impossible to book enough headline acts for the Apollo to keep its doors open all year round.

Nowadays the Apollo presents live entertainment thirty weeks a year. The rest of the time it plays movies of the *Cleopatra Jones Meets Godzilla* school of filmmaking. The recession has hurt all of 125th Street, including the Apollo, but the landmark house received an overdue financial boost this summer when, after six years of wrangling and law suits against the major Hollywood distributors, the theater won the right to show first-run black films in the Harlem community. The Apollo's victory came a few months after the death of comedienne Moms Mabley, whose only feature film, *Amazin' Grace*, had been refused a 125th Street premiere by its distributor. According to Walter Brecher, Bob Schiffman's partner and the man who books the theater's movies, "when she used to play the Apollo she would complain that she couldn't open downtown. When her picture came out, the distributors wouldn't let it open uptown."

For the first time since the Apollo opened, the theater was dark for six weeks this year.

APOLLO RECORDINGS

Live recordings at the Apollo are among the most electrifying performances on vinyl. Unfortunately, there have been no taping sessions in recent years, and older live LP's have all been dropped from the catalog, with one exception. James Brown's *Revolution of the Mind—Recorded Live at the Apollo, Vol. III* (Polydor) offers two disks brimming with the vitality of Brown and his ten-cylinder music machine, the J.B.'s. Several other LP's occasionally show up in record store bargain bins and are worth hearing at any price. *Recorded Live at the Apollo: The Motor-Town Review, Vol. I* (Motown) showcases the cream of the Detroit Sound in its early days, with the Miracles, Marvin Gaye, the Marvelettes, Mary Wells, the Contours, and newcomers Stevie Wonder and the Supremes all on the same bill. *Apollo Saturday Night* (Atco) features Otis Redding's high-voltage debut at the theater but the Coasters steal the show with their comic delivery on "T Ain't Nothin' to Me." Certainly one of the all-time classics of soul, James Brown's original *Live at the Apollo* (King), recorded on October 24, 1962, preserves "Mister Dynamite, the amazing Mister 'Please, Please, Please' himself" at his height as a blues singer.

NIGHTCAPS

BY KEN GOULDTHORPE

As the name implies, no ordinary drink but the perfect topper to a perfect evening, to be served with pomp and ceremony.

Nightcap. It's one of those names that has the right ring to it, one of those words that has long outgrown its original definition, viz., a headcovering or cap worn in bed upon retiring. The word is warming—cosy. It smacks of the perfect end to a perfect evening. It conjures up something special. It follows, therefore, that the nightcap you drink *should* be something special. What's the point of capping a perfect evening with something mediocre?

Consider this hypothetical situation: You're out with your special lady and you've selected the perfect restaurant to match the mood. You've both decided on a trimmed sirloin, and you've chosen a modest but robust Burgundy to set off the flavor of the beef. Everything is perfect. After dessert, a fine old brandy. The mood mounts. On your way home you suggest a nightcap, and the idea is accepted with enthusiasm. Now, what do you have in mind as the perfect drink to match the occasion? If you've given this matter no previous thought, sir, and if you don't have exactly the right equipment ready and waiting, you simply don't deserve the potential delights that lie ahead for you.

What's called for here is a little future-think and an elementary acquaintance with the array of succulent potions at your disposal—with due consideration, of course, to climate, locale, and season. You do *not* require the expertise of an Alex Lichine. In fact, all you really need is a reasonable command of your own taste buds, a basic familiarity with the beverages you feel might fit the occasion, and a few vital recipes.

Starting with the premise that you're creating a mood, the nightcap should be no ordinary drink but, as the name implies, a potion that's a fitting topper to your evening, to be served with the ceremony that is its due. Let's consider a few of the possibilities.

To begin with, you might say that absolutely anything goes. You can take your choice of the basic ingredients—whiskey, gin, vodka, rum, brandy, liqueurs, wines. . . . But here's where the mood factor comes in, and here's where you make the suggestion to your woman. What's *her* preference? If she seems noncommittal—and the kind of woman who's impressed with the *savoir faire* of her prospective bedmate—but you haven't had the time to research all of her specific likes and dislikes, then the answer is champagne. And, of course, you've had a bottle or two cooling in the refrigerator—along with the glasses—since lunch. Right?

The beauty of champagne is that there is literally *no* time of day or night when it cannot be served with absolute propriety, but as a post-dinner or predawn nightcap, it will tastefully close one segment of the festivities while holding open the promise of still better things to come. Champagne, after all, is as much a wine of anticipation as it is of fulfillment, and serving it to your woman only adds to your panache.

For a tête-à-tête, the half-bottle is ideal—a "split" is too small—and since it's wine that has been transferred from larger bottles, unless you know that you're serving it within a year of its bottling, the quality may well have deteriorated. Champagne is developed (doubly fermented and aged) only in half-bottles, bottles, and magnums.

A word or two about the serving, which is part and parcel of the mood you're creating. If you're already at home—where you should be—take the bottle from the refrigerator along with a pair of tulip or flute glasses. These preserve the natural effervescence far more effectively than those wide-brimmed jugs that pass for champagne glasses. Remove the cork wire and ease the cork out very slowly. Remember, if you pop it, you're simply destroying the effervescence which gives champagne its sparkle.

How to select the right champagne? It's easy. Even though it is blended in a broad spectrum of styles, when in doubt, choose some brut non-vintage. And if you do take the half-bottle route, be sure to have another one cooling. If you don't need it as a nightcap, it goes wonderfully well with eggs and bacon . . . and she'll be very, very impressed.

But let's suppose that she just doesn't feel like champagne on this particular occasion. There are, as I have said, several other avenues to explore, but before I leave the subject of wine, consider the virtues of vintage port and Madeira . . . a fertile field as yet undiscovered by far too many seekers of excellence

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CURTIS WILLIAMS
PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE LEOPARD

and quality. As nightcaps, these wines are second to none, and as wines, they are incontestably among the world's finest. For me, they are wines of celebration to be savored. A vintage port not only has a soothing effect on the palate, it is distinctive in flavor, rich in color, full in body—and it packs far more clout than the uninitiated give it credit for. Vintage ports and Madeiras should always be decanted—poured through a piece of muslin into another container, so that the sediment, or 'crust,' is filtered out. Serve them at room temperature in narrow, stemmed glasses, then sit back and watch the reaction.

And although your lady may be expecting a brandy—indeed she should have one if that's her mood of the moment—she certainly won't be expecting you to trot out a fine aged rum, which has all the lingering qualities of a brandy but opens up a whole new bag. And she might not be expecting a twelve-year-old single-malt scotch, an unblended whiskey which should always be considered in its own right and served—as the brandy and rum—in small snifters, without ice. The glory is in the sheer simplicity of the operation.

So much for immediacy. Let's dwell for a while on certain alternatives which call for a modicum of ingenuity in the preparation. There are, of course, a few classic standbys which should be part of the sensual armory of every bachelor—married or single. Take Irish Coffee, or its Gaelic and Mexican counterparts. These excellent concoctions call for certain preparatory skills (like brewing good coffee for openers) in which, at this strategic moment, you might not wish to indulge. However, they can be ordered in the bistro of your choice. Just do your groundwork thoroughly to ensure that both the brew and the ambiance measure up to the occasion. For my part, I prefer to build my own in the bar I know best.

Let's suppose you are a man of comsummate taste, whose bar is well stocked with all the nocturnal essentials—liqueurs, cognacs, aged rums, and so on. It seems to me that what's called for in the nightcap area is something more than just a straight liqueur. After all, any fool can open a bottle (but it takes smarts to stock ports and champagne). So, what's required here is a certain sleight of hand—a deft heft with the right combination of ingredients. It's not simply a bullshit scene where you're trying to impress the lady, but a genuine effort on your part to fit the drink to the moment and to enjoy it in your chosen company, basking a little in the delight of sharing something you consider superb with someone you consider superlative.

If you're with me this far, a few pointers. We've decided that a fine liqueur or cognac is, of itself, a delightful capper to the meal. Now, how do we elevate it to the realm of the nightcap? The trend, my friend, is to blend. As in a pousse-café, for example, in which liqueurs are poured one after another into a parfait glass, forming layers of brilliantly colored liquids in a rainbow effect.

As we've said, this doesn't require expertise, but it does demand the delightful duty of preliminary experimentation with all the basic ingredients. Liqueurs are available in miniature bottles—containing enough to enable you to mix and match. The important thing is that you go through this basic training—for then you're ready for the combat course, in which a little knowledge is a distinct advantage.

We therefore present a number of noggins which might just put the lid on things and seal a perfect evening. Liquor, like loving, is an experience to be shared for ultimate fulfillment.

If you want to surprise her with something new and different, build her a **Bald Greek**. Take 1 ounce of Metaxa Brandy and an equal amount of crème de menthe, pour over shaved ice, stir, and garnish with a lemon twist. What makes the Greek a little hairy is the subtle flavoring in the liquor, but the resulting potion is smooth, elegant, and remarkably satisfying.

To get things into gear, try a **Golden Cadillac**. Place 1 ounce of Galliano, 2 ounces of white crème de cacao, 1 ounce of sweet cream (or a scoop of vanilla ice cream) with some crushed ice in a blender. Mix at a low speed for about twenty seconds or so—then strain into a wide-brimmed champagne glass, sit back, and let the drink do the driving.

And as long as you've got the blender out, here's yet another creamy concoction that should produce the desired results. Blend 1 ounce of Benedictine, ½ ounce of Pernod Anis, and a scoop of vanilla ice cream. Mix and pour as above and you've made yourself a **French Twist**. *Vive la différence!*

Or for your own "Late, Late Show," try looking at her over a **Gatsby**. Take 1 ounce of Mandarine Napoleon Liqueur, 1 ounce of Amaretto, and 1 ounce of sweet cream. Mix in the blender and serve over ice. She'll think you're great.

Speaking of Gatsby, here's a concoction that comes to us by way of his old playgrounds—the Hamptons of Long Island, New York, fame. Add to 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum an equal amount of Canadian Maple Brandy Liqueur. Pour over ice in a comfortable glass—then sit, sip, and watch the sun go down over your **Maple Nymph**.

Your favorite Scotch can be nightcapped by adding an equal amount of Drambuie Liqueur. Serve over ice in an old-fashioned glass and you've hammered out a **Rusty Nail**.

And for that aforementioned classic **pousse-café**, take equal quantities of grenadine liqueur, crème de cacao, green crème de menthe, anisette, blackberry flavored brandy, and regular brandy. Pour the ingredients slowly over the bottom of an inverted teaspoon in the above order, using tall, narrow stemware—and great care.

Just to prove the point that almost anything can serve as a nightcap—as long as some thought and TLC is applied—we recommend a few **Freezer Shots**. Before leaving to pick up your date, pare a small lemon so that you wind up with one continuous piece of peel. Unzip a bottle of vodka and thread in the peel; then place the bottle in the freezing compartment of your refrigerator. When you bring her home, just retrieve the bottle and serve in shot glasses. Try the same treatment on white rum, kummel, aquavit, tequila, mirabelle, or pear brandy (eau-de-vie de poire).

So much for the coolers. What if the mood—or the weather—calls for something warm and soothing? There's that grand old standby **Irish Coffee**, of course, which should be prepared as follows: into a warmed 8-ounce stemmed glass, pour 1½ ounces Irish whiskey; sugar to taste and add very strong, very hot *freshly brewed* coffee to within an inch or so of the lip. Stir, and then fill the remaining space with chilled whipped cream. Do *not* re-stir—simply drink it through the cream. For an interesting change of pace, omit the sugar and substitute Irish Mist Liqueur for the whiskey. For **Gaelic Coffee**, substitute your favorite Scotch; for **Mexican Coffee**, use Kahlua Liqueur.

You might also consider using other liqueurs and spirits which blend well with coffee. Rum, for instance, blends beautifully, as in the **Café Pucci**. Mix 1 ounce of Jamaican rum and 1 ounce of Amaretto di Saronno in a large mug; fill with very hot coffee, stir, and top with whipped cream. Or take 1½ ounces of Jamaican, 1½ ounces of aquavit, skip the coffee but add warm apple cider. Then stir and garnish with whole cloves stuck into an apple slice. You've made a **Jamaican Rumble**—and there's no telling what it'll make your partner.

If she suffers from coffee nerves, you can pull the old hot-chocolate ploy. Only this time add a jigger of Caffè Lolita liqueur. Top with whipped cream and sprinkle with grated orange peel. The result is a **Madcap Lolita**, which will be a conversation piece—if you can keep it together long enough to talk. Either way, the odds are you'll both sleep tight.

(If you would like further information on additional Nightcap recipes, write Ken Gouldthorpe, Penthouse *magazine.)*

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Meanwhile, the Jackson Five were packing them in at Radio City Music Hall for a solid week, a situation which made Apollo house manager Dave McCarthy fume. "I can remember a few years back, the Jackson Five were in New York and they couldn't pay their hotel bill. So they asked us if they could play a week at the Apollo to make some money. Now they don't even answer our phone calls." According to McCarthy, "A performer has a responsibility to the community which supports him. Think of the little kid who has to scrounge to get ninety-eight cents to buy a record and compare him to the top performers who are getting all the money. I think those performers owe that kid something."

Having literally grown up backstage at the Apollo and taken it over from his father—the theater's founder—Bob Schiffman's prime concern is to keep the historic showcase alive. "This is a small house, just sixteen hundred seats, in one of the poorest sections of the country," he says, assessing the odds against the Apollo, his occasional black inflection contrasting with his pale white complexion. "Like everyone else, our expenses keep going up, but we just can't raise our prices." With a self-imposed top ticket price of six dollars, the Apollo has got to be the biggest live entertainment bargain in New York.

The fickleness of the Apollo's audience has increased the theater's financial uncertainties. "Word of mouth used to be our best advertisement," Bob Schiffman remembers. "A show would open on Friday at twelve-thirty and by three o'clock everybody on the street knew how good it was. Now artistic excellence has been replaced by record sales in determining whether an act will draw or not."

The last time Duke Ellington played the Apollo, about six years ago, he had a hard time pulling them in. A few weeks later, police reserves had to be called out to handle the crowds lining up to see the Duke at a downtown gig. You could say Ellington's music wasn't aimed at the street, but even Ray Charles, known as Soul's Genius, did so poorly at the Apollo box office that he hasn't returned in three years. More recently, Barry White, the Orson Welles of disco music, found himself facing near-empty houses. Even a hit record is no longer a guarantee of box-office success.

Unlike New York's Lincoln Center or other such bastions of white culture which benefit from government subsidies, the Apollo Theater has always had to pay its own way. When Frank Schiffman died last year at the age of eighty-one, the *New York Times* recalled the Apollo's highly commercial origin nearly forty years earlier: "In those days 125th Street for all its theatrical glamour was hospitable to blacks as performers but not as members of the audience. But Mr. Schiffman and [his partner, Leo] Brecher believed it would be wise—and also good business—to welcome anyone who cared to buy a ticket."

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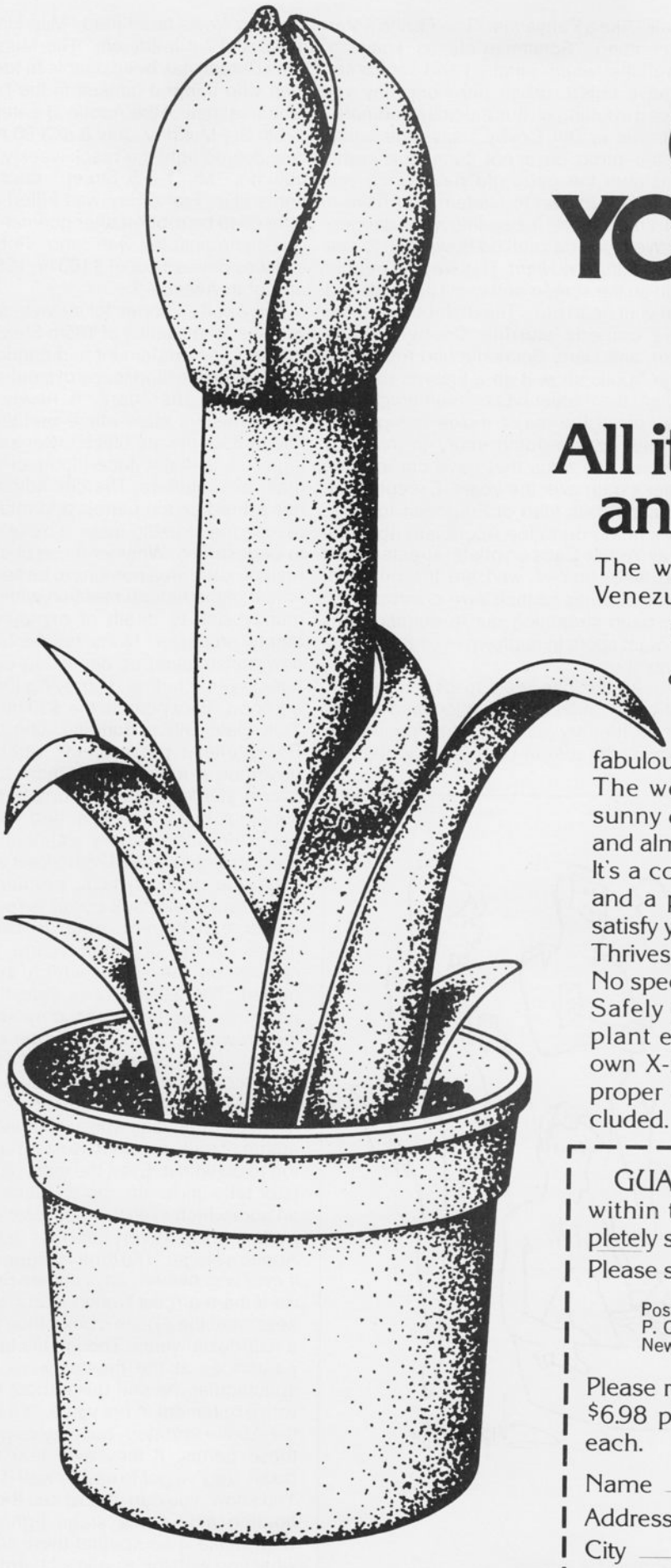

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business on 125th Street, the Apollo has been a natural target for some righteous militancy and plenty of obvious hustles, though during the riots of the sixties, crowds of supporters protected the theater from any damage by keeping a vigil in front of it. In recent years there have been a couple of shakedown attempts, but the most noticeable confrontations have been picket lines protesting acts appearing on the Apollo stage. The Jewel Box Review, the famed show of female impersonators which used to appear every February for a full month, was done in by such protests. Even James Brown, the Godfather of Soul himself, was picketed a few years ago for his support of Richard Nixon's reelection. "Of course the picket lines have been disturbing, but it's all part of doing business here," shrugs Bob Schiffman. For a while it seemed like his headaches would be coming to an end as a syndicate of black investors prepared to buy the Apollo. Cynics claimed the theater was finally being sold because it was losing money, while people close to management could detect in Schiffman a desire to spend more time on his golf game and less on running the Apollo. In any case, tight money and an overly ambitious scheme to create a media monopoly in Harlem finally forced the theater's buyers to abandon their plans, leaving Bobby Schiffman to carry on.

The man who has seen the Apollo go through sixteen years of continual changes still talks like a Pollyanna. "The Apollo's star is ascending," Schiffman claims, knowing full well that where inflation and confrontation have failed, urban paranoia may yet succeed in killing off this musical landmark.

"Hi, this is Bill Cosby," says the voice over the radio on a hot summer's night. "Remember the good old days when you used to go uptown to Harlem and have a good time before it became very dangerous? Well, you can still go downtown to see *Uptown Saturday Night*. This way the people are all on the screen and won't jump off and clean your head out." The distributors of the movie comedy starring Cosby, Sidney Poitier, and Harry Belafonte had refused to let the Apollo show it on a first-run basis, a problem the theater has encountered at the hands of all the major movie companies. Now they were adding injury to insult by rehashing the fears that have cut into the theater's gate over the years. Except for an occasional bus load of European tourists, whites going up to the Apollo are about as rare as Yellow Cabs on ghetto streets. At the same time, blacks, who are the principal victims of crime in their own communities, have been streaming out to concert halls and night spots in midtown in ever-increasing numbers.

The Apollo has tried to overcome bad publicity by advertising its location as "the heart of friendly Harlem," but how do you contend with a front-page story in the *Amsterdam News* headlined "Man Hangs Self in Apollo"? It leads off: "The Missing Persons Bureau has been unable to identify the man who hanged himself in the basement rehearsal hall of the Apollo Theater, 253 W. 125th St., Monday, July 8 at 3:00 P.M." And how do you fight the black weekly's gossip column, "Mr. 1-2-5 Street," chock full of items like "Frank Ray was killed when he refused to be robbed after gunmen lined up guests against the wall" and "Robert Dodson was conned out of $160 on 125th Street at Eighth Avenue"?

The Apollo's hopes for survival are tied in with the renaissance of 125th Street, once a glittering entertainment and cultural center but now a grim landscape of steel-shuttered storefronts after dark. A newly opened nineteen-story state office building and a fifteen-floor private office tower are the first signs of a major face-lifting of Harlem's main thoroughfare. The city administration has added police patrols and attempted to rezone the street to make it more attractive to pedestrians. Whether these changes will revitalize the area remains to be seen. Skepticism is the natural reaction within a community sick to death of exploitation and empty promises. Many residents see the new construction as benefiting outside interests while further destroying their neighborhood. They point to the $30 million New York State Office Building, one of Nelson Rockefeller's pet projects when he was governor. It looms like a giant tombstone over a sterile plaza kept empty by round-the-clock guards on what had traditionally been the site of lively political debates. Though a renovated 125th Street will hardly solve the ghetto's basic problems, those who argue that black power is really green power expect renovation to bring more money to the community and the businesses on the street which are black-owned. The $2 million a year the Apollo pours into the area's economy—as well as the crowds it draws—make the theater an essential part of any local renewal plan.

Whatever the Apollo's eventual fate, it remains a mythic place, deserving of a pilgrimage by anyone who ever believed in the magic of rock and soul. Nostalgia has nothing to do with it. Even the most jaded spectator falls under the old theater's spell. It's an aura which even the most professional of performers feel every time they get up on the Apollo's stage. "The thrill is bigger now than it ever was before," says James Brown, "the Ha-a-a-a-a-a-rdest Workin' Man in Show Business" and the Apollo's box-office champ for a half-dozen years. Though his last few appearances at the theater were less than spectacular, he still talks about its legacy with excitement in his voice. "I'd like to see the Apollo updated, but they've got to keep those germs. If they ever tear the place down, they've got to save a wall if it'll stand. You know, you can almost see those germs floating across the stage lights. They're what make it so special there." Call them what you will, the Apollo's charms are truly the stuff of legends.

"You're just in time. We're bobbing for apples."

OUT OF THIS WORLD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

eda, Lilly, Mitchell, and an assortment of gurus, dopers, freaks, and psychiatrists.

The thing that leaves the body is the "I," the memories, personality, vices, and virtues of the self, the personal soul that can bump weaker souls out of their physical bodies and rudely enter like the succubi, incubi, and various demons of satanic legends (as Monroe discovered from a few experiences when he unexpectedly woke up in someone else's body).

"In your early separation from your physical body," Monroe says, "you retain the memory of your humanoid form; it's like a mold that you've been in. But the more you become aware of this as a plastic unit the more you do take other forms. I could become a dog. It may not be a perfect dog, but I'd get the eyes in the right place and the teeth long enough. Perhaps this is where the idea of the werewolf came from. These days I don't think I normally have any arms or legs when I am apart from the physical body. I think I am a blob of some kind. Or a teardrop. Or a ball."

If Monroe's description of his limbless Second State body evokes the image of the great hokum head with which the Wizard of Oz fools Dorothy, there *is* a slight Barnum air about him. He juggles the material and spiritual worlds neatly. His conversation glides from making hay to the technique of walking through walls as though he does not see any great distinction between the two realities. They are equally humdrum, *and* they are equally exciting.

"You are moving slowly in your Second State body," he says, "and you go to this wall. It seems like the wall has the same kind of surface tension we might find in a cup of water. You push against it, then you pass through it easily. When you move rapidly, you break this quickly. You don't even notice it. As oftens happens in my case now, I'll roll out of the physical, and I vaguely feel myself floating down through the bed, down through the floor. But it's not an atom-by-atom or a layer-by-layer feeling."

He has the salesman's and storyteller's trick of pausing in the middle of phrases for suspense and sliding the end of one sentence into the beginning of another to keep the listener hooked. He is such an interesting conversationalist that even his cats enjoy talking to him.

"Hello, cat," Monroe says as he eases himself down into a chair on his porch.

"Meow," says the Siamese cat.

"How are you?"

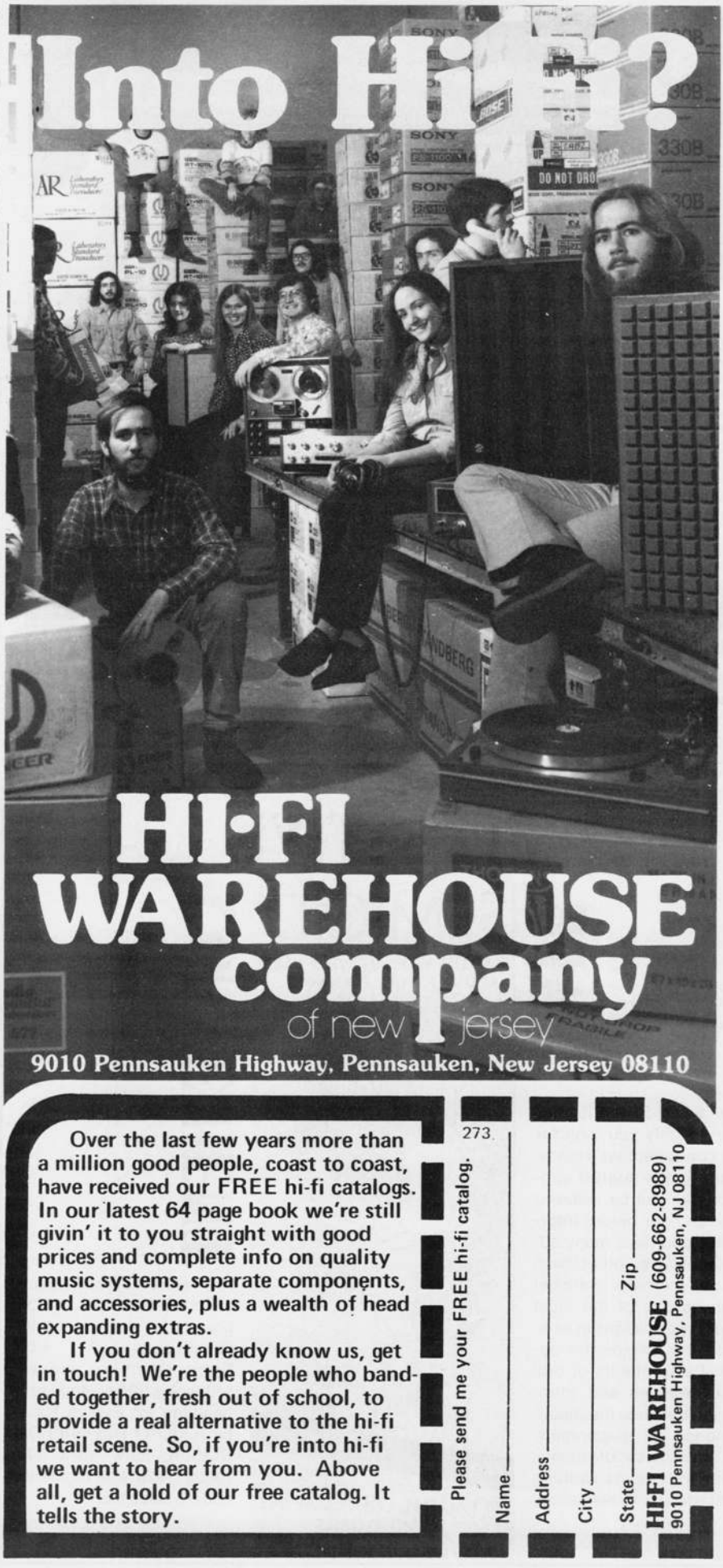
"Meow."

"Catch any mice today?"

"Meow."

"The cat just always talks to him," says Scooter, one of Monroe's daughters.

"One of the most remarkable things that happened recently," Monroe says, "was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encountering an animal intelligence. It was a pathetic little thing. I just rolled out of the body, and I encountered this life form. I thought, 'Well, I'll make an inquiry of it,' meaning I'll try to perceive it. And this little life form was just radiating love. I thought, 'What is this?' This radiation came back just as clear as anything: 'The only way I can show my love is by licking you.' Then I felt on my arm, *lick, lick, lick, lick*, like this. I said, 'That's enough. I understand.' And I rolled back into my body, sat up, and looked around. Here was one of these Siamese cats, looking at me with the funniest look. Coincidence? Reality? I don't know."

The psychic space at Monroe's Whistlefield Farm can be crowded at times. Monroe's wife also claims an ability to slip out of her body. And when Monroe's editor, Bill Whitehead, visited the farm, he was disturbed by a vagrant apparition.

"I had an extraordinary weekend," Whitehead said. "There was a dull light in the middle of my room . . . like a fluorescent light coming from a distance and casting a glow. I had an impulse to get up and move, go somewhere else. I fought it. Went back to sleep. Later, Bob told me that the light was a kind of being, another person or thing, that seems to have been hanging around the house recently."

Monroe's Second State world is also inhabited by demons, indifferent souls, and beings he calls Helpers. Most of these creatures flit through the astral world unannounced and anonymous, shadowy things at the edge of sight, although once two of the beings climbed onto Monroe's astral back and wouldn't get off. When Monroe tried to pull them off, the creatures stretched like rubber. Terrified, Monroe wrestled with them, finally tearing them off. He held one in each hand, stymied, until another astral inhabitant, a man in a dark robe, appeared and took them away, one nestled under each arm.

Monroe frequently punctuates his statements with long sighs, because he knows that it is tempting to dismiss his stories as benign ravings or excellent, although derivative, science fiction. His flights out of the body recall the art of jaunting in Alfred Bester's *The Demolished Man*, and his theories of energy seem to be a tepid derivative of Gurdjieff's mysticism.

"In trying to judge somebody's subjective experience, you've got to decide how much you trust the reporter," said Ira Einhorn, an associate of Dr. Andrija Puharich, a neurologist who has studied Monroe's case and the man who brought Israeli psychic Uri Geller to America. "Dr. Puharich has found no reason to doubt Monroe. It's very difficult for people who have had this kind of experience to communicate what they see."

"In the human consciousness," said Puharich, "there is a part which is the real perceiver, the experiencer, the analyzer, that exists independently of the body. That's the part that leaves the body, and it looks back at the body and says, 'Gee, those were nice clothes I was wearing this trip.'"

Pet of the Year

It's all wrapped up—and Pet of Pets Anneka De Lorenzo knows where she is, what she's got, and where she's going. "I'll do just what I'm doing now—realizing girlhood dreams about being famous, making films, and being rich. It's something I've always known would happen," she explains. And on these pages we show Anneka enjoying some of the lush fruits of her new-found fame.

On the preceding page, Anneka relaxes in the Sleep Box, a queen-size sleeping cube designed by Randy Parsons for Loftcraft. She's dressed for stardom in a red fox coat designed by Pierre Cardin for top New York fur-manufacturer Michael Forrest, while a pet of her own, a purebred shaded silver Persian kitten from the American Kennels of New York City, settles in her lap. As for gamesmanship, Anneka plans to become as expert with her tournament backgammon game by Lederer of Paris as she hopes to be on screen. And when her agent does call with that major role, a red Portacall wireless telephone from Teletronics United Inc. is right at her fingertips—perfect equipment for a lady who excells at instant communication.

Below, at left, setting out on her ten-speed Grand Touring Ross bicycle, Anneka wears a jumpsuit, sweater, and ski boots—all from Beconta. Aboard her Kawasaki KZ-400D motorcycle (with disc brakes and electric starter), she wears her Kawasaki riding jacket and Famolare boots. *At far right*, she sports a denim-look ski ensemble from Beconta. Her "Get There" boots and the high-wheel bicycle are both designed by Joe Famolare.

Some gifts not shown include hair styling and conditioning for a year with Michael Stevens of Maurice Tidy (Madison Avenue) and one year's membership in the New York Health Club. With the outer woman well cared for, her inner talents will be refined and developed with acting lessons from the Lee Strasberg Theatrical Institute. And a respite from studies will be provided with a trip for two to Cancun, a beach resort on the Gulf of Mexico (thanks to the Penthouse/Viva Leisure Club). Add $5,000 from Penthouse International, Ltd. for spending money, and Anneka's self-realization is here and now.

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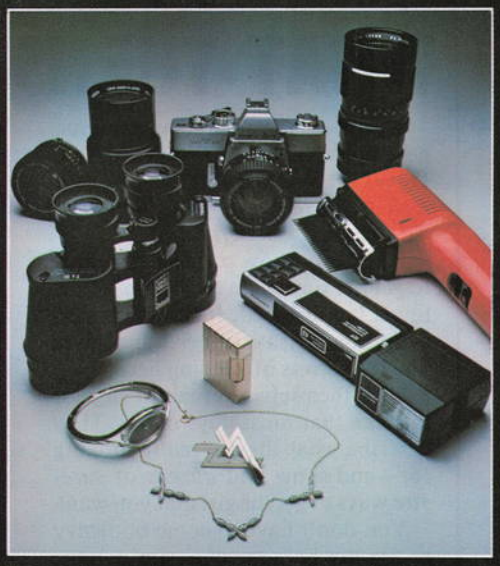

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Monroe, aware of the subjective nature of his experiences, emphasizes that he is not an authority. He insists that he is not bucking for sainthood and that he has no desire to become a guru.

His early invitation to any reputable scientist to study his out-of-body states was only a means of persuading himself that he was not crazy. He was never particularly interested in convincing others that his experiences are real and he has no proofs because "I haven't been looking for proof in these last five or six years." He resists indulging in any experiments because "I satisfied myself, and that's all I need to do."

Confident that his jaunts out of his skin are real—in an admittedly ill-defined sense—he wants to figure out ways of using his experiences.

On a hill overlooking the horse pasture and bass pond at Whistlefield Farm, Monroe has built an institution for the study of out-of-body phenomena.

"The administration building is not big," Monroe says. "It has two offices, a lounge, and a library. The lab wing has three isolation chambers, a control center, bio-feedback machines, and a large test chamber where we can handle as many as five subjects simultaneously. We're adding to our instrumentation—electroencephalographs, polygraphs, all sorts of machinery."

Monroe waves at a door that, as though mimicking the psychic threshold leading to the Second State world, opens onto nothing—no step, only a three-foot drop.

"We put that door in so we can expand," Monroe says.

And he seems convinced that the institute will grow, because out-of-body flights are proving to be not uncommon experiences. The ghostly self that slides from the body with a shiver is not Monroe's invention. It has always haunted us. It is the double that slips through history and literature almost as elusively as it slips through Monroe's flesh to float on the ceiling. It is spook and god, astral projection and archetype, Mr. Hyde, Dorian Gray's picture, Alice's reflection in the looking glass, and the phantom John F. Kennedy that Lyndon Johnson was rumored to have glimpsed wandering through 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Sylvan Muldoon and Hereward Carrington have reported at least ninety-two classic out-of-the-body cases. Dr. Robert Crookall has gathered data on hundreds of cases. Celia Green, Director of the Institute of Psychophysical Research (an independent parapsychological think tank near Oxford University), received about four hundred responses to advertisements she had placed in September .1966, seeking people who had experienced out-of-body states. And since Monroe's book was published in 1971, Doubleday has received almost five hundred letters from people claiming to have taken astral flights.

"I don't think I'm really all that special," Monroe says. "I just think that I'm the one who was looking the other way and accidentally fell into the manhole. Everybody else

was just walking right around it."

Monroe's drop, like Alice's into Wonderland, was not entirely accidental, however. His first out-of-the-body experience occurred shortly after he'd experimented with glue-sniffing. The dizziness he'd felt while using some glue to build cupboards for his kids intrigued him, and one night he opened the can of wood glue, sniffed and snorted until he felt bathed in a ray of energy. Although his actual out-of-body experiences didn't start until after he'd given up glue-sniffing, Andrija Puharich thinks that the sniffing may have triggered the astral flights.

Like a con artist who wraps his arm around your shoulder and woos away your suspicions by appealing to your vanity, Monroe invites you to believe that you may also be a member of the club.

Monroe's prescription for the novice is to lie down, count silently from one to twenty, breathing deeply with each number, becoming more relaxed with each breath. Your skin may start tingling around number seven; and if you are lucky and haven't fallen asleep by number twenty, you may be seized with violent trembling. When you spring up, wondering what happened, you may, on glancing over your shoulder to make sure you hadn't stretched out on a live electric wire, discover your physical body lying peacefully where you left it.

When I experimented with this method all I felt was the slight buzz you get from hyperventilating. But one longtime friend told me that when she was a child she often felt herself standing to the left and about two feet behind her body, watching her physical self. And another friend, Tom Blackwell, a photorealist painter with the Alan Stone Gallery in New York City, reported an out-of-body experience he'd had more than a decade ago.

"I'd rented a little house outside of Yokohama when I was in the navy stationed in Japan," Tom said. "I was nineteen. I'd never had any experience with drugs. I brought a girl to this place one time. We were making love in this room. All of a sudden my consciousness left my body, and I was above myself, looking down at this scene of us making love. I could literally see myself. I mean, something saw me making love with this girl. Or I—wherever I was—saw something with her on the bed."

Trying to pin down this strange double that casually steps from the body leaving the mind ajar is like wrestling with a shadow. It may be real, but how do you go about getting hold of it?

Once your spirit is finally soaring, Monroe claims, there is no danger of misplacing your body like losing the car you parked in a multilevel garage. "Returning?" he says. "It's as though you have to sneeze, but it's not your nose tickling."

Next to Monroe's institute is a guest house, where his associates will stay while they are helping him chart Second State reality. So far, Monroe by himself has located three distinct out-of-body worlds.

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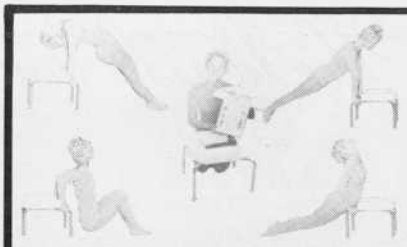

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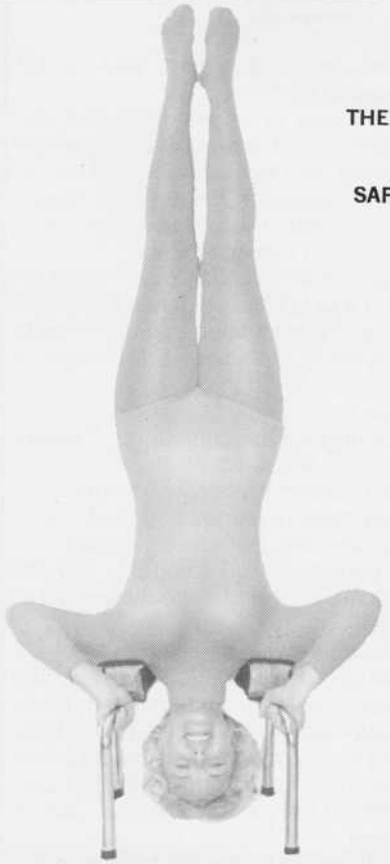

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"Here-Now" exists in our material universe during the time of the experience—our ordinary reality, which, when he is in his astral state, is boring to Monroe. Everything looks the same, although often in mirror image. The only problem in moving about "Here-Now" is getting used to passing through walls and flying thirty or forty feet above the earth.

"There really isn't much to do in the Here-Now," says Monroe. "Let's say, if this morning at three you rolled out of your body, what would you do? Visit a friend? After you had done that twenty times and it was commonplace, what would you do?"

"Infinity-Eternity," the second out-of-body locale, a nonmaterial world whose laws correspond only vaguely to the laws of our material world, looks like it was staged by Stanley Kubrick and Dante. You can wander off to ride Saturn's rings as though they were some cosmic merry-go-round, swim through an infernal sea of suckerlike creatures, or drop in on some local heaven, where the astral crowd drift around in white gowns and fall on their backs to make a living road for some great, unidentified, but infinitely powerful, presence. Time and space don't exist.

"As far as I can see it has no ending," Monroe says. "There must be an infinite variety of dimensions. It takes some guts to do them. Some of them are most disconcerting, but they're there."

The third out-of-body locale, the "Reverse Image," is quite reminiscent of Vladimir Nabokov's Antiterra in his novel *Ada*, either a mirrored version of our familiar universe, a parallel world, a stepsister to earth, or a terrestrial society in the far past or the far future.

The reversal is not a mere 180° reflection but a completely different world, where the cars are larger and are steered by a horizontal bar and the roads are double the width of our highways. "Atomic power is commonplace," Monroe says, "but electricity is not." Monroe avoids this third locale because often he finds himself projected into the body of a fellow who is not having a very pleasant life.

"It's been a temptation," Monroe says, "to become a mystic. Maybe in five years I'll say, 'Ah, well,' and I'll go live off in the woods somewhere and think about it all. But I have too much to do here. I enjoy swimming in this physical-matter ocean. . . ."

Monroe's only curiosity now is about "Infinity-Eternity" and so, like a tourist buying antiques, he drops in now and again to pick up whatever he can find.

In a chapter he decided not to include in his book, Monroe, using a disconcerting metaphor, explained that our purpose on earth is to produce emotional energy—what he calls "loosh"—to be food for the gods.

"We are like Guernseys," he says, "God's cows. Now, suppose a cow attempted to communicate with the farmer? It would arouse the farmer's curiosity about this unusual animal. The people who try to communicate with the god-farmers and who are no longer Guernseys, are the messiahs and sages and saviors of history. Surprisingly, there are some people on earth now who are no longer Guernseys. I found this out much to my surprise from some very well-known research psychologists with fairly significant reputations for integrity. I can't tell you who they are because I was given it on a very confidential level. But wouldn't that rather surprise you?"

Determined not to be one of history's Guernseys, Monroe, having mooed loud enough to attract the attention of his divine Helpers, is learning to become a god.

"In recent years," he says, "I've been attending what I loosely define as a class. We went above the earth and began to elate, to get bigger. Don't ask me what the technique of this was. We got to one point where we could stand off here, and the earth was a ball about two feet in diameter. You could put your hands out on both sides of it this way or reach over and touch the moon on the other side. You understand what we were being taught? Gradually we were taught to get the moon and the earth so they would fit in the palm of your hand. I'm symbolizing hand, but basically this is what it was. We learned to elate more broadly. We could put our arms around the whole solar system in this way."

Monroe heaves himself up from the couch on the dark porch of his house. Behind him in the night fields, fireflies sparkle like synapses in a giant brain. Monroe says: "It's all a matter of perspective." O+

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SEMIPUBLIC SEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

" 'You're sweet,' she said, and almost skipped out of the room.

"I walked over to the windows and was looking out trying to figure out what happened, when I heard the door open behind me. In walked Miss Glassman, the old maid French teacher. She's forty-five and built like—well, like an old maid French teacher.

" 'I've got something to talk over with you,' she said. 'I had to fill out a dental insurance application a few minutes ago and I made what appears to have been the mistake of coming in here to do it.'

"I gulped.

" 'I'm afraid I saw something I wasn't meant to see,' she said.

" 'I can't defend myself. . . .' I said.

" 'I'm not asking you to,' she said.

" 'I suppose this is it for me,' I said.

" 'Not necessarily. If I were to tell Mr. Mack, of course, it undoubtedly would be. Do you want me to?'

" 'Do I—well—well, no—I. . . .'

" 'Because I don't *have* to,' she said, and she walked over to me and put her hand on my arm and gave me a meaningful look. Next thing I knew she was kissing me on the mouth—all wet and sloppy with the perfumey taste of the bloodred lipstick she always wears.

"That afternoon I followed her car to her apartment. She took me upstairs to her studio. It had a kitchenette in a sort of closet, and the whole place smelled of cooking grease and face powder. She had a fold-out sofa and she wanted to be fucked dog fashion while having her gigantic brown nipples pinched—she groaned like she was in the throes of childbirth. What an experience! From Frannie to Miss Glassman in one day.

"So for six months, every day during the fourth period, I've balled Frannie on the floor of 103. We take off all our clothes and do sixty-nine and she licks out my asshole and I come in her mouth and everything. The whole time, Miss Glassman sits at a table in the project area just outside the door, and if any kids try to go into the classroom she snaps at them. Somehow, the fear that that door is going to open keys me up to where the sexual tension is phenomenal.

"And every day on the way home I stop at Miss Glassman's apartment, hold my nose, and screw her until she stops grunting.

"It's only now that I'm in Puerto Rico that I can see how strange my life has become. I mean, I guess it's okay, what I'm doing. I've still got my job. I'm not in jail. But what if my *girl friend* should find out?"

All in all, my sojourn at the hotel was most entertaining. I didn't walk in on any more horizontal rumba lessons, but I came away with a few ideas of my own as well as an entirely new way of looking at office conference rooms, roadside picnic areas, and library stacks.

The Penthouse FASHION FINDER

The following retail stores have the merchandise featured on pages 91-95 on hand. Contact them directly, or contact the individual manufacturer.

Page 91

Dimitri for Michaels/Stern
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, New York 10019

J.L. Hudson Company
1206 Woodward
Detroit, Michigan 48226

Kaufmann Stores
Fifth Avenue
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15203

Page 92-93

Ralph Lauren for Polo
40 West 55th Street
New York, New York 10019
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Bullock's
3050 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90010
(vest only)

Dimensions
1627 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103

Arthur Richards Sport
31 West 56th Street
New York, New York 10019

Page 94-95

Lord Jeff
350 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10001

Strawbridge & Clothier
8th and Market Streets
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19106

Pendleton Woolen Mills
489 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10017

Sanger-Harris
Akard & Pacific Streets
Dallas, Texas 75222

Page 95

Dimitri for Malcolm Kenneth
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, New York 10022

Roos-Atkins
Post & Powell Streets
San Francisco, California 94108

Lytton's
235 S. State Street
Chicago, Illinois 60604

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PENTHOUSE covers a sampling of eight expert-backed products recommended for restoring your skin and hair to a healthy, balanced condition.

BY ED EMMERLING

From left: KANON Sauna Soak (7 oz., $7); ZIZANIE After Shave Créme Concentréé (4½ oz., $7.50); WINDRIFT Sport Lotion (4 oz., $2); YSL After Shave Balm (4 oz., $7); and BRAGGI Skin Conditioning Cream (3 oz., $5.50). All products are formulated to replenish moisture and oils for the skin.

From left: SCHICK Hot Lather Machine (about $20.95) adds moisture when shaving. ARAMIS Malt-Enriched After Shampoo Structurizer (6 oz., $4.50) and BRUT Shampoo (12 oz., $1.75) help repair hair dryness and breakage.

PHOTO BY ZEE GAJDA

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THERE'S MORE COMING AND GOING HERE AT NIGHT THAN THERE IS AT KENNEDY AIRPORT!
WHERE DOES THIS LEAD TO CANDYFLOSS?
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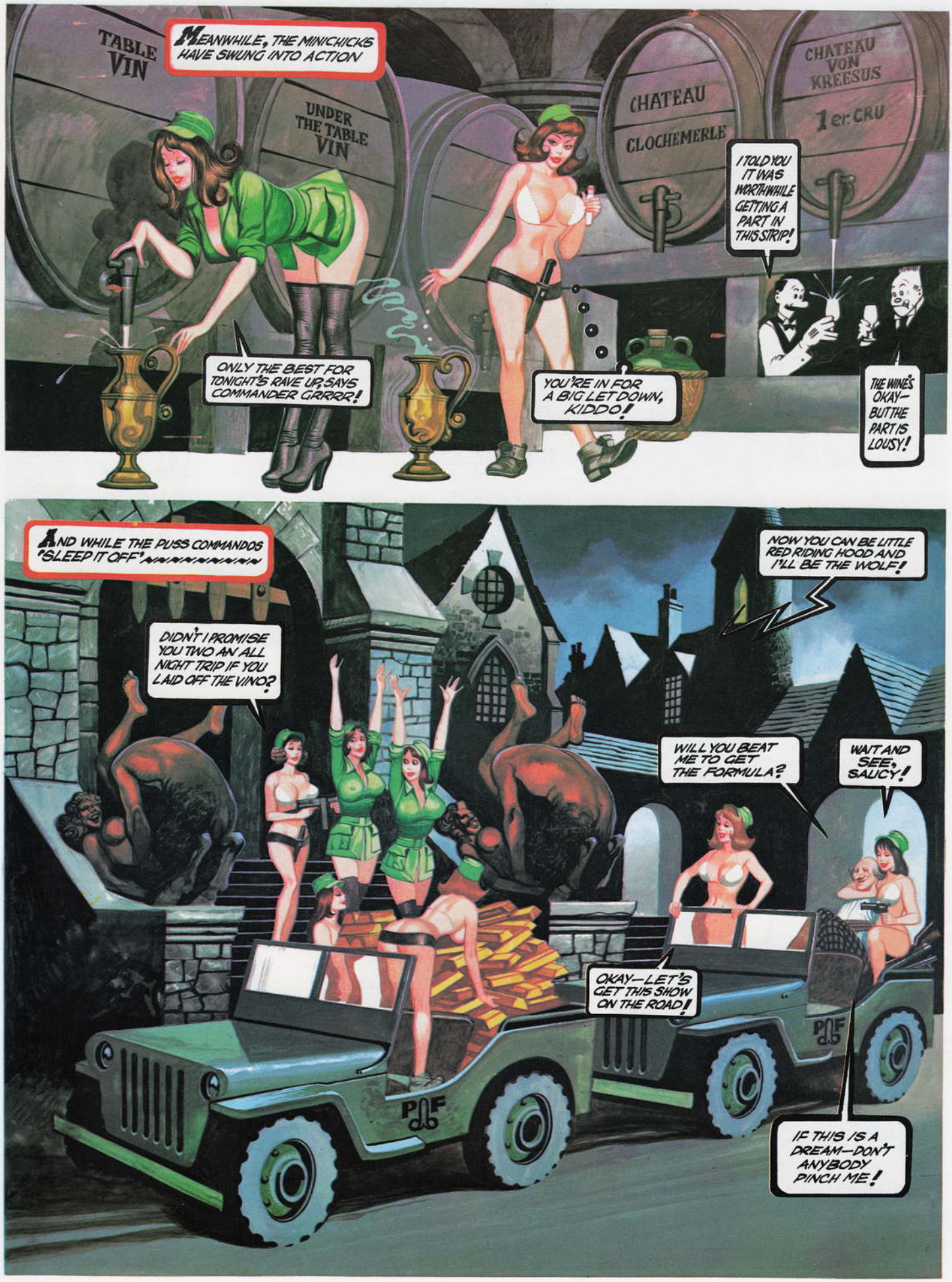
TO MY PRIVATE PLAYROOM, WHERE WE CAN SHARE ALL MY GIRLISH TOYS! KEEP CLIMBIN', KITTEN!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

AND THAT'S JUST THE PETTY CASH!
YIKE!
THE BESOTTED PUSS COMMANDOS REVEAL ALL TO THE WILY MINI-CHICKS
YOU MEAN THOSE FUNNY LITTLE SQUIGGLES ARE THE FORMULA THAT WILL MAKE WANDA ECONOMIC DICTATOR OF THE WHOLE WORLD?
GUNS FASCINATE YOU? STEP THIS WAY, SWEETIE!
MAIL ORDER GUN CATALOG

AS THE SUN SETS SLOWLY ON THE WEST..... WANDA, LADEN WITH THE TREASURES OF THE MUDDLE EAST, SETS OFF FOR HOME NNNNNNNNNNNNN
WE'VE GOT TO GET TUTANKHAMEN'S TREASURE IN THERE SOMEWHERE!
WE'RE GONNA NEED THREE MORE PLANES FOR ALL THIS LOOT!
PLEASURE TO DO BUSINESS WITH THEE, MA'AM! AND NO MORE WILL BE HEARD OF THE SAPIENS FORMULA?
SORDID ARABIAN AIRLINES
NOT SO LONG AS THOSE OIL BILLIONS KEEP FLOWIN' MY WAY, SHEIKHIE — BABY!
MAY YOU DROP DEAD SOON!
TUT-TUT! DIPLOMACY!
I SORTED OUT THE APACHE PROBLEM, I FIXED THE JAPS ON IWO JIMA — AND THE GOOKS IN NAM! I CAN HANDLE THIS BUNCH OF BUMS!
THIS SURE IS A WORLD OF RAPIDLY CHANGING VALUES!
YEAH! I LIKE MY COMIC STRIPS MUCH SIMPLER!


MEANWHILE, THE MINICHICKS HAVE SWUNG INTO ACTION
TABLE VIN
UNDER THE TABLE VIN
CHATEAU CLOCHEMERLE
CHATEAU VON KREESUS 1er CRU
I TOLD YOU IT WAS WORTHWHILE GETTING A PART IN THIS STRIP!
ONLY THE BEST FOR TONIGHT'S RAVE UP, SAYS COMMANDER GRRRR!
YOU'RE IN FOR A BIG LET DOWN, KIDDO!
THE WINE'S OKAY—BUT THE PART IS LOUSY!
AND WHILE THE PUSS COMMANDOS 'SLEEP IT OFF' NNNNNNNNNN
DIDN'T I PROMISE YOU TWO AN ALL NIGHT TRIP IF YOU LAID OFF THE VINO?
NOW YOU CAN BE LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD AND I'LL BE THE WOLF!
WILL YOU BEAT ME TO GET THE FORMULA?
WAIT AND SEE, SAUCY!
OKAY—LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD!
IF THIS IS A DREAM—DON'T ANYBODY PINCH ME!
PUF

THE FOLLOWING DAY, WANDA RETURNS—LIKE A TORNADO!
NO SENTRIES! NO DUTY OFFICER! WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?
SHE SEEMS A BIT OUT OF SORTS THIS MORNING!
WHERE'S CANDYFLOSS!
I'LL G-GO FETCH HER!
AND I'M ONLY AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER!
NOW THERE'S A REAL CONTENDER FOR THE WORLD TITLE!

I'LL GET HER MYSELF!
OUTTA MY WAY!
OH-OH! THIS IS GOING TO BE VERY MESSY!
I LIKE IDI AMIN
KERASHI!
BOO'FUL!
GAMES TO BE PLAYED IN BED
PILLOW BOOK
GIN

MY BULLION SEIZED! SAPIENS GONE! SOMEONE'S GOING TO PAY!
SPLAT!
GRUD! GET HER LITTLE PLAYMATE!
AS FOR YOU, MADAM — WE'RE GOING TO HAVE SOME DISCIPLINE AROUND HERE!
SO 'LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD' — YOUR LIPS ARE SEALED?
TAKE HER TO THE DUNGEON, GRUD, AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO TO UNSEAL 'EM!
LUCKY DOG!
I WAS JUST GOING TO READ PRINCIPIA MATHEMATICA!
COW!

TWO HOURS LATER...
CHIEF! I THINK YOU'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!
WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF THAT?
♫ WALKIE ROUND THE GARDEN, LIKE A TEDDY BEAR, ONE STEP–TWO STEPS– AND TICKLY UNDER THERE! ♫
toffee
THAT DOES IT! GIVE HER TO THE APE!
HAARGH–HAARGH! AGAIN–DO IT AGAIN!
NOT THE DREADED UTANG PRIAPOS?! BUT THEN AGAIN– WHY NOT, NOW THE VON KREESUS FORTUNES ARE IN JEOPARDY?

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Donna Young (An X-rated Movie Star, of course!)

COUPLE OF THE MONTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

this series such an incompatible couple. If they marry, Maggie will not be content with a mere mechanic nor will she be faithful to Ted—which is his concept of a partnership.

There are faults on both sides, but more on Maggie's, and much more serious. As I understand it, Maggie is an only child, obviously strong-willed and selfish. She has bullied her well-off parents, who have bought her off by overindulgence.

Her selfishness and self-indulgence is revealed in her attitude to sex and her sexual partners. As she admits, when she began to go with boys, she chose those who were inferior to her both socially and, as she would say, intellectually.

Let's take it for granted that the partners she chooses are social and intellectual inferiors, because she has admitted that this is so. So they may be, but she has quite the mistaken idea that socially inferior men are *ipso facto* both intellectually inferior and sexually superior to the intellectuals of her class. While it is true that a certain intellectual ability or an instinctive understanding of the sexual body is necessary for the achievement of sexual expertise, body build has nothing whatsoever to do with either skill or sexual stamina. I have been told by numbers of women that the most exciting lovers they ever had were weedy.

It is quite clear, therefore, that she sets out to attract not the physically weedy and sexually weakly among her social inferiors, for a specific reason. It is not really their physical power that attracts her to her men sexually, but the fact that she can take all this physical and sexual power makes her feel the sexual superior to these socially and intellectually inferior men.

She has quite strong masochistic tendencies—which is a characteristic of the would-be sexually dominant, who hurts in order to be hurt.

If Ted is a rough lover, what is she complaining of, if she is not making an excuse not to marry him or even not to stay with him? The reason for the excuse she has also given: ". . . it ended with Ted asking me to live with him. . . . I hated the place we moved to from the beginning and sex with Ted became just damned painful and boring."

No hint of pain or boredom before. This reaction to a marital or quasi-marital situation one does not like is the classical reaction. Sex not only becomes boring, it becomes physically painful.

Maggie is not for you, Ted. You believe in a kind of fidelity; she is compulsively promiscuous because she must assert her sexual superiority over not just you, but all men. *And she does not love you.* Don't get further involved, please! Neither of you will be happy.

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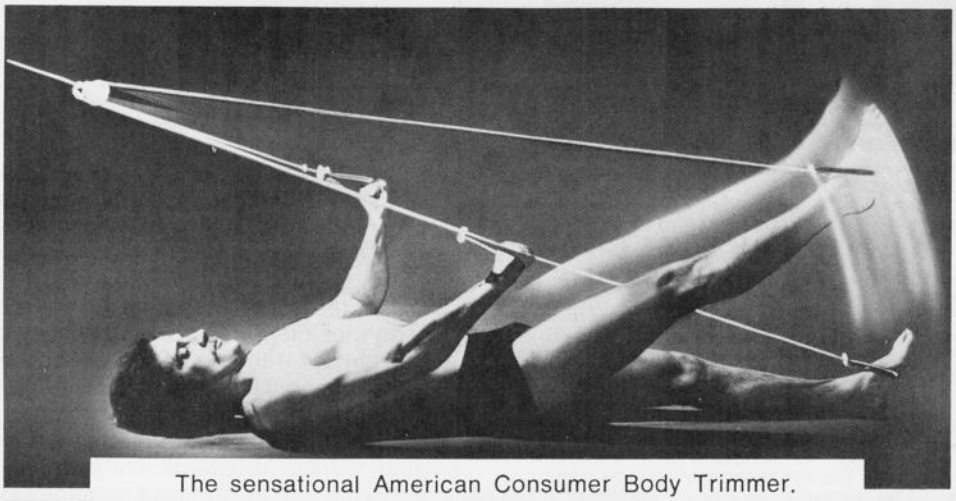

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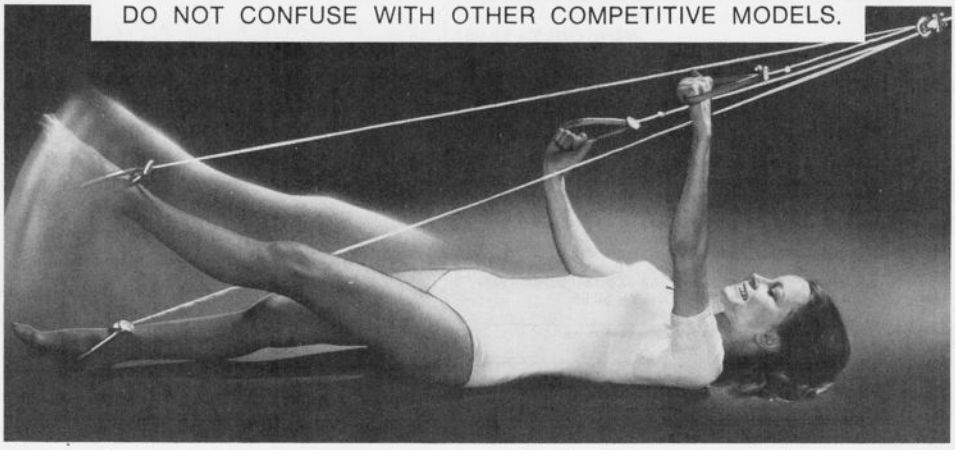

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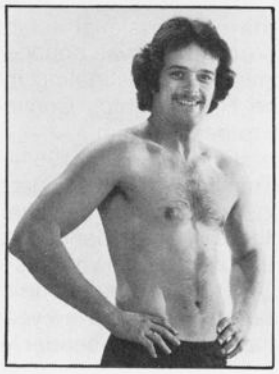

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CHILE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

wards. In each case, both our money and the clandestine "dirty tricks" resources of the CIA were used without the knowledge or approval of the American Congress.

Congress, or at least some members of it, began learning about all this activity only after the fact. Although a Senate subcommittee ferreted out the facts about the first CIA "contribution" to Chile some time before the coup, congressmen were kept in the dark for some months afterwards about the full extent of the U.S. involvement. In some cases, they were simply lied to by the CIA. On February 7, 1973, for example, then CIA Director Richard M. Helms said, "No, sir," when asked by a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee if the agency tried to "overthrow" the Chilean government. He repeated his "no, sir" reply when asked whether the CIA had "any money passed to the opponents of Allende."

Late in July the CIA's general counsel acknowledged to Congress that "perjury" may have been committed in earlier agency testimony. The finger clearly was pointed at Helms. But Kissinger, too, may have perjury problems for having denied—before a Senate committee–that there was any U.S. involvement in the Chilean coup, a month after it happened.

The web of official lies was first destroyed when Representative Michael Harrington, a Massachusetts Democrat, took it upon himself last year to leak to newsmen the essence of secret testimony by Colby, the new CIA director, acknowledging that millions of dollars had been funneled to Chile. Colby made Helms and Kissinger look like liars, but he evidently assumed that his testimony would be kept secret from the public. Members of the House Armed Services Committee were not expected to break a secrecy pledge surrounding the testimony. Harrington, who is not a committee member, was allowed to read the Colby testimony after taking a similar pledge. Appalled by what he read, he asked House and Senate leaders to take prompt action. He was ignored. As Harrington tells the story, he deliberately violated the pledge out of a sense of despair that the CIA's misdeeds in Chile would never become known to the American public. The congressional establishment was unforgiving: he was bounced off the House committee investigating intelligence and the House Ethics Committee decided to try to censure him.

The Chilean story begins in 1964—and this fact should remind us that Kissinger does not have a monopoly on American intervention and that the CIA gladly lends itself to political subversion no matter who sits in the White House. Allende had been one of the CIA's favorite targets for quite a few years. In 1964, he was the principal contender for the

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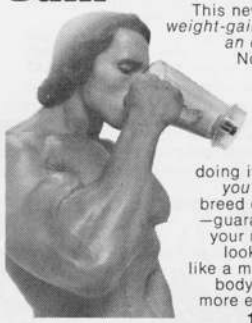

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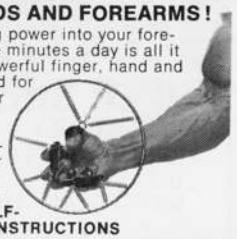

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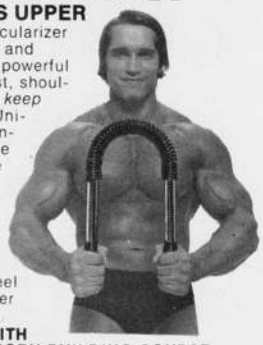

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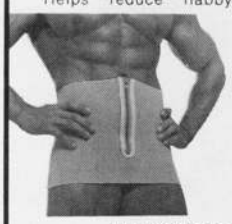

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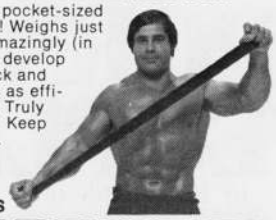

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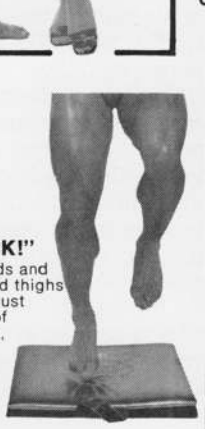

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presidency against Eduardo Frei Montalva, a Christian Democrat who ran on the platform of "Revolution with Liberty." This was intended as a political antidote to Cuba's Fidel Castro and his penchant for trying to foster revolutions in Latin America.

Chile, which was Latin America's most politically sophisticated nation, always had a strong leftist tradition. In 1958, when Jorge Alessandri won his six-year term, the leftist coalition (then known as FRAP) made a good showing. In 1964, Allende, who had spent some time in Cuba as Castro's guest, was perceived in Washington as a formidable opponent against Frei, the Christian Democrat reformer. Rather than support a rightist candidate and what would be a losing cause, the United States cast its lot with Frei. According to subsequent testimony by Director Colby, the CIA spent $3 million in covert support of Frei's election, financing newspaper and radio publicity as well as seeing to it that millions of *escudos* were spread around in the right places. (Some students of Chilean politics believe that the total amount spent by the CIA in 1964 was far in excess of the $3 million.) In the logic of American foreign policy, there was nothing wrong either with overthrowing governments or helping friendly ones to win power. The covert pro-Frei intervention in 1964 was authorized by Lyndon Johnson who, a year later, sent American troops to intervene in the Dominican Republic's civil war.

In mid-1970, it was the Nixon administration's task to insure that the "wrong" man was not elected in Chile. Kissinger's personal entry into the picture took place at the June 27 meeting of the "Forty Committee," when the CIA was authorized to spend the $400,000 to back Alessandri, largely through the financing of electoral propaganda. One may ask why so little money was being authorized to beat Allende in 1970 whereas nearly ten times as much was expended six years earlier. A possible explanation is that Edward M. Korry, then the American ambassador in Santiago, was unflaggingly assuring the State Department that Alessandri, the rightist, would carry the day. The $400,000, then, was just a cheap insurance policy.

This was, in effect, what the CIA told the International Telephone and Telegraph Company's director John McCone (himself a former CIA director) when he asked late in June "whether the United States intended to intervene in the election to encourage the support of one of the candidates who stood for the principles that are basic in this country." Richard M. Helms, then CIA director and a specialist in clandestine operations, told McCone that the administration would mount a "minimal effort" to oppose Allende. This was the $400,000.

ITT, which had over $100 million invested in Chile (chiefly in the local telephone company), was not satisfied, however, with this "minimal effort." In a gesture of astounding effrontery, ITT offered the CIA $1 million of its own corporate money to help defeat Allende. The offer was made at a July meeting

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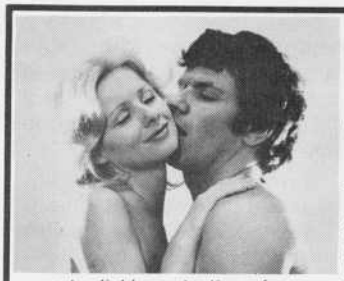

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between ITT's president, Harold S. Geneen, and the CIA's Western Hemisphere division chief, William V. Broe. Helms arranged the get-together between Geneen and Broe on McCone's request. (The CIA's "old-boy network" was obviously highly effective.) Broe, however, turned down ITT's offer to help finance United States foreign policy. It did not seem necessary.

But on September 4, the news of Allende's election hit Washington. The administration and ITT sprang into action. Kissinger already had in hand a secret study of the Chilean situation—a document known as National Security Study Memorandum-97, prepared by his staff in July—and he wasted no time.

On September 15, Nixon presided over a secret meeting in Chile, attended by Kissinger, Helms, and Attorney General John Mitchell. It was conducted outside the "Forty Committee," on which the State Department and the Pentagon are represented. Nixon told Helms to "come up with some ideas," and authorized an initial $10 million expenditure. The CIA understood this as a "blanket authorization" to get rid of Allende.

On September 16, Kissinger's background briefing made it clear that the United States would not tolerate Allende. On September 18, he presided over a meeting of the "Forty Committee," and decided to let the CIA immediately spend $350,000 on buying anti-Allende congressional votes for the October runoff election. It was an idea of such monumental absurdity that the CIA's men in the field in Chile told Washington that it simply would not work and that any attempt to bribe Christian Democratic congressmen, who held the decisive votes, could be easily discovered and cause the United States vast embarrassment. The vote-buying project thus never got off the ground.

On September 29, Helms instructed Broe, his Western Hemisphere chief, to meet with Ned Gerrity, an ITT vice president, to discuss Chile. According to Gerrity's testimony before a Senate subcommittee, "Mr. Broe proposed a plan to accelerate economic chaos in Chile as a means of putting pressure on Christian Democratic congressmen to vote against Dr. Allende, or in any event to weaken Dr. Allende's position in case he was elected." Here, then, we have the extraordinary picture of the CIA conspiring with a powerful multinational corporation to intervene in the domestic affairs of a friendly country. It seems like the worst Marxist demonology come true.

Even before Allende was toppled, the Senate subcommittee that was already looking into the CIA-ITT involvement had asked this prescient question: "Did the members of the 'Forty Committee' adequately consider the possibility that, once having launched the U.S. on the road of covert intervention, other, more direct measures might become necessary to insure the desired result: stopping Allende from becoming president of Chile?" The answer, as it turned out, was a resounding "Yes." Kissinger was armed with the options in NSSM-97, the National Security Council staff study that gave him the full range of interventionist steps in Chile—and he and the CIA were ready to go.

The ploy of buying anti-Allende votes having been declared unworkable, the CIA and its Chilean friends turned to direct action. The congressional runoff election was approaching and something had to be done at once. A confidential communication from ITT's Santiago office to its New York headquarters said on October 16 that "unless there is a move by dissident Chilean military elements by this time next midweek, the consensus . . . is that Salvador Allende will win the October 24 congressional runoff easily." The CIA was sending similar reports to Washington. Allende was evidently aware that a conspiracy by Americans was afoot because he alluded in a speech that week to Chile "swarming" with CIA agents.

What Allende might not have known was that the chosen instrument for the operation against him was a retired army general named Roberto Viaux. Viaux, who had tried an abortive military move during September, was in touch with the CIA through a group of extreme right-wing Chilean civilians determined to prevent Allende's final victory. The CIA knew that Viaux and his friends planned to kidnap Gen. René Schneider, then commander in chief of the Chilean army, and make it appear a plot by Allende's supporters. The hope was that the Chilean military would then be provoked into a coup leading to the cancellation of the runoff election. It was a half-baked idea inas-

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much as Schneider was known to be committed to the army's political neutrality—a Chilean military tradition—and the leftists of *Unidad Popular* could have no possible reason to capture the general.

On October 13, the CIA informed Kissinger of the Viaux plot, but it was decided to discourage it. The reason was that the CIA was involved in a parallel conspiracy with Gen. Camilo Valenzuela, a commander of the Santiago garrison, in whom the agency had greater confidence. He, too, wanted to kidnap Schneider.

But the CIA could not stop Viaux. On the morning of October 22, as General Schneider was enroute to his office, his car was blocked by several vehicles. Five civilians brandishing guns tried to drag him out of his limousine and transfer him to another car. But when Schneider reached for his service revolver, the kidnappers panicked and shot him to death. Not surprisingly, Schneider's murder failed to produce the expected results. The Chilean military command closed ranks behind the constitutional process and Allende was elected by the Congress two days later—October 24. If anything, Schneider's death swung a number of votes in favor of Allende.

For reasons that remain unclear, the CIA, on the very day the congress was voting, authorized agents in Chile to give the Valenzuela group three machineguns and teargas grenades for a coup attempt on behalf of Alessandri, Allende's runoff rival. But Alessandri apparently would have no part of it, and the arms were returned unused.

After Allende's inauguration on November 4, 1970, the new American strategy ran along two parallel tracks. One was the economic blockade to "accelerate economic chaos" in Chile, as the CIA's Bill Broe put it to ITT officials, and the other was plain subversion, known in the agency's language as "covert political action."

Kissinger, as was said later, became Nixon's "Chilean Desk Officer" (he had not yet become the secretary of state and acted as the president's special assistant for national security affairs) in coordinating anti-Allende activities. He was overseeing the work of a special Chilean task force composed of representatives of various government agencies and presiding over occasional meetings of the "Forty Committee" which, as time went by, kept increasing the flow of funds of the CIA for anti-Allende subversion. Nixon, of course, wholeheartedly supported the campaign.

But the official posture was sanctimoniously dishonest. Thus on January 4, 1971, when anti-Allende activities were already in full swing, Nixon said that, although he didn't "welcome" Allende's election, "We were very careful to point out that that was the decision of the people of Chile, and . . . we accepted that decision. . . . For the United States to have intervened . . . in a free election and to have turned it around, I think, would have had repercussions all over Latin America that would have been far worse than what has happened in Chile." But of course we *were* intervening and we had no intention of stopping.

As Colby (a more candid man than Kissinger) testified in secret session before a Senate subcommittee on March 12, 1974, "Our objective was to help create conditions which would make it impossible for Allende or *Unidad Popular* to succeed . . . in 1976." In testimony that is being disclosed here publicly for the first time, Colby said, "We did have an interest in groups opposed to Allende to help insure that [his] government was not successful."

Economically, the American objective was to deprive Allende of the means of running a viable government. As a senior State Department official told a group of visiting university professors, the United States wanted to make sure that the economic collapse of the Allende régime would serve to teach the rest of Latin America that Marxism simply cannot work. The basic formula, then, was a combination of economic and political subversion. At the same time, American army, air force, and navy advisers attached to the Chilean armed forces (they were never expelled during Allende's short tenure) began to work quietly on their military friends in Chile. While the Export-Import Bank, for example, refused to guarantee the sale of Boeing jetliners to the Chilean national airline on the grounds that Chile's international credit rating was insufficient, the Pentagon sold $5 million of *military* equipment to Chile—on credit. Shortly before the 1973 coup, the administration indicated plans to sell Chile F-5 jet fighters, also on credit. And, on at least two occasions, arms were secretly flown to Chile from Miami by aircraft controlled by a CIA "proprietary" company.

The policy aimed at "destabilizing" Chile included the cutoff of financial assistance. The ostensible reasons for this cutoff were Chile's poor credit standing and Allende's refusal to pay what United States copper companies regarded as just compensation for the takeover of their properties.

There is ample evidence that CIA-linked Chilean groups organized marches by housewives protesting high prices and shortages (this had worked well in Brazil in 1964) to create social unrest and more political polarization. CIA funds are believed to have been used to launch and maintain a crippling strike by Chilean truck owners in 1972—another "destabilizing" measure. We know from President Ford's own admission that CIA funds were turned over to anti-Allende newspapers that openly called for the Socialist president's removal. And we know that CIA money was given to anti-Allende political parties.

There is no question that Chile's upper classes and a part of the middle class were badly hurt by Allende's moves toward socialism. But nothing happened during Allende's nearly three years in office to warrant Kissinger's predictions that communism was really taking over in Chile. The congress, where Allende had no majority, went on functioning the entire time—and

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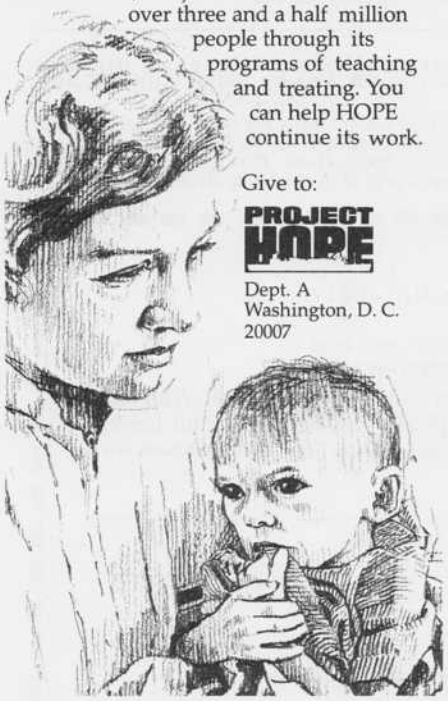

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often blocked *Unidad Popular* legislation. The press remained free. There were no political prisoners. Oddly, some of Allende's principal domestic political problems came from the extreme leftist groups outside his coalition that tried to force his hand toward total radicalization. Some of these groups engaged in terrorism against the right, just as rightists practiced terrorism against the *Unidad Popular*.

That Allende, contrary to Kissinger's claims, was not attempting to establish a "Communist dictatorship" was confirmed by, of all people, a senior Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA) analyst during a secret hearing before the House Subcommittee on Inter-American Affairs on October 31, 1973. Paul F. Wallner, the DIA analyst, said that "as the internal situation deteriorated . . . Allende disregarded Castro's advice to consolidate his gains and eliminate the opposition." And in the congressional elections of March 1973, Allende emerged with greater strength in Congress and well over 40 percent of the popular vote—a marked improvement over his 1970 tally.

A case obviously can be made that Allende grievously damaged the Chilean economy. Inflation was running around 1,000 percent a year, foreign currency reserves were depleted, and shortages mounted. But in truth this was a combination of the Allende régime's economic incompetence, *and* such uncontrollable external factors as the drop in copper prices, in addition to self-fulfilling prophecies by the United States. Applying economic screws to Chile, Washington *did* succeed in destabilizing the Chilean economy even further than Allende's inept team of economists had managed to do. By mid-1973, therefore, the conditions were ripe for a coup. The rightists and the Americans persuaded most of the military commanders that it was their patriotic duty to oust the Allende régime. An abortive attempt, carried out without coordination with other units, took place in June, and loyalist forces put it down easily.

But on September 11, a full-fledged coup, started by the navy, threw Allende out of office and brought about his death within hours. He died inside the besieged La Moneda palace, wearing a helmet and clutching a submachine gun, an incongruous bespectacled figure of a middle-class physician whose ascent to the presidency of Chile had shaken faraway Washington to its core. His widow and others claim he was deliberately assassinated (see page 72). The junta says he committed suicide. But what we know for certain is that Allende and as many as 10,000 of his followers were killed in the bloodbath carried out by the victorious junta.

Would the coup have happened without United States involvement? There are some pro-Allende Chileans who believe that, sooner or later, either a coup or a civil war would have taken place because of the polarization of the Chilean society and the mounting inner pressures. But the fact remains that the United States did play a role

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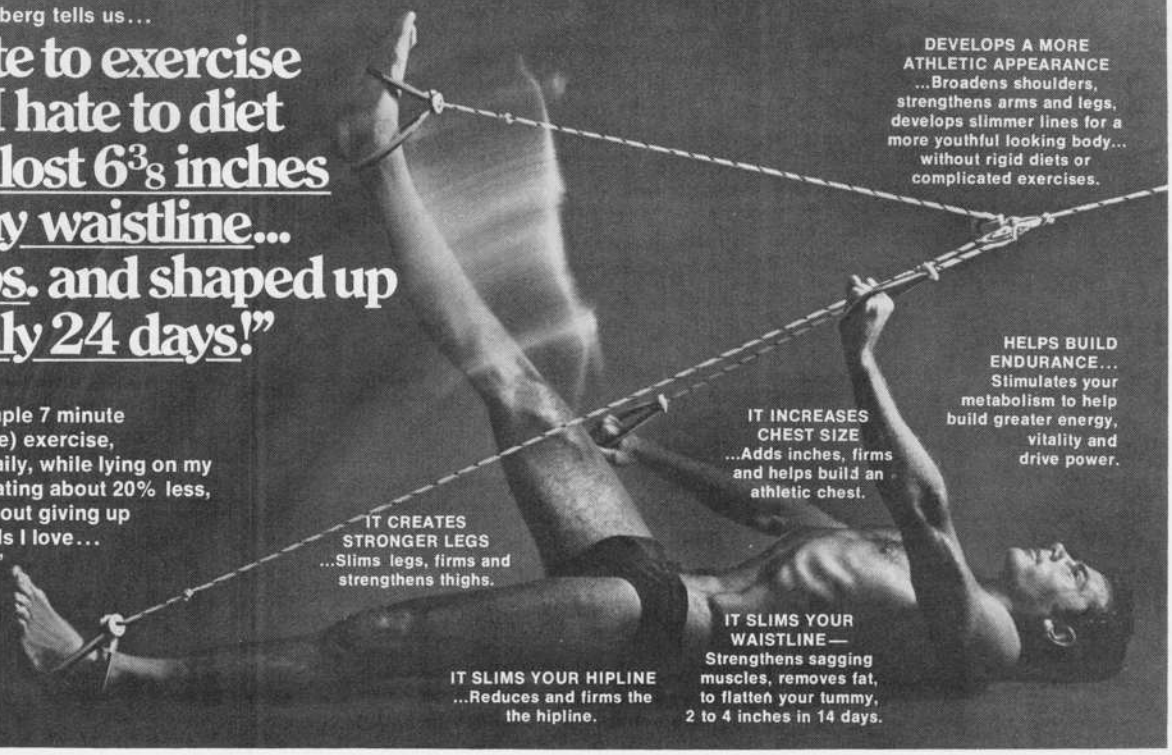
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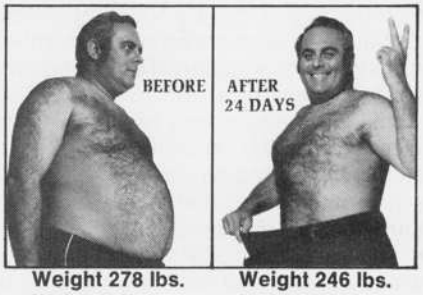

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Name	Pounds Lost	Inches Lost (off waistline)	Time
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M. F.	32 lbs.	6⅜ in.	(24 days)
W. E.	15 lbs.	3 in.	(14 days)
M. B.	22 lbs.	8 in.	(21 days)
C. J.	10 lbs.	6¾ in.	(14 days)
P. O.	10 lbs.	6¼ in.	(14 days)
J. C.	10 lbs.	5 in.	(14 days)

They were measured by experts before and after 14 days. The results verified, some notarized. Your results may vary depending on how overweight you are and how much time you devote to the exerciser. The customers quoted spent 5 to 10 minutes, twice daily and reduced their food intake —temporarily—by about 20%, but none gave up the foods they love.

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in creating the *conditions* that led to the September revolution. And having played such a role, the United States must share the responsibility for the horrors that have swept Chile during the past two years. There can be no doubt that Chilean blood and Chilean suffering are on our hands. Big Brother-like, the military has taken over education in Chilean schools. And no end of imprisonments, tortures, and the denial of the most elementary forms of civil rights is in sight. In fact, Pinochet promised late last June that there would be no elections in Chile so long as he "and my successor" are alive.

Economically, the Pinochet junta did little to improve Chile's situation, although one of the justifications for the coup was that Allende was leading the country to ruin. According to the London *Economist* (hardly suspect of leftist sympathies), food prices in Chile have gone up "between ten and twenty times" since the junta assumed power. Inflation was raging at 95 percent in the first quarter of 1975, suggesting that the rate for the year will be around 400 percent—less than in Allende's time, but also without his régime's social justification for it.

In human terms, the price paid by the Chileans for the "liberation" from Allende is simply horrifying. Let us examine some of the conclusions of the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights (whose American representative was former Ambassador Robert F. Woodward):

- "While executions by shooting without prior trial in the application of the so-called 'law of flight' [the shooting of escaping prisoners] had ceased, the right to life could not be considered adequately protected in the proceedings of War Councils, which . . . repeatedly were handing down death penalties in circumstances that do not satisfy the requirements of due process."
- "The right to personal security had been and was directly and seriously violated by the practice of psychological and physical abuse in the form of cruel and inhuman treatment. . . . The use of electric shock, the threat of harm to close relatives, sexual attacks, covering the person with a hood, blindfolding the person for weeks, etc., are reasonably proven facts."
- "Ten months after the events of September, around 5,500 persons remained deprived of their liberty, according to figures supplied by some of the [Chilean cabinet] ministers. Many of these persons had been arrested without any charges brought against them, and they continued in detention without being brought before the courts. . . . The situation was even more serious due to the fact that there were also many persons regarding whom it was not known whether they were free or imprisoned, or even whether they were living or dead."

(The Commission issued its report in October 1974, but, according to reliable diplomatic information, at least 1,500 persons were arrested in December 1974 and January 1975 for no known reasons. Later in 1975, the total *political* prison population in Chile stood around 7,000—and new arrests were

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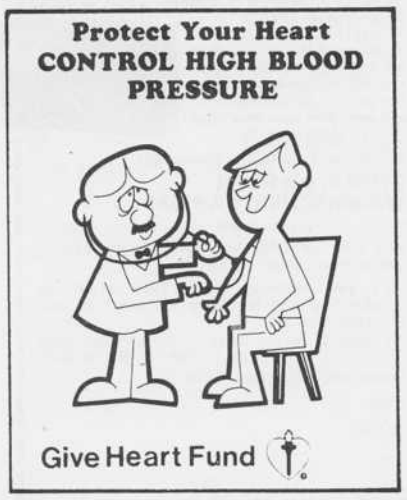

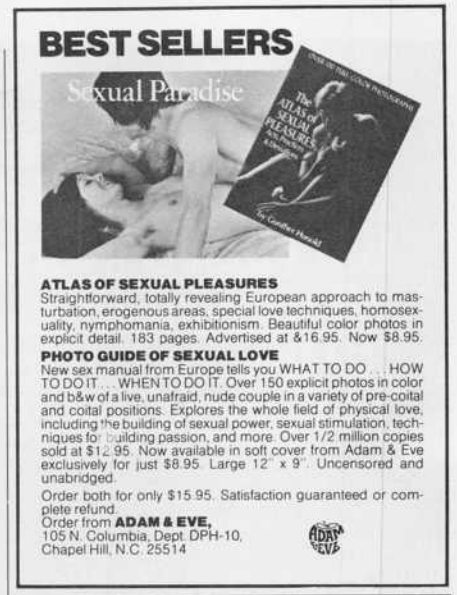
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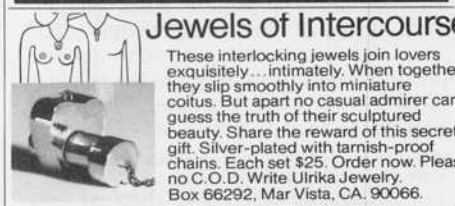
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• "Right of assembly: This right was virtually suspended."

• "Freedom of opinion: . . . As a result of Decree-Law 77, Marxism is generically considered as a felony. The term 'Marxism' is used as though it were a label for a crime. Consequently, any individual professing Marxist ideology is considered as a criminal, regardless of whether he can be shown to have actually committed acts defined as crimes under criminal law. He can therefore be punished for 'what he is' or 'what he thinks,' regardless of 'what he does.' The commission of the same act in the same circumstances can give rise to different legal consequences depending on the persons who committed the act and their political ideology, without any rule of justice or reasonableness to justify such disparity."

The Inter-American Commission, whose report is accompanied by pages of specific examples of human rights violations ("Prisoner . . . shows deep marks of maltreatment on the wrists, both arms, and the upper and lower back . . . lacerations and scarring on the genitals, which . . . can only be produced by the application of electric shock. . . . May suffer permanent damage to the left testicle and scrotum"), was not the only group to denounce the junta's brutality.

In a report issued late in 1974, the International Commission of Jurists charged that "for every detainee who has been released in recent months, at least two new arrests have been made," adding that the legal system under the junta "continues to contravene basic principles of justice accepted by civilized nations."

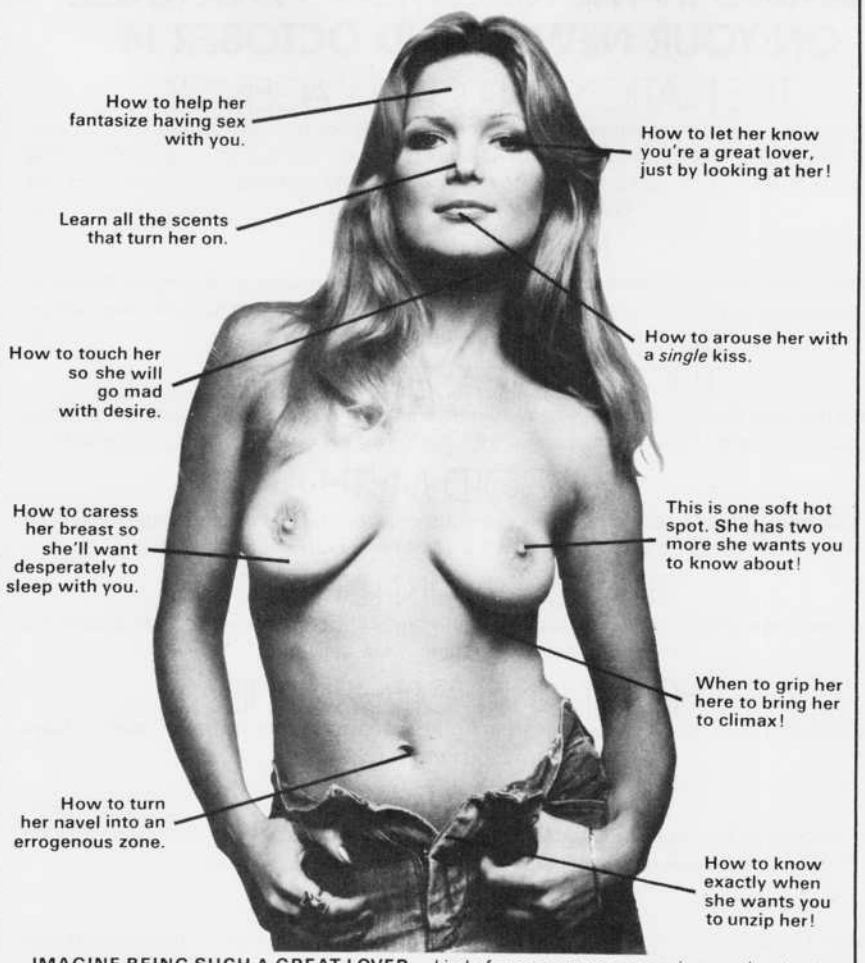
In May 1975, the *New York Times* reported that "political detentions in the Santiago area alone were running at about forty a week, and the Court of Appeals was still receiving sworn statements of torture from the victims' relatives."

Also in May, the International Labor Organization said in a special study that at least 110 Chilean labor leaders may have been killed or executed during the first year of the junta's rule. The ILO said the Chilean government had confirmed that ten of them were "executed" and fourteen died while trying to escape. The junta, the ILO report added, failed to prove that the labor leaders had died for reasons other than that they were "trade unionists or that they exercised trade union activities."

This political repression is directed by DINA, the national secret police, and military intelligence services. An undetermined number of DINA and military intelligence officers have been trained in the United States or at home under public safety programs of the Agency for International Development in the years preceding the 1973 coup. It is impossible to confirm reports that others have been so trained since the coup.

The junta describes all the above charges as part of a Communist campaign waged by

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL!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You may not have heard of the super-secret National Security Agency, an intelligence organization that is responsible to neither the FBI, the CIA, nor Congress, but it employs 120,000 people and spends $10 billion a year on covert operations. Just why and how is the subject of this *Penthouse* report by Tad Szulc.

MATTI GOLAN

An exclusive *Penthouse* interview with the Israeli journalist whose book on what Henry Kissinger really talked about in those Mideast peace negotiations was hot enough to invoke the censorship of the Israeli government.

THE COCKTEASER EXPOSED

The case histories of eleven women who were questioned on the one sexual maneuver that has frustrated red-blooded American males since the birth of the nation—and perhaps even before.

THE GOLD MYTH

Facts and fantasy about speculating in the precious yellow metal that may be better to bank on than the greenback. If you have a yen to buy gold, read this first.

THE SEX CHAIN LETTER

If you've ever received a chain letter, you'll certainly enjoy this brand-new variety that promises the kind of action you really want delivered.

THE RAT KING OF MEMPHIS

The odd tale of Wayne McSnooks, a mouse among men, who got into the rat race a little too deep. Fiction by John Fergus Ryan.

WINTER FURS

If you're thinking of buying her a fur coat this winter—don't. At least not yet. Exotic furs for men are back, and you might just want to lay one on yourself.

ALSO

The cult of Canadian whiskey . . . a guide to what's clicking in cameras . . . the Vietnam Vets Ombudsman . . . and Wicked Wanda.

ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW: VIVA'S 2nd ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

JET-SET NIGHTMARE

An exclusive interview with Gail Getty. She talks about being super-rich, why her ex-father-in-law, oil billionaire J. Paul Getty, is such a recluse—and what happened to her life when her son Paul III was kidnapped. By A. Craig Copetas.

AT HOME WITH PORN STAR HARRY REEMS

Bronx-born Reems has starred in more than 200 porn movies including *Deep Throat*. Behind the scenes he's a modest, genial man. "My mother knows I'd never do anything to make her ashamed of me." By Mary Bringle.

ALL ABOUT ASSERTIVENESS

The most important lesson you'll ever learn is how to stand up for yourself as a woman. Donna Lawson explains.

IS THERE A REAL MARY TYLER MOORE?

So far, no. But if her TV show reflected a genuine single girl's day, it could be both tragic and hilarious.

ROGER VADIM ON BRINGING UP BABIES

Father first, controversial filmmaker second, Vadim describes his offbeat views on parenthood.

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the Soviet Union to discredit the new régime. But both the Roman Catholic Church in Chile and, strikingly, the Pentagon's intelligence experts do not see it that way at all.

Santiago's Raul Cardinal Silva Henriquez has repeatedly and publicly denounced the tortures and arrests in Chile—to no avail.

And Paul Wallner, the DIA's Chile specialist, told the House hearing in October 1973 that the situation of political prisoners was "worse in Chile than in Cuba because of sheer numbers and the passage of time."

One could go on and on reciting the known acts of political executions, imprisonments, and tortures in Chile since September 1973. There is, for example, a study prepared by a Chilean exiles' group claiming that by 1974, the junta's rule had produced 22,043 widows and 66,667 fatherless children. Then, there is a list of 247 "assassins, torturers, violators, and criminals of the Chilean military junta," naming officers from generals and admirals down to army and police privates and civilians. One typical allegation reads: "*Major P.*. . . . Scores of workers have been tortured on his orders and then assasinated without trial. . . . Forbade the burial of bodies so that they remained for weeks in open fields to be devoured by animals. . . . The body of Andrés Silva appeared without a head; the body of Daniel Mendez had its arms torn off; that of Rubén Vargas was without ears; that of Segundo Pedrero without one arm; that of Orlando Barriga without hands and nose; that of Rosendo Rebolledo with one leg torn away at its root. . . ." There seems to be no end to these tales of horror.

But all this brings us back to the question of American conscience. What has the United States government said—or done—about the Chilean tragedy, the tragedy we helped to set in motion?

For the record, both the Nixon and the Ford administrations have maintained total public silence about the junta's atrocities. The State Department protest over the U.N. Commission was made privately.

With some 40,000 Chileans abroad, the best the State Department could do nearly two years after the 1973 coup was to convince the Justice Department to allow 400 Chilean families to enter the United States on a case-by-case basis. This, in contrast to the more than 100,000 South Vietnamese refugees we processed almost instantly, was the extent of our humanitarianism.

At a news conference on September 16, 1974, President Ford was asked why the CIA engaged in covert operations against Allende in Chile. His reply summed up our government's attitude: It was done, he said, "in the best interest of the people of Chile, and certainly in our best interest." ○+■

In our July issue, Penthouse *erroneously identified George Constantinides, a retired CIA official, as the new head of Counterintelligence. We are advised that this post is now held by George T. Kalaris, formerly CIA station chief in the Philippines. The CIA never discloses the names of its division chiefs.*

Win $5,000 with a Dessert Recipe.

Seagram's V.O. Canadian whisky and Gourmet Magazine present the 3rd annual Seagram's V.O. International Recipe Competition. A once-in-a-lifetime chance for your favorite Dessert.

Whether it's an ice cream, torte, zabaglione or a deep-dish pie, your Dessert recipe must be original and unique, a one-of-a-kind creation, like Seagram's V.O. Like V.O., your recipe should have a taste all its own, with a flavor complementary to national cuisines from around the world.

To qualify, your Dessert entry must list all the ingredients and proper measurements in order of use, and give clear directions for your method of combining and/or completing the recipe. Dish or pot size, temperature (where necessary), and time for preparing, cooking or baking must also be included, as well as yield in terms of number and size of servings.

Gourmet cookbooks will be awarded to the 25 semi-finalists. This year's 5 finalists will spend January 20-23, 1976 in San Francisco, California, as guests of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. This will include deluxe hotel accommodations, first-class airfare, activities, evening meals, all for two persons, and $300 cash to cover incidentals. The contest winner will be announced and the $5,000 awarded at a dinner party in one of San Francisco's world-famous restaurants.

The 20 prize-winning recipes from last year's contest have been assembled into The Seagram's V.O. One Dish Supper Recipe Book. This free book is available upon request by writing to:

V.O.
One Dish Supper Recipe Book,
P.O. Box 5275,
Hicksville, New York 11816.

Contest rules and regulations:

1. Your single recipe entry must be typed or written legibly in ink, and must include your name and address.
2. Each contestant will be limited to a single entry.
3. All entries will be judged on the basis of originality and taste as well as the listing of ingredients and proper measurements and the clarity of directions.
4. All entries will first be reviewed by Creative Food Service, Inc. which will select the 1,000 best recipes. Gourmet Magazine's panel of experts will select the 20 semi-finalists, 5 finalists and the ultimate winner. The decisions of the judges will be final. Finalists and semi-finalists will be notified on or before December 31, 1975.
5. Employees of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. and affiliates, retailers and wholesalers of alcoholic beverages, Creative Food Service, Inc., Gourmet Magazine, their advertising agencies and their immediate families are not eligible for this contest. Entrants must be of legal drinking age in state of residence.
6. The $5,000 grand prize award for the winner will be presented at a banquet in San Francisco during the period January 20-23, 1976.
7. This contest is void in states or localities where illegal or otherwise restricted by law.
8. To be eligible for judging, all entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, November 15, 1975. None will be returned. All entries become the property of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. who will have the right to use the names and likenesses of all entrants, including finalists and the ultimate winner, for advertising, publicity and promotional purposes.
9. There will be no duplicate or substitute prizes. In case of duplicate entries, the entry bearing the earliest postmark will be eligible.

MAIL YOUR RECIPE ENTRY TO:
Seagram's V.O. Dessert Contest
Dept. C, P.O. Box 300
Church Street Station
New York, New York 10046

CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF.
SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

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Of all filter kings tested:

Carlton is lowest.

Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for other brands that call themselves low in tar.

	tar, mg/cig	nicotine, mg/cig
Brand D (Filter)	15	1.0
Brand R (Filter)	14	0.9
Brand K (Menthol)	13	0.8
Brand D (Menthol)	13	0.9
Brand M (Filter)	12	0.8
Brand T (Menthol)	12	0.7
Brand V (Filter)	12	0.8
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.8
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
Carlton Filter	**4**	**0.3**
Carlton Menthol	**4**	**0.3**

Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands)—
2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter and Menthol: 4 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.